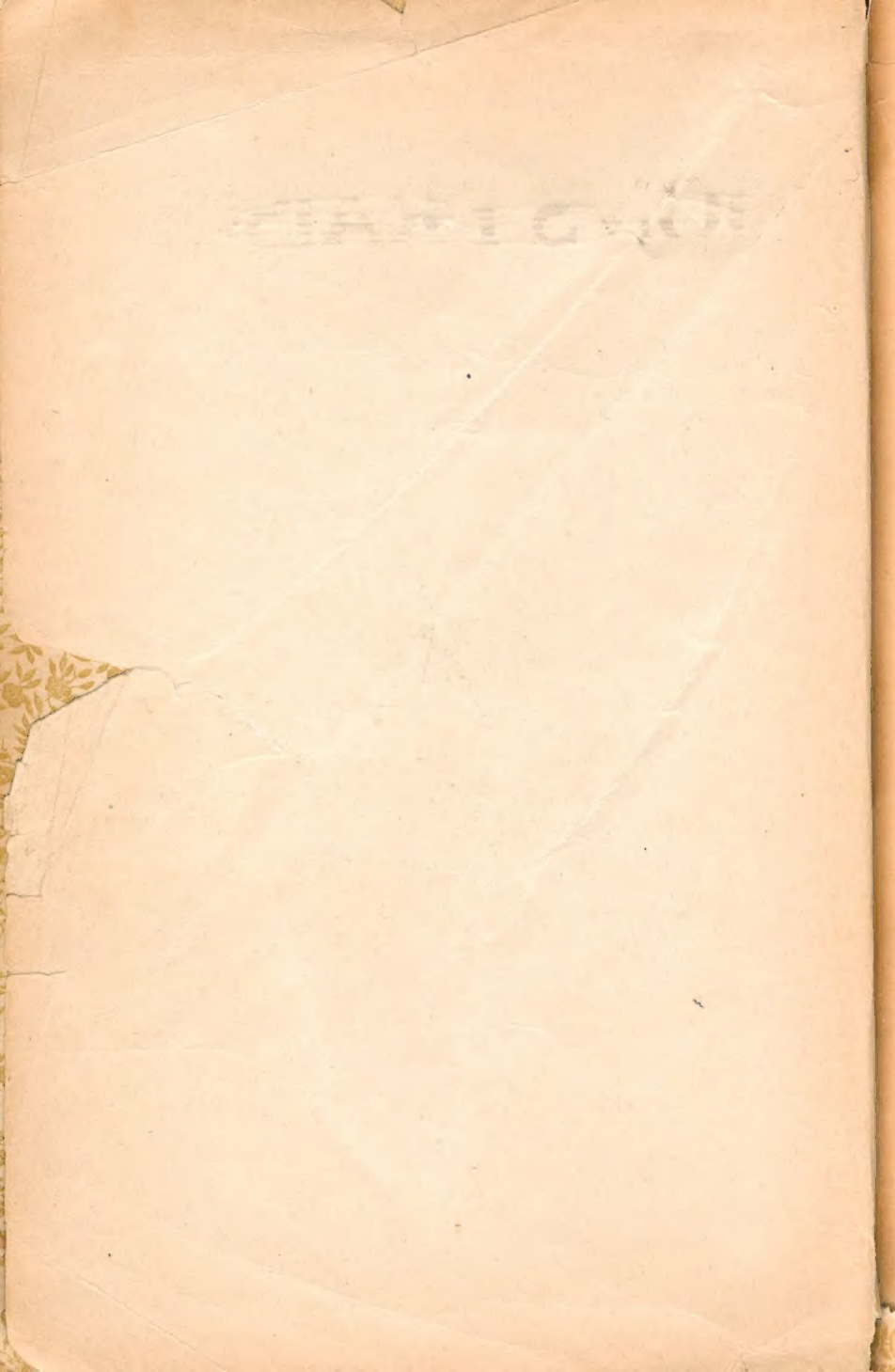


Zion's
Praises



~~Sam. Joseph Brown~~

Jean Powell



PROPERTY OF SAN JOSE BRANCH

REORGANIZED CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF L. D. S.
COR. SPENCER AND GRANT.

ZION'S PRAISES

'Let the young men and the maidens cultivate the gifts of music
and of song.'—Doctrine and Covenants 119:6.



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LAMONI, IOWA
1920

INTRODUCTION

Pursuant to a Resolution of the General Sunday-school Association of the Reorganized Church, at its meeting of April 5, 1903, referring the matter of the publication of a Sunday-school song-book to the Church Board of Publication, Zion's Praises is sent out with the hope that it will meet a hearty welcome from all lovers of the beautiful in music and song.

The Board extends sincere thanks to the many who have so readily aided it in making possible this song treasure, and were it practical would make special mention of the work of each.

The committee, consisting of Bro. F. G. Pitt and Srs. Audentia Anderson, Viola Blair, Vida E. Smith, and Aletha May White, to which all contributions of music were duly referred, performed its work promptly and faithfully, thus hastening the publication. To each of the members the Board also renders its special thanks.

With a desire to help the song service of the Sabbath-schools everywhere, interest the young, gladden the hearts of the elderly, and honor in grateful praise God, to whom all honor and exaltation is fully due, the work is submitted and dedicated to Zion's hopeful children.

THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

LAMONI, Iowa, November 20, 1903.



ZION'S PRAISES.

No. 1.

Zion's Praises.

VIDA E. SMITH.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.

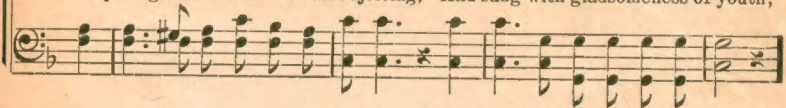
Moderato.



1. One day when fell the Spirit's whis-per, And touched with zeal the waiting throng,
2. Sweet fell the call for Zi-on's chil-dren, What com-fort in this last command,
3. To some grown old with cares hard laden, The message gleamed with sweeter truth



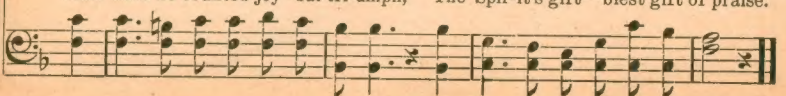
In-spir-ing hope, it courage gave them To cul-ti-vate the gift of song;
Who bear the bur-den of this serv-ice, Who sing should seek to un-der-stand;
They caught the wave of sweet rejoicing, And sang with gladness of youth;



With skill-ful hands and sweeter voices, The Mas-ter called for service glad;
Young men with voices strong yet tender, And maids in clear sweet tones of youth,
Now harp and voice and sweet-toned organ, The best loved songs in worship raise,



He knew one heart that so re-joic-es, Wrought good surpassing many sad.
Make this great gift a joy and blessing, Give wings of song to words of truth.
That ours be counted joy-ful tri-umph, The Spir-it's gift—blest gift of praise.



No. 2. Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest when their warfare is past.

D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

No. 3. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth a-gain shall
 2. I know His promise nev-er fail - eth, The word He speaks, . . . it can-not
 3. I know my mansion He pre-par - eth, That where He is there I may
 And on the earth

stand; I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and pow'r . . .
 die; Tho' cruel death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall see
 be; O wondrous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at last. . . .
 again shall stand; That grace and pow'r

CHORUS.

are in His hand. I know, I know that Je-sus liv - eth, And on the
 Him by and by.
 will come for me. I know, I know

earth a-gain shall stand; I know, I know that life He
 And on the earth I know, I know

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
 That grace and pow'r are in His hand, are in His hand. *rit.*

No. 4.

Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - shipsweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



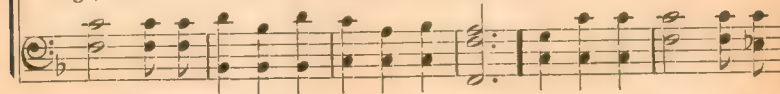
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be -
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where he sends we will



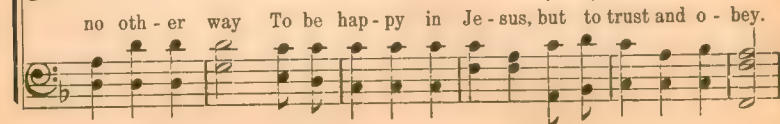
CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.



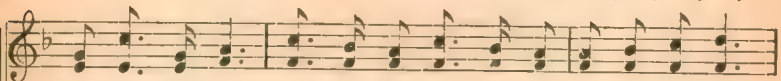
No. 5. Tenderly Lead Thou Me On.

JOSEPH SMITH.

N. W. SMITH.



1. Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, lead Thou me on, On o'er the way where my
2. Trust-ing - ly, trust-ing - ly, for - ward I go, Wait-ing in-struc-tion the
3. Faith-ful - ly, faith-ful - ly, hold-ing my hand, On the rough, slip-py heights



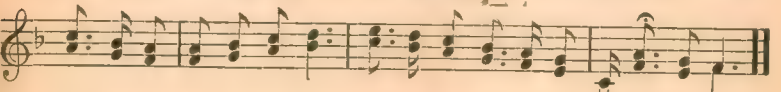
Sav - ior hath gone; Bright on His path - way the sun-light hath shone,
 path-way to know; Watch - ing the prom - ise that beams from the bow,
 safe - ly I stand; Look - ing a - way to the heav - en - ly strand,



Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, lead Thou me on. Close to His hand I so
 Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, lead - ing me on. An - gels have trod - den the
 Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, leads He me on. Now has my weak heart grown



trem-bling-ly clung, Faint were the songs I so doubt-ing-ly sung, Bro-ken-ly
 thorn-plant-ed way; Guide Thou me, Lord, that I go not a-stray; Strengthen me,
 trust-ing-ly strong, Ways have grown short that seemed once to be long, Gladly I



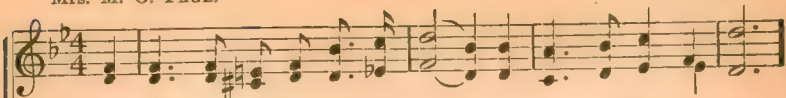
fall - ing from fal - ter-ing tongue, Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, lead Thou me on.
 Lord, that like thee I may stay, Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, led by Thee on.
 join in the tri - um-phantsong, Ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, lead-ing me on.



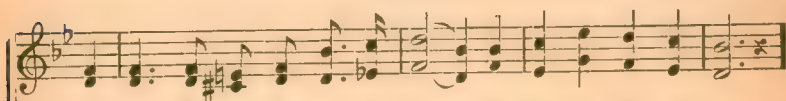
No. 6. The Story of His Love.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

C. C. CASE.



1. Come, tell the sto - ry of His love My soul de-lights to hear;
2. It tells of grace, ex-ceed-ing great, That sets my spir - it free;
3. Its ho - ly influence I would know, Its full re-deem-ing pow'r;
4. Come, blest Re - deem-er, seal me Thine, Be - neath Thy watch-ful care;



It falls like mu - sic from a - bove, Up - on my list-'ning ear.
 It o - pens wide the gold - en gate, And gives me lib - er - ty.
 I'd leave these tri - fling thing be - low To claim a heav'n-ly dow'r.
 My earth - ly hopes I would re - sign, And heav'n-ly glo - ry share.



CHORUS.



Come, tell the sto - - ry, the sto - ry of His love;
 Yes, come, tell the sto-ry, His love;



It falls like mu - sic, like mu - sic from a - bove.
 It falls like mu - sic,



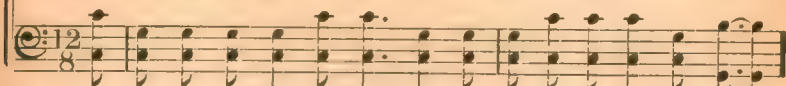
No. 7. Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



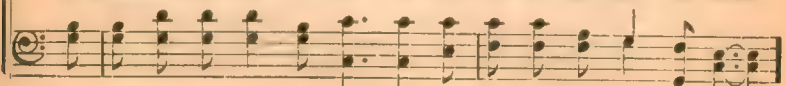
1. Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet;
2. Oh, if we were more like Je - sus, And more from the world a - part,
3. He wept o'er the ho - ly cit - y, He wept o'er a loved one dead;



REF.—*Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet;*



No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.
Com-mun-ing with Him in spir - it, And near - er to Him in heart-
He know-eth our ev - 'ry tri - al, And se - eth the tears we shed.



No place in the world so ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.



His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A balm to the wound - ed breast;
We should not com-plain so sad - ly, When trouble and care we meet,
Oh, live that our souls may en - ter His king - dom with joy com - plete;



He mak - eth our bur - den light - er, And giv - eth His chil - dren rest.
But car - ry at once our sor - rows And lay them at Je - sus' feet.
And there, thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, We'll sit at the Mas - ter's feet.

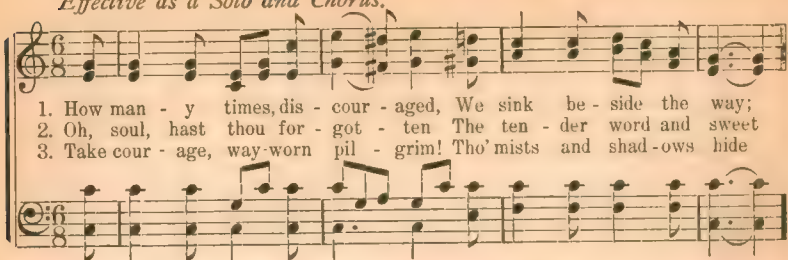


No. 8.

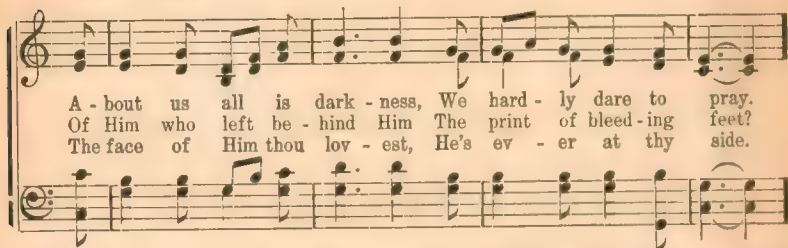
Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

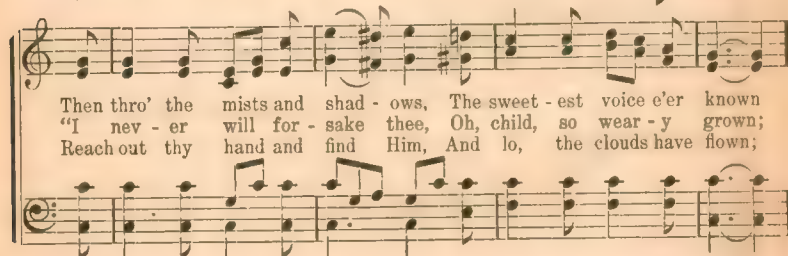
Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

Effective as a Solo and Chorus.


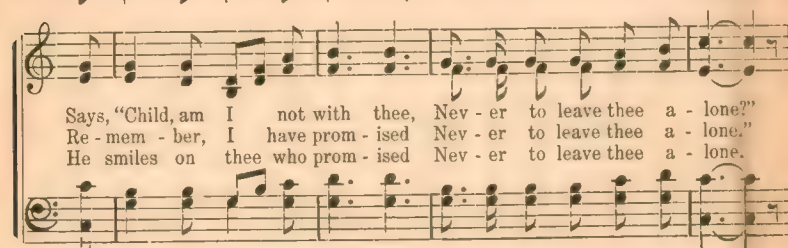
1. How man - y times, dis - cour - aged, We sink be - side the way;
 2. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The ten - der word and sweet
 3. Take cour - age, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad - ows hide



A - bout us all is dark - ness, We hard - ly dare to pray.
 Of Him who left be - hind Him The print of bleed - ing feet?
 The face of Him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

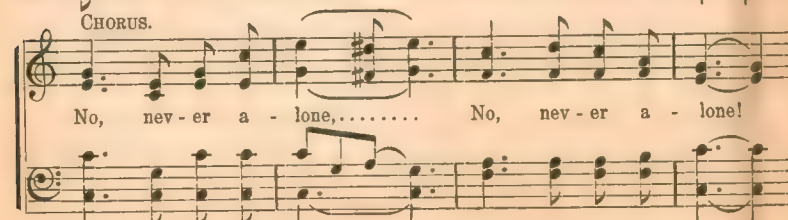


Then thro' the mists and shad - ows, The sweet - est voice e'er known
 "I nev - er will for - sake thee, Oh, child, so wear - y grown;
 Reach out thy hand and find Him, And lo, the clouds have flown;




Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone?"
 Re - mem - ber, I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
 He smiles on thee who prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

CHORUS.



No, nev - er a - lone,..... No, nev - er a - lone!

Never Alone.

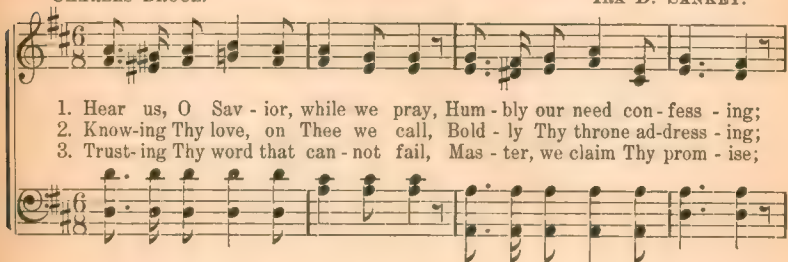


He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

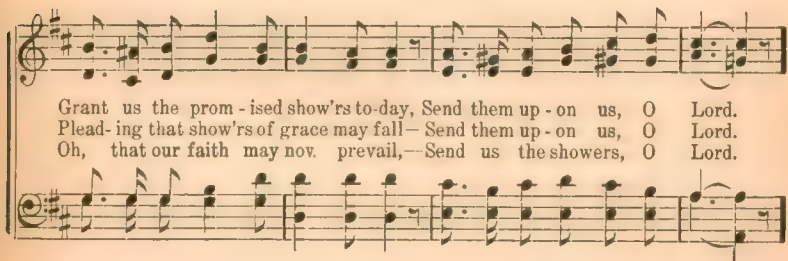
No. 9. Send Us Showers of Blessing.

CHARLES BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

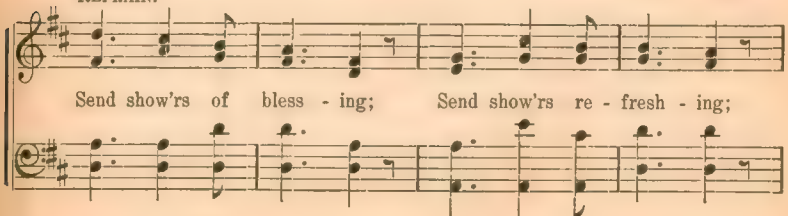


1. Hear us, O Sav - ior, while we pray, Hum - bly our need con - fess - ing;
2. Know - ing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold - ly Thy throne ad - dress - ing;
3. Trust - ing Thy word that can - not fail, Mas - ter, we claim Thy prom - ise;



Grant us the prom - ised show'rs to-day, Send them up - on us, O Lord.
 Plead - ing that show'rs of grace may fall - Send them up - on us, O Lord.
 Oh, that our faith may nov. prevail, - Send us the showers, O Lord.

REFRAIN.



Send show'rs of bless - ing; Send show'rs re - fresh - ing;



Send us show'rs of bless - ing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

No. 10.

Jesus, My Savior.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Arr. by A. BEIRLY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Keep me ev - er near Thy side; Help me to
 2. Com - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend; Draw me still
 3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die; When time is

trust Thee, In Thy love a - bide. When the storms as - sail me,
 near - er, Lead me to the end. When the world for - sakes me,
 fleet - ing, Je - sus, draw me nigh. Just a lit - tle clos - er,

And the bil - lows round me roll, In Thy bos - om fold me,
 And its friend - ship prove un - true, In Thy ten - der mer - cy,
 Near - er to Thy lov - ing breast, When we cross the riv - er,

REFRAIN.

Hide my troub - led soul.
 Gen - tly lead me through. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Leave, oh, leave me
 To the land of rest.

Repeat pp.

not a - lone, Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make Thy pres - ence known.

Words used by permission.

No. 11.

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

With expression.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped away.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

The musical notation is for a chorus in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a final phrase that is repeated. The lyrics are written below the melody, with the first line ending in an ellipsis and the second line starting with 'lest I stray;'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.

stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per. of John J. Hood.

No. 12.

He Waits for Thee.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great high-ways thou stand-est wear - (y, stand-est wear - y,
2. The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail (thee, fade and fail) thee,
3. In Him is strength, in Him di - vine com-pas - (sion, great com-pas-sion,

Thou cri - est ev - er-more "A-lone and drear - (y, lone and drear-y,"
 Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail (thee, foes as - sail) thee,
 He chang-es not, tho' things of earth-ly fash-ion, earth-ly fash-ion

And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near (thee, there so near) thee,
 And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide (thee, who will guide) thee,
 Grow old and die; ah! turn thee, heart so wear - (y, heart so wear-y,

The Sav - ior waits to love and bless and cheer (thee, bless and cheer) thee.
 If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side (thee, Friend be-side) thee?
 And thou shalt nev - er-more be lone and drear - (y, lone and drear - y).

CHORUS.

He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vi - sion Is turned a - way from

He Waits for Thee.

hope and light e - lys - ian; Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car - eth,

For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - - eth.
the heav - y cross He bear - eth.

No. 13. Gently He Leads Us.

FRONIA SMITH.
DUET.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus is the friend to trust, As in doubt we go, Know - ing not the
2. All our man - y troub - les here, Love like His can soothe; Ev - 'ry rough place
3. If we heed His gen - tle call, Trust - ing in His love, He will bring us

CHORUS.

path to take, Trav - 'ling here be - low.
in our path He will gen - tly smooth. Gen - tly He will lead us on,
safe at last To that home a - bove.

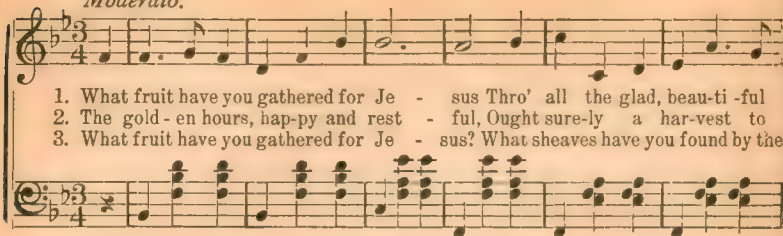
In the heav'nly way, Till we reach the hap - py home Where the an - gels stay.

No. 14. What Fruit Have You Gathered?

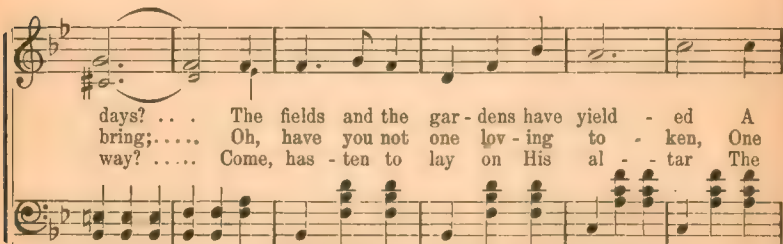
LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

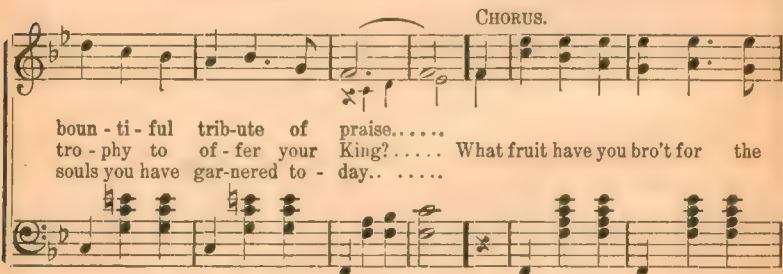


1. What fruit have you gathered for Je - sus Thro' all the glad, beau-ti - ful
 2. The gold - en hours, hap-py and rest - ful, Ought sure-ly a har-vest to
 3. What fruit have you gathered for Je - sus? What sheaves have you found by the

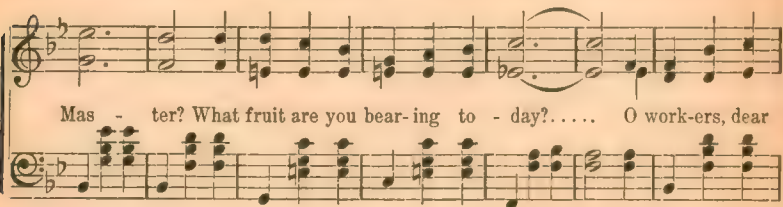


days? . . . The fields and the gar-dens have yield - ed A
 bring; . . . Oh, have you not one lov - ing to - ken, One
 way? . . . Come, has - ten to lay on His al - - tar The

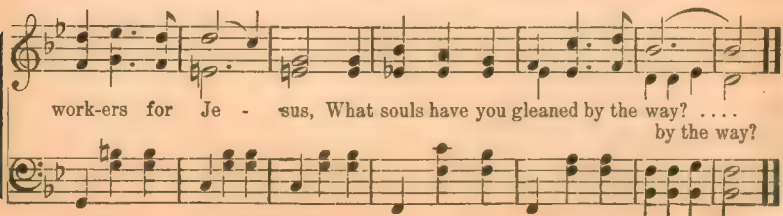
CHORUS.



boun - ti - ful trib-ute of praise . . .
 tro - phy to of - fer your King? . . . What fruit have you bro't for the
 souls you have gar-nered to - day.. . .



Mas - ter? What fruit are you bear-ing to - day? . . . O work-ers, dear



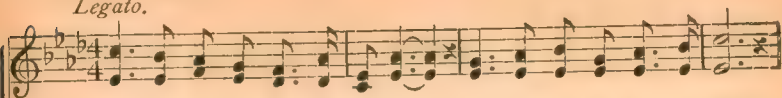
work-ers for Je - sus, What souls have you gleaned by the way? . . .
 by the way?

No. 15. I Am Listening for His Foot-fall.

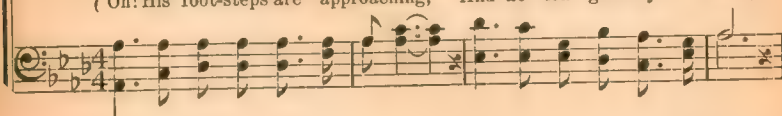
LAURA E. NEWELL.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

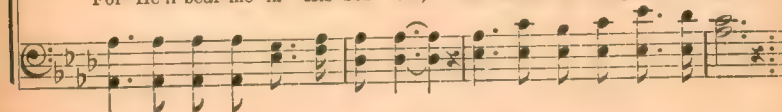
Legato.



1. { I am list-'ning for His foot-fall, And to hear His wel-come voice,
Well I know that He is com-ing, And my ach-ing head shall rest
2. { For my feet have grown a-wear-y In the rug-ged paths of life,
As the twi-light shadows near me, As in calm re-pose I wait,
3. { I shall see him, I shall hear Him, When life's wear-y race is run;
Oh! His foot-steps are approaching, And no lon-ger may I wait,



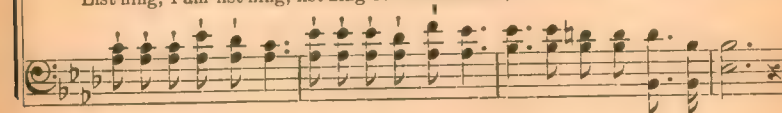
For my heart has grown a-wear-y, But in Je-sus I re-joice; }
On the bos-om of my Sav-ior, Slum-ber on His lov-ing breast. }
And my fal-t'ring strength has failed me, And I rest from care and strife; }
Do I lis-ten for His foot-fall, Ere the hour is grow-ing late. }
Now my la-bors all are o-ver, And my earth-ly toils are done; }
For He'll bear me in His bos-om, Safe with-in the pearl-y gate. }



REFRAIN. *mf*



I am list-'ning for His footfall, For the coming of His feet;
List-'ning, I am list-'ning, list-'ning for His footfall,



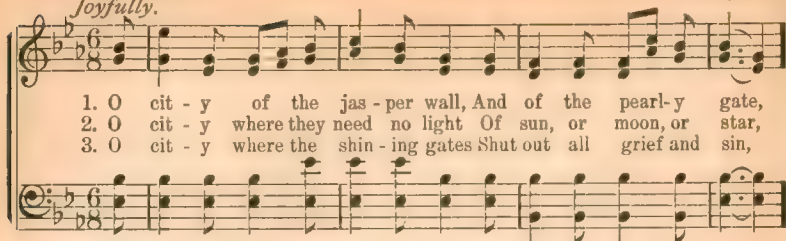
When my wear-y watch is o-ver, Home and rest shall be so sweet.



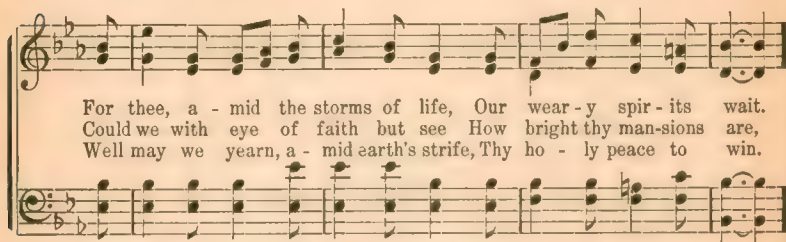
Dr. BETHUNE.

W. A. OGDEN.

Joyfully.

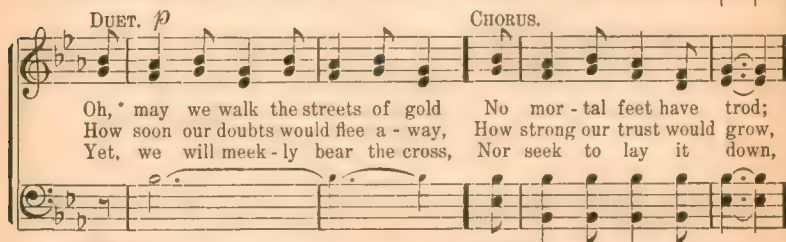


1. O cit - y of the jas - per wall, And of the pearl - y gate,
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star,
 3. O cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin,



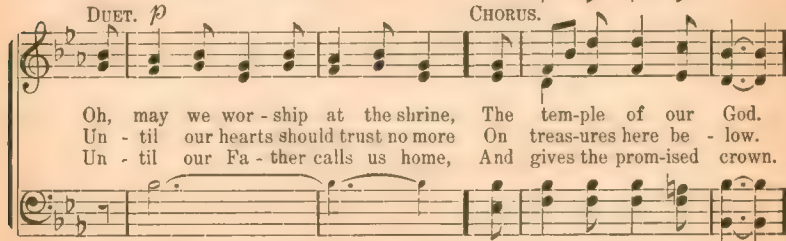
For thee, a - mid the storms of life, Our wear - y spir - its wait.
 Could we with eye of faith but see How bright thy man - sions are,
 Well may we yearn, a - mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win.

DUET. *p* CHORUS.



Oh, may we walk the streets of gold No mor - tal feet have trod;
 How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow,
 Yet, we will meek - ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

DUET. *p* CHORUS.



Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God.
 Un - til our hearts should trust no more On treas - ures here be - low.
 Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the prom - ised crown.

CHORUS.



O land..... of bliss,.... O land..... of light, ...
 O land, O land of bliss, O land, O land of light,

City of the Jasper Wall.

O cit - y of the jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright.

No. 17.

Marching Homeward.

Words and Music by S. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. We're march-ing on to glo - ry, We're work-ing for our crown;
2. Then, day by day we're march-ing, To heav - en we are bound;
3. Then, with the ran - somed chil - dren That throng the star-ry throne,

We'll make our ar - mor bright-er, And nev - er lay it down.
Each good act brings us near-er That home where we'll be crowned.
We'll praise our Lord and Sav - ior, His pow'r and mer - cy own.

CHORUS.

We're marching, marching home - ward, To that bright land a - far;

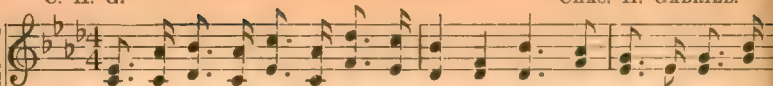
We work for life e - ter - nal, It is our guid-ing star.

No. 18.

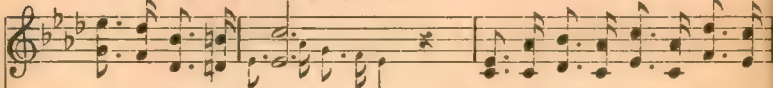
Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

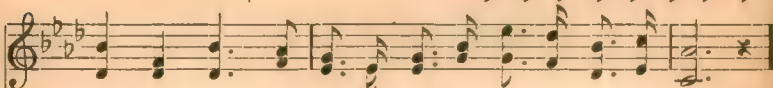
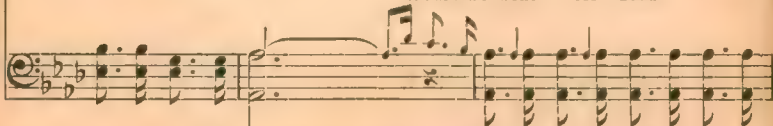


1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, With - out the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

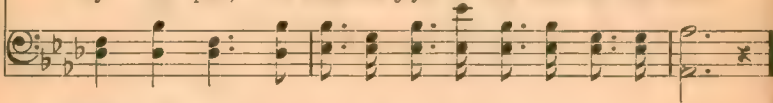


of re - fresh - ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
 bur - den of our sin, refreshing rain, Would we know the sweetness of His
 days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de -

Would we scat - ter seed



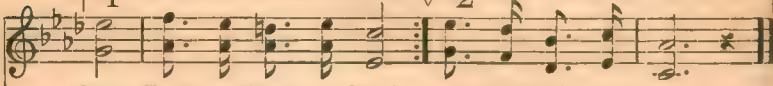
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



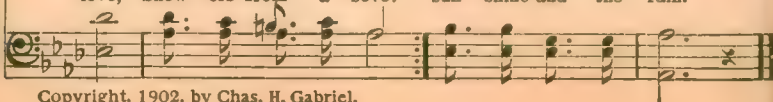
CHORUS.



{ Sun - shine and rain, re - fresh - ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
 { Sun - shine and rain, to nour - ish the grow - ing grain; Send us, Lord, the



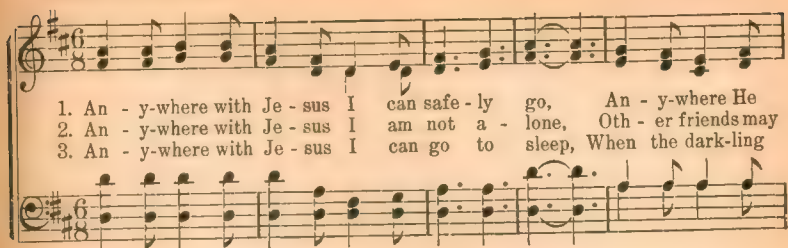
love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.



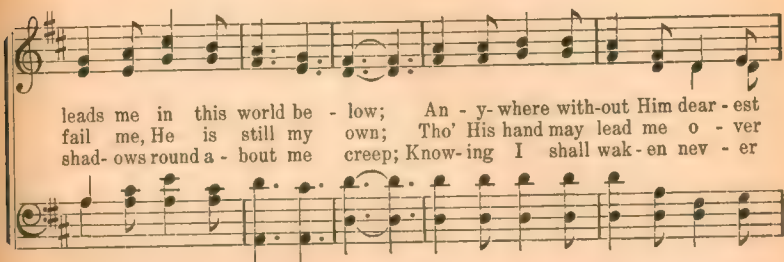
No. 19. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

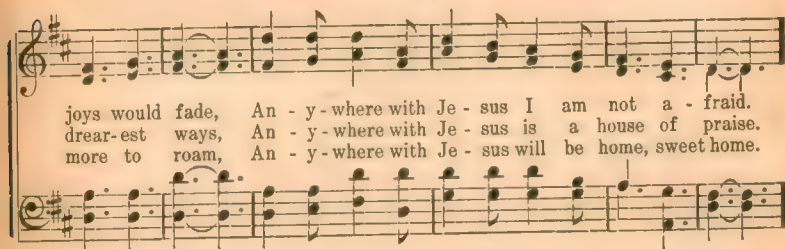
D. B. TOWNER.



1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling

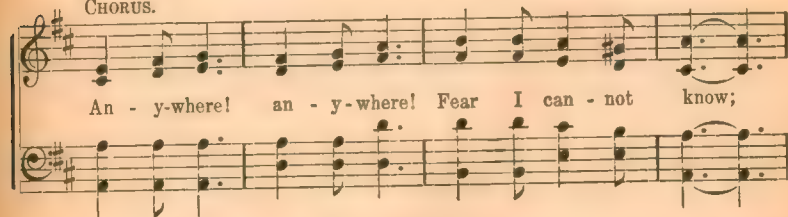


leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
shad - ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er



joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;



An - y-where with Je - sus I can - safe - ly go.

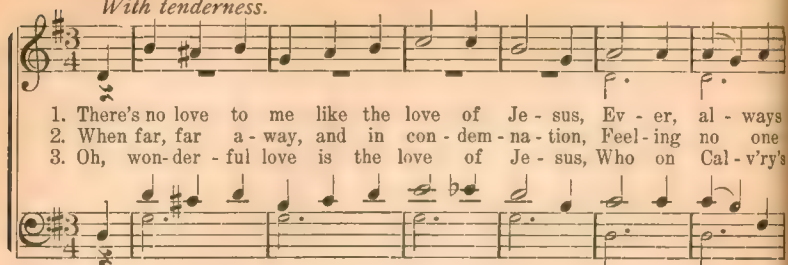
No. 20. There's No Love Like His Love to Me.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

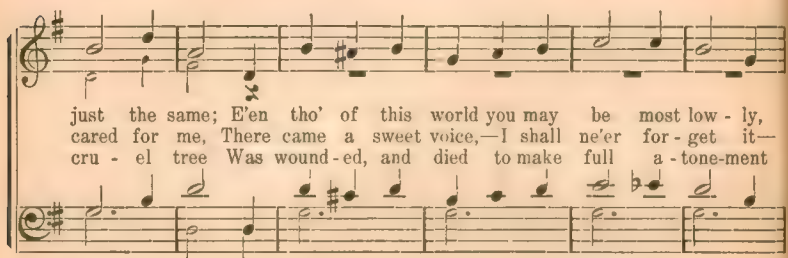
Solo or Duet.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.



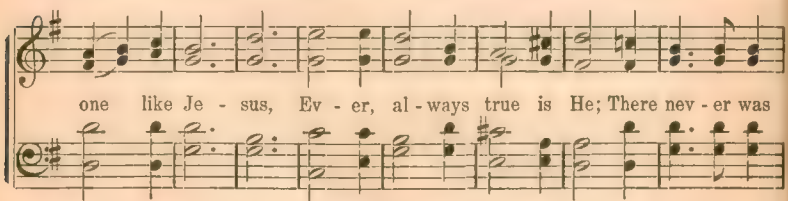
1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
 3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's



just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, - I shall ne'er for - get it -
 cru - el tree Was wound - ed, and died to make full a - tone - ment



CHORUS.
 Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
 "Je - sus thy Sav - ior still loves thee." There nev - er was
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.



one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

No. 21.

With a Steadfast Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

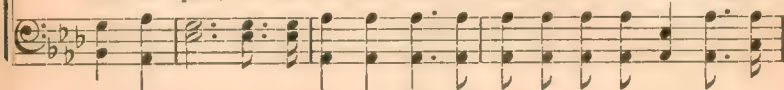
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



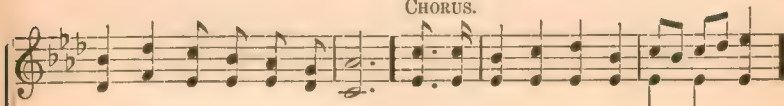
1. With a stead-fast faith to- geth- er let us walk In the Lord's di-
2. With a stead-fast faith that noth- ing can re- move Let us do our
3. With a stead-fast faith u - nit - ed let us toil, And re- joic - ing
4. With a stead-fast faith temp- ta- tions let us meet Till the con - flict



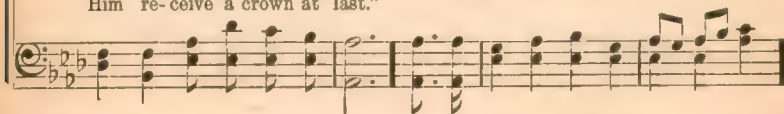
vine com- mand; For we know His word shall nev- er pass a- way, But for-
 Mas- ter's will; For His word hath said a bless- ing shall be ours If we
 bear our lot; For the Lord hath said, in gen- tle, lov- ing tones, "I am
 here is past; For the Lord hath said, "The faithful un - to death Shall from



CHORUS.



ev - er like His throne shall stand.
 fol - low and o - bey Him still. Tho' the sun and moon and stars shall cease,
 with thee to the end, fear not." Him re- ceive a crown at last."



And the beau- ty of the earth de - cay, Yet the word of God, oh,



bles - sed be His name, It shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way.

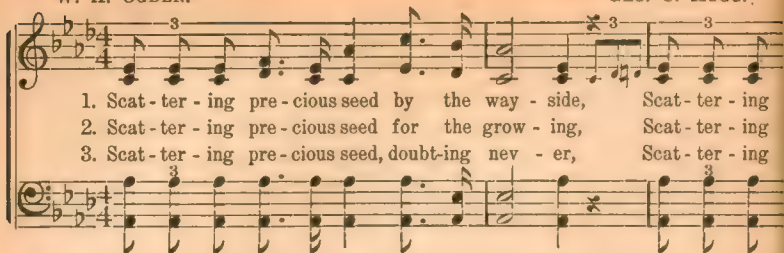


No. 22.

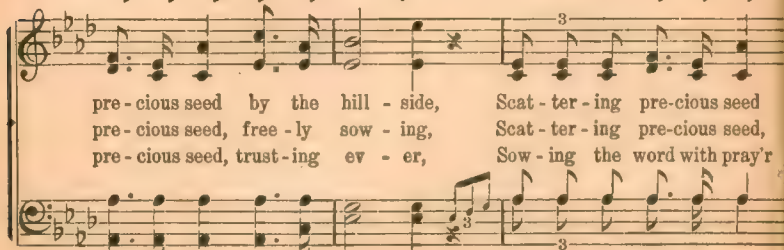
Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side, Scat - ter - ing
2. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat - ter - ing
3. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed, doubt - ing nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

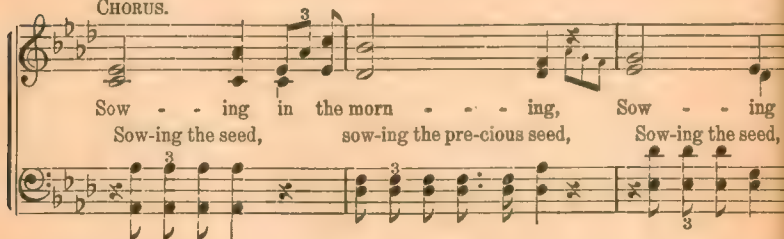


pre - cious seed by the hill - side, Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed
pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing, Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed,
pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er, Sow - ing the word with pray'r

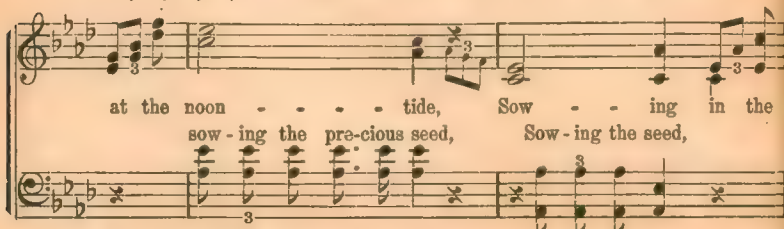


o'er the fields, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way.
trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust - ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - - - ing, Sow - - ing
Sow - ing the seed, sow - ing the pre - cious seed, Sow - ing the seed,



at the noon - - - - tide, Sow - - ing in the
sow - ing the pre - cious seed, Sow - ing the seed,

Scattering Precious Seed.

eve - - ning, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed by the way
 sowing the precious seed, by the way.

pp

No. 23.

Nature's Praises.

HARRY LEE.

J. H. F.

1. "God is love," the snow-flakes whisper, As they lin - ger in the air;
 2. Lit - tle stars that shine in heav - en, As they twin - kle far a - bove,
 3. "God is love," the lit - tle bird - ies, In the tree-tops o - ver head,
 4. Lit - tle chil - dren, too, can praise Him, As they car - ol "God is love,"

"God is love," the breez - es mur-mur, As they meet us ev - 'ry-where.
 Peep - ing, smil - ing at each oth - er, Whis - per gen - tly, "God is love."
 Seem to say with their sweet voi - ces, Prais - ing Him by whom they're fed.
 Trust - ing ver - y soon to see Him In the land of life a - bove.

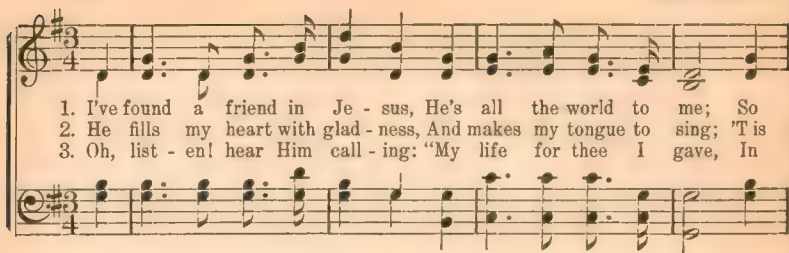
REFRAIN.

God is love, God is love, All things tell us, "God is love."

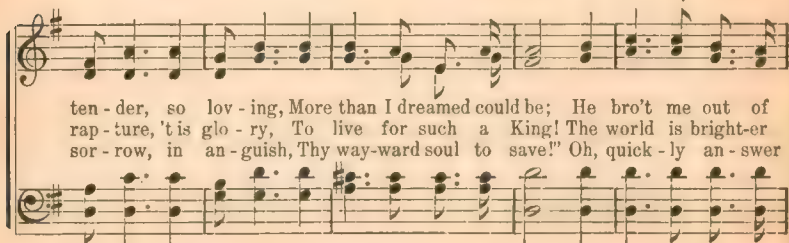
No. 24. He's All the World to Me.

B. H.

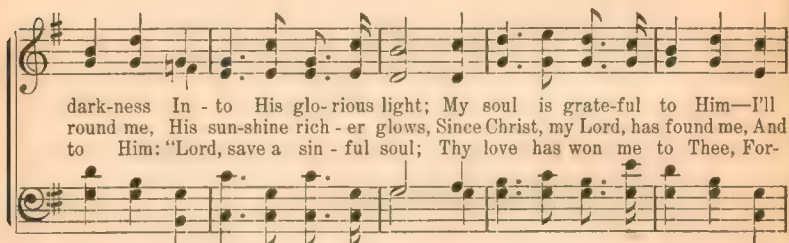
BEN HAINS.



1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's all the world to me; So
 2. He fills my heart with glad - ness, And makes my tongue to sing; 'T is
 3. Oh, list - en! hear Him call - ing: "My life for thee I gave, In

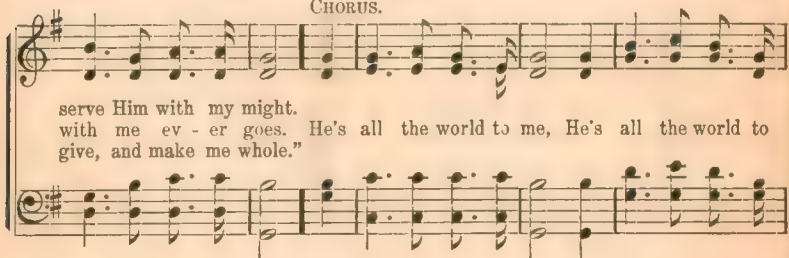


ten - der, so lov - ing, More than I dreamed could be; He bro't me out of
 rap - ture, 't is glo - ry, To live for such a King! The world is bright - er
 sor - row, in an - guish, Thy way - ward soul to save!" Oh, quick - ly an - swer

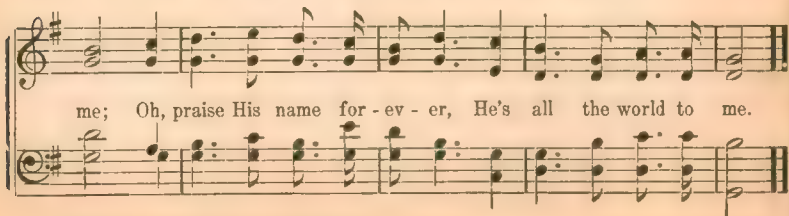


dark - ness In - to His glo - rious light; My soul is grate - ful to Him—I'll
 round me, His sun - shine rich - er glows, Since Christ, my Lord, has found me, And
 to Him: "Lord, save a sin - ful soul; Thy love has won me to Thee, For -

CHORUS.



serve Him with my might.
 with me ev - er goes. He's all the world to me, He's all the world to
 give, and make me whole."



me; Oh, praise His name for - ev - er, He's all the world to me.

No. 25. Carry Blessings With You.

JAMES ROWE.

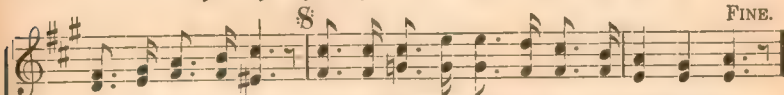
E. S. LORENZ.



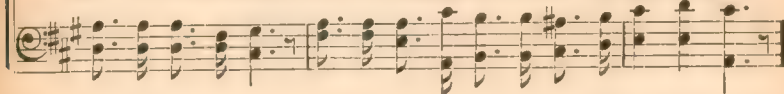
1. As thro' life you jour-ney, Ev - 'ry day you meet Those who need a
2. Have a cheer-ing sen-tence, And a smile to spare, For the life that
3. If you light-en sor-row, Care and wretch-ed-ness, If you bless an-



hand-clasp And a mes-sage sweet; That your heart may al-ways
strug-gles With a load of care; Life is dear to man-y.
oth-er, You the Lord will bless; Oh, if stron-ger, no-bler,



Have them to be-stow, Car-ry blessings with you Ev-'ry-where you go.
Joy some nev-er know, Car-ry blessings with you Ev-'ry-where you go.
Dai-ly you would grow, Car-ry blessings with you Ev-'ry-where you go.



CHORUS.



Car-ry bless-ings Ev-'ry-where you go! Car-ry bless-ings



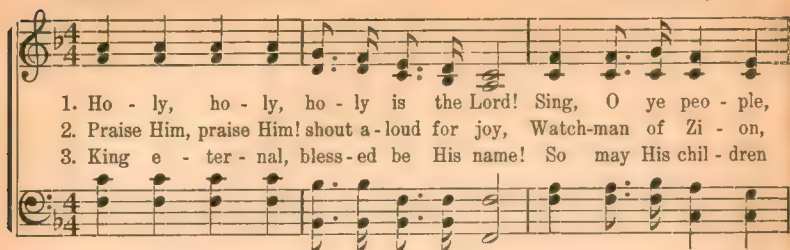
Ev-'ry-where you go! That your heart may al-ways Have them to be-stow,



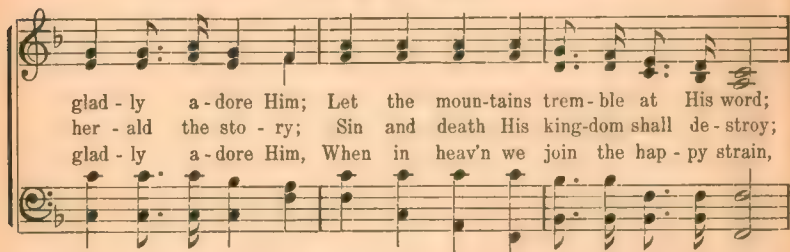
No. 26. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE.

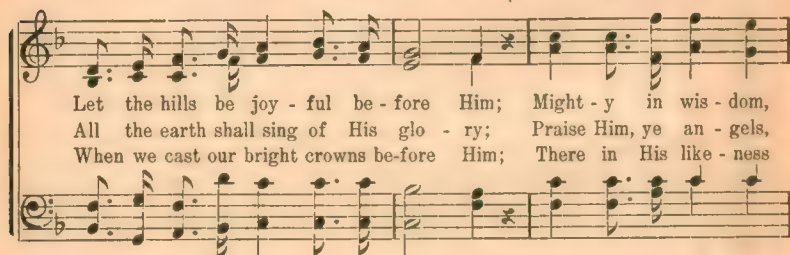
WM. B. BRADBURY, arr.



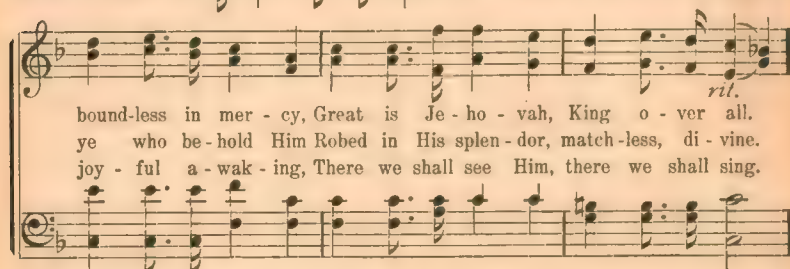
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a - loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren



glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word;
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him, When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,



Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness



bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

No. 27. Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word,
2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him Writhing in an - guish and pain;



CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word,*



FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore;
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth.
He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



By per. Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 28. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom I should seek;
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I may not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And-knowing Thou lov - est me,

FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 29.

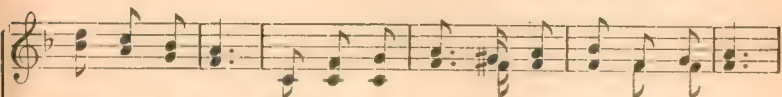
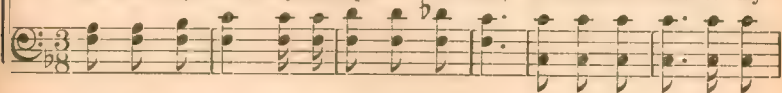
Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

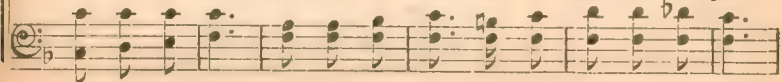
ANNIE F. BOURNE.



1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-ior of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast to my



Him as our love; Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part, —
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

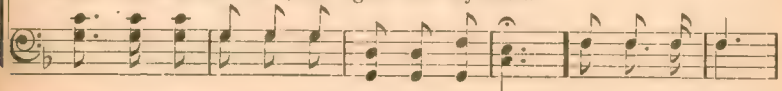


CHORUS.

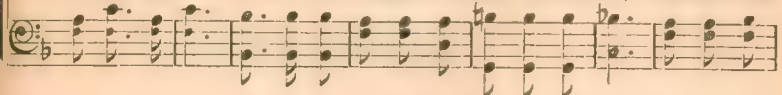
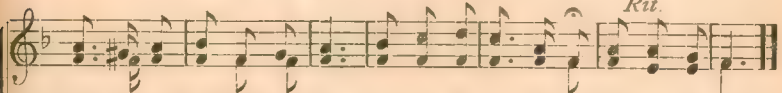


"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."

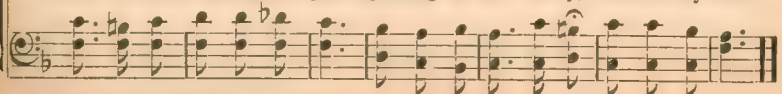
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der, and give me thy heart."



Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

*Rit.*

world He would draw thee a - part, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give me thy heart."



No. 30.

Waiting and Watching.

S. M. H.

DUET.

WILL H. PONTIUS.



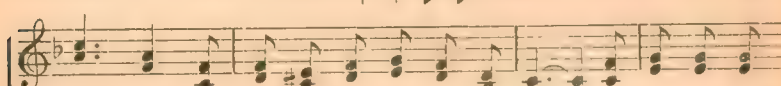
1. We know not the time when He com - eth, At e - ven, or
 2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal -
 3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re - deem - er! Thou know - est I



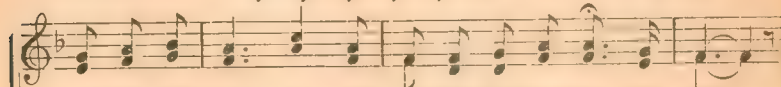
mid-night, or morn; It may be at deep - en - ing twi - light, It
 va - tion hath cost;— He left the bright man-sions of glo - ry To
 cher - ish as dear The hope that mine eyes shall be - hold Thee, That



may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to watch and be
 suf - fer and die for the lost!— And some-times I think it will
 I shall Thine own wel - come hear. If to some as a Judge Thou ap -



read - y, Nor suf - fer our lights to grow dim, That when He may
 please Him, When those whom He died to re - deem, Re - joice in the
 pear - est, Who forth from Thy pres - ence would flee, A friend most be -



come He will find us All wait - ing and watch - ing for Him.
 hope of His com - ing, By wait - ing and watch - ing for Him.
 lov - ed I'll greet Thee, I'm wait - ing and watch - ing for Thee.



Waiting and Watching.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - ing and watch - ing,
 Wait ing and watch ing, yes, wait-ing for Him, (Thee,*) Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for Him, (Thee,*)

Wait - ing and watch - ing, Still waiting and watching for Him. (Thee.)*
 Wait - ing and watch-ing, yes, wait - ing and watch - ing,

*For last verse.

No. 31.

Christ is King.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE B. MERRITT.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Little children, come and learn, Learn the sweet old sto-ry: Christ was once a
 2. Stars and angels sang a-loud, "Peace on earth," and glo-ry To the God who
 3. Stars and angels sing a-gain, "Tell the gladsome sto - ry!" An-swer to the

CHORUS.


child like you, Now is King of glo - ry.
 from a - bove Sent this wondrous sto - ry. Ring, bells, ring, Christ is King,
 joy - ous bells, Christ is King of glo - ry.

Christ is King of glo - ry; Christ was born in Bethlehem, Christ, the King of glory.



No. 32. When We Meet Safe at Home.

CHARLES BRUCE.


IRA D. SANKEY.



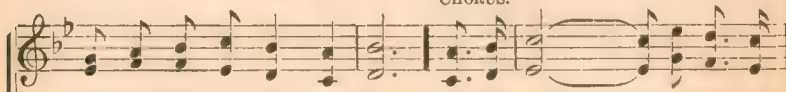
1. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, Where as stran - gers no
 2. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, Where the long wear - y
 3. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, And our loved ones a -
 4. Oh, the night hur - ries on, and the morn - ing On the moun - tains we

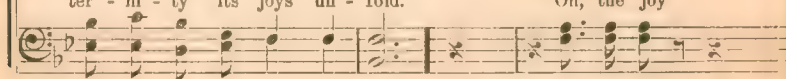
more we shall roam; When we stand at the gate of the pal - ace, And re -
 march ing is o'er; When the sheaves of the har - vest are gath - ered, And we
 gain we shall see; In the light of that land we shall know them, What a
 can now be - hold; Soon the shad - ows of time will be lift - ed, And e -



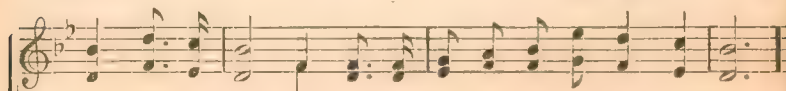
CHORUS.



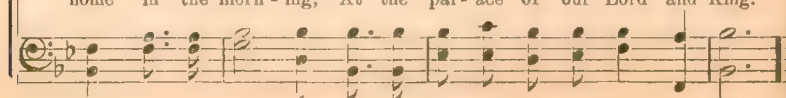
ceive the bless - ed wel - come home. — Oh, the joy..... that we shall
 la - bor in the fields no more. —
 mo - ment for us all 'twill be. —
 ter - ni - ty its joys un - fold. Oh, the joy




know, And the songs that we shall sing, When we meet safe at
 that we shall know,

home in the morn - ing, At the pal - ace of our Lord and King.



No. 33.

Beautiful Day.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

WM. CLAYSON.

Allegretto.

1. The day dawn is break-ing, The world is a-wak-ing, The clouds of night's
2. In man-y a tem-ple, The Saints will as-sem-ble, And la-bor as
3. Still let us be do-ing, Our les-sons re-view-ing, Which God has re-
4. Then pure and su-per-nal, Our friendship e-ter-nal, With Je-sus we'll



dark-ness are flee-ing a-way; The world-wide com-mo-tion, From o-cean to
sav-iors of dear ones a-way; Then hap-py re-un-ion, And sweetest com-
vealed for our walk in His way; And then, wondrous sto-ry, The Lord in His
live and His coun-sels o-bey; Un-til ev-'ry na-tion Will join in sal-

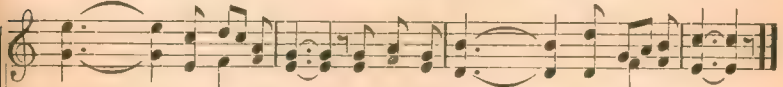
CHORUS. *Moderato.*

o-cean, Now her-alds the time of the beau-ti-ful day. Beau-ti-ful day.....
mun-ion We'll have with our friends in the beau-ti-ful day.
glo-ry Will come in His pow'r in the beau-ti-ful day.
va-tion, And wor-ship the Lord of the beau-ti-ful day.

Beautiful day



of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from east to west; Hail to thine
of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from east to west;



ear-liest welcome ray, Beau-ti-ful, bright..... mil-len-nial day.
Hail to thine earliest welcome ray, Beau-ti-ful, bright millennial day.



No. 34.

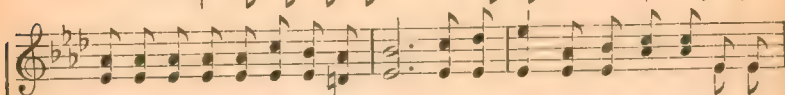
My Savior First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

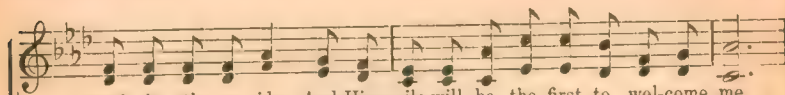
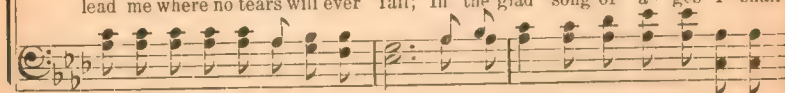
JNO. R. SWENEY.



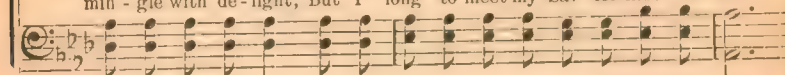
- 1 When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white, He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye! How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



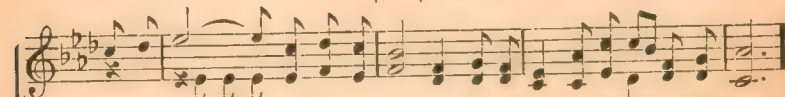
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky!
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



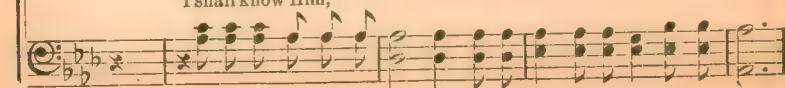
CHORUS.



I shall know... Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,



I shall know... Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,

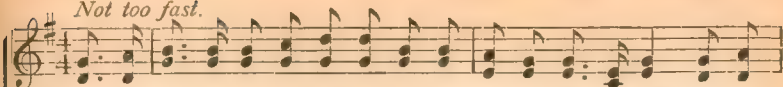


No. 35. We Shall See His Blessed Face.

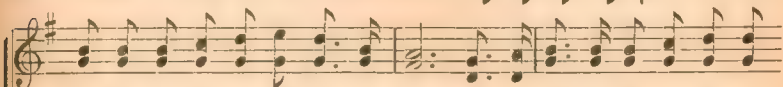
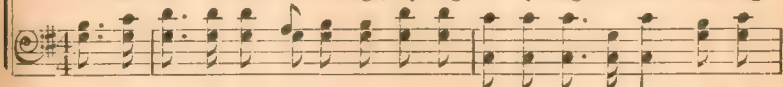
KATE ULMER.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

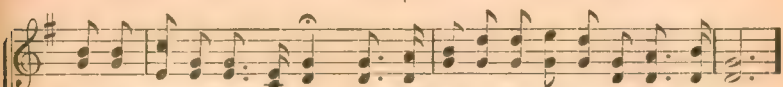
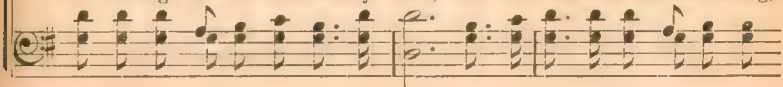
Not too fast.



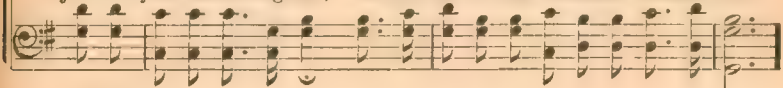
1. We've a glo-rious hope to cheer us as we wend our homeward way, Lighting
2. In the beau-ty of His ho-li-ness our eyes shall see the King Who re-
3. In His pres-ence there are mansions where for-ev-er we shall dwell, For our
4. Let us then re-new our cour-age, lay-ing ev-'ry weight a-side, Press-ing



up with joy the years that fly a-pace; 'Tis the promise He has giv-en
deemed us in His match-less love and grace; When the ransomed of all a-ges
Lord Him-self pre-pares us all a place; When He bids us take pos-ses-sion
on with vig-or in the heav'nly race, Till our crowns before Him casting,



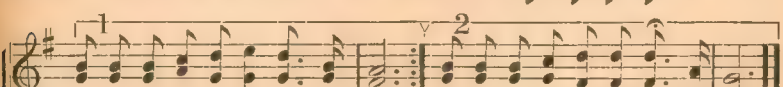
that in realms of end-less day We shall see our dear Redeemer's blessed face.
gath-er round the throne to sing, We shall see our dear Redeemer's blessed face.
while glad hal-le-lu-jahs swell, We shall see our dear Redeemer's blessed face.
just be-yond the roll-ing tide, We shall see our dear Redeemer's blessed face.



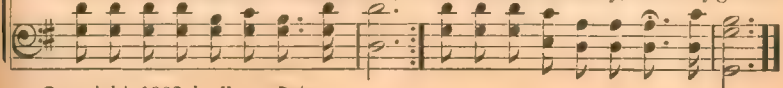
CHORUS.



{ We shall see Him, we shall see Him, We shall
{ We shall see Him, we shall see Him, And be-
We shall see Him, we shall see Him,



see our dear Redeemer's blessed face; fore Him tell the story, "saved by grace."



No. 36.

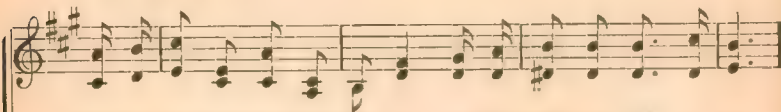
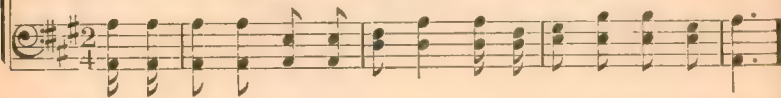
The Child of Galilee.

VIDA E. SMITH.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.



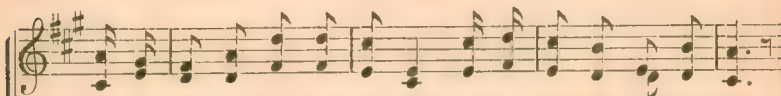
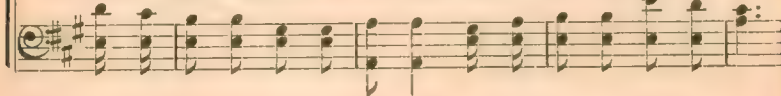
1. I have heard the sweet-est sto - ry, Of the dear - est friend to me,
 2. But the last is best,—now list-en, It's as sweet as sweet can be,—



And His moth-er's name was Ma - ry, And His home in Gal - i - lee;
 Je - sus loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And He loves and bless - es me;



Oh, He loved the gold - en sun - shine, And the birds,—and so do I,—
 Now I fold my hands and ask Him, Oh, dear Sav - ior, let me be



And the trees and spark - ling wa - ters, And the far - off blue, blue sky.
 Like the lit - tle child named Je - sus, In His home in Gal - i - lee.



REFRAIN.

Repeat softly.

1. Je - sus loved, Je - sus loved, He loved,—and so do I; I.
 2. Je - sus loves, Je - sus loves, He loves and bless - es me; me.



No. 37.

We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



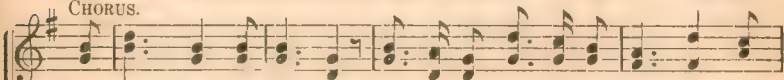
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



And thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,



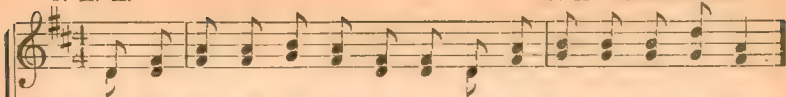
march - ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



No. 38. What a Gathering That Will Be!

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sound-ing of the trump-et, when the saints are gath-ered home,
2. When the an-gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi-nal judg-ment, when the hid-den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sound-ing, and the an-gel bands pro-claim



We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea (cry-s-tal sea);
 We shall gath-er, and the saved and ran-somed see (ran-somed see);
 When the Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see (we shall see),
 In tri-um-phant strains the glo-rious ju-bi-lee (ju-bi-lee),



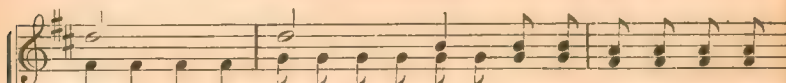
With the friends and all the loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come,
 Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er on the bright ce-les-tial shore,
 At the bid-ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb,



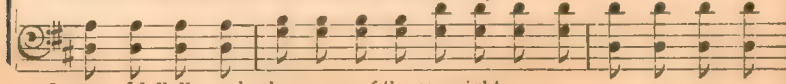
CHORUS.



What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - -
 What a gath'ring of the



'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sound-ing of the
 loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,



What a Gathering That Will Be!

glo-rious ju - bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju - bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the
gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
dear ones meet each oth-er,

No. 39.

Long Ago.

VIDA E. SMITH.

m Smooth and flowing.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.

p cres.

1. 'T was so long, and long a - go, Yet the chil-dren all may know Of the sto - ry
2. How the shepherds on each hill, In the night so clear and still, Heard the message
3. Let it ech - o near and far, Let it light each twinkling star, Far as heaven,

dim. *pp* *m*

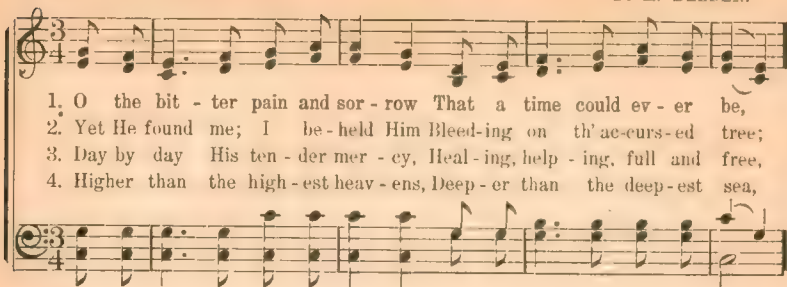
that to - day we join to sing; Of a ba - by sweet and fair, In a
full of mu - sic, "Peace on earth;" And the wise men came from far, Follow -
o - ver land and danc - ing sea; Un - til ev - 'ry tongue shall sing, "Jesus

man-ger o - ver there, And the an-gels came with joy the news to bring.
ing the one bright star Till it stood a - bove the ba-by's place of birth.
is our bless-ed King, Hail to Beth-le-hem, in far a - way Ju - dea."

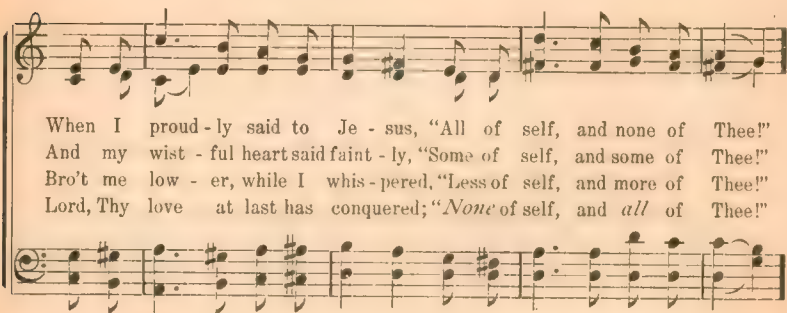
No. 40. None of Self, and All of Thee.

Rev. THEO. MONOD.

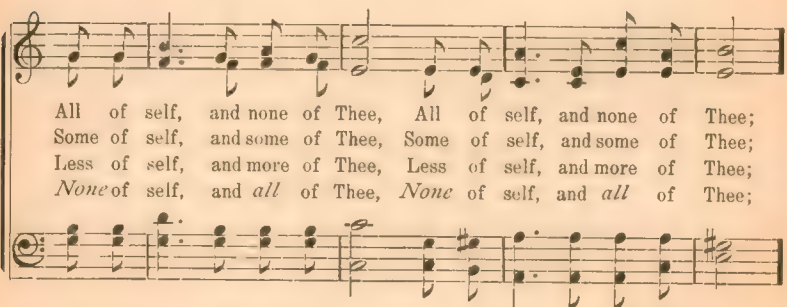
F. E. BELDEN.



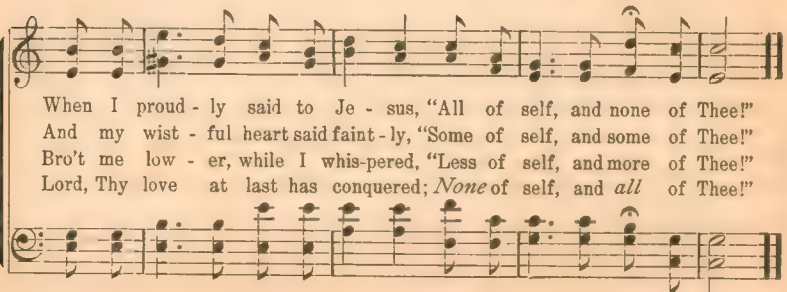
1. O the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th' ac - curs - ed tree;
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,
 4. Higher than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,



When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of Thee!"
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
 Bro't me low - er, while I whis - pered, "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
 Lord, Thy love at last has conquered; "*None* of self, and *all* of Thee!"



All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee;
 Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee;
 Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee;
None of self, and *all* of Thee, *None* of self, and *all* of Thee;



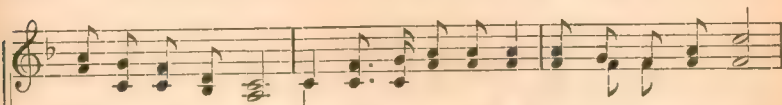
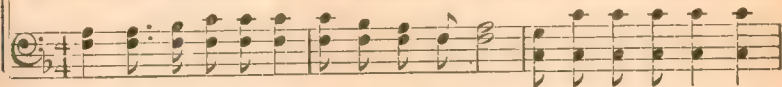
When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of Thee!"
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
 Bro't me low - er, while I whis - pered, "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
 Lord, Thy love at last has conquered; *None* of self, and *all* of Thee!"

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

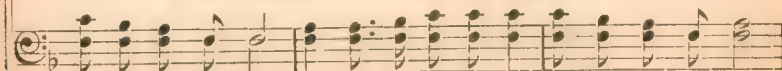
J. H. FILLMORE.



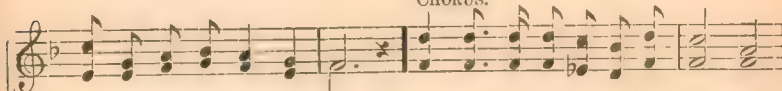
1. Sweet are the prom-is-es of the ear-ly spring, Win-ter's reign is o-ver,
 2. Sweet are the prom-is-es of the East-er Day, Bars of death are bro-ken,



buds in beau-ty peep; Bright will the sum-mer be, birds and brook-lets sing,
 emp-ty is the tomb; Now thro' our ris-en Lord joy-ous is the way



CHORUS.



Na-ture now a-wakes from sleep. Sweet are the prom-is-es of spring-time,
 To the land of fade-less bloom. Sweet are the prom-is-es of East-er,



Hearts will soon be light-er, Days will soon be bright-er; Sweet are the
 Light is streaming o'er us, Glo-ry shines be-fore us; Sweet are the



prom-is-es of spring-time, Her-ald of de-lights to come.
 prom-is-es of East-er, Spring-time of e-ter-nal joy.



No. 42.

Never Pass Them By.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich and gold - en bless - ings are al - ways on the wing, Nev - er
 2. Av - e - nues for serv - ice are o - pen - ing to - day, Nev - er
 3. Bless - ed ways of help - ing are wait - ing now for you, Nev - er

pass them by, seize them as they fly; Bright and cheer - ing an - gels their
 pass them by, fast the mo - ments fly; "For - ward" is the or - der; the
 pass them by, "Here am I," re - ply; In love's glad en - deav - ors, be

CHORUS.

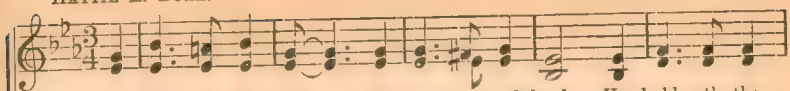
heav'n - ly gifts would bring, Nev - er, nev - er pass them by.
 Lord's command o - bey, Nev - er, nev - er pass them by. Nev - er pass them
 faith - ful, pure and true, Nev - er, nev - er pass them by.

by, no, nev - er! Nev - er pass them by, no, nev - er! Rich and gold - en



bless - ings de - scend - ing from on high, Nev - er, nev - er pass them by.

HATTIE E. BUEL.


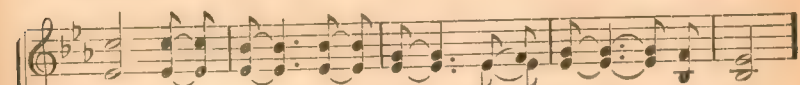
REV. JOHN B. SUMNER, ATT.



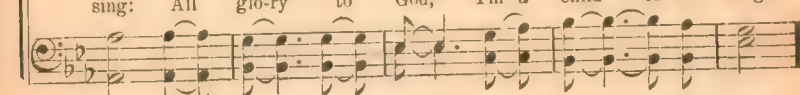
1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan - dered o'er
 3. I once was an out - cast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, O why should I care? They're building a


wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and
 earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead - ing for sin - ners on
 choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written
 pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may



gold, His coffers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
 high, And will give me a home when He comes by and by.
 down, — An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
 sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!



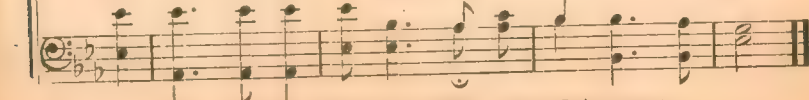
CHORUS.



I'm a child of the King, A child of the King;


ad lib.



With Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King.




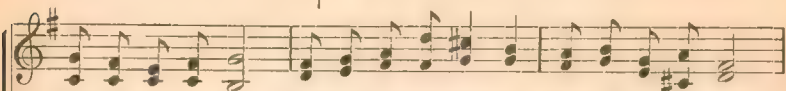
No. 44. All Along Life's Pathway.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY.

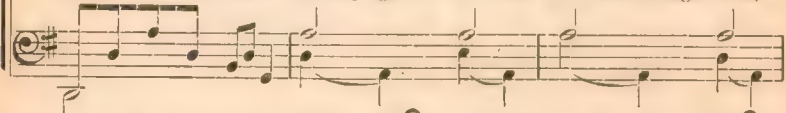

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.




1. All a-long life's pathway Toil-ers you will meet, Bear-ing heavy bur-dens,
 2. All a-long life's pathway Mourn-ers linger sad, Knowing naught of sunshine,
 3. All a-long life's pathway Wand'ers i-dly stray, Heed-ing not God's mercy,


Dragging wear-y feet; You may help some tired one Just a lit-tle while,
 Nev-er look-ing glad; You may give sweet comfort By the things you do,
 Nor the heav'nly way; You may go and tell them Of the mes-sage sweet,

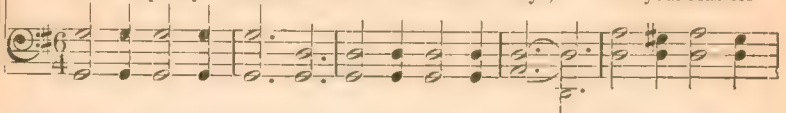
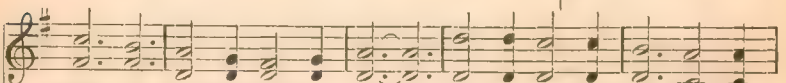
You may cheer a sink-ing heart With a hap-py smile.
 You may turn a heart to Christ By a word or two.
 You may lead some anx-ious soul To the Sav-ior's feet.



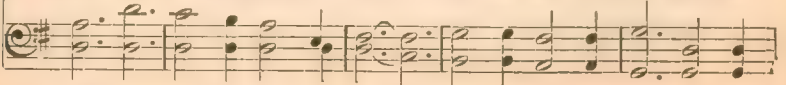
CHORUS.



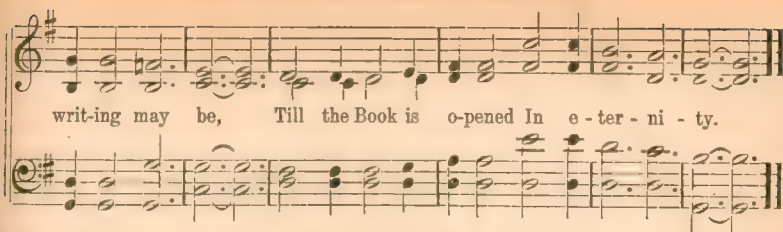
Do not pass your broth-er With a-vert-ed eye, For your Mas-ter

watch-es From His throne on high; You can nev-er know What the



All Along Life's Pathway.



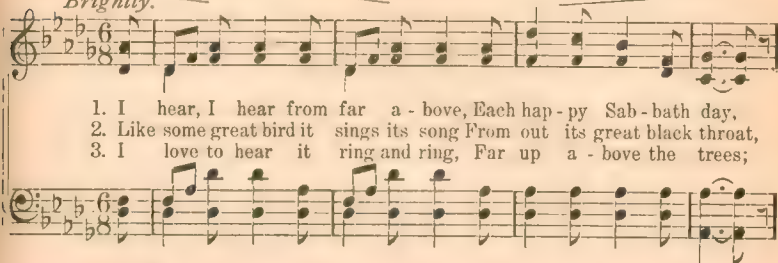
writ-ing may be, Till the Book is o-pened In e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 45. The Sabbath Bell.

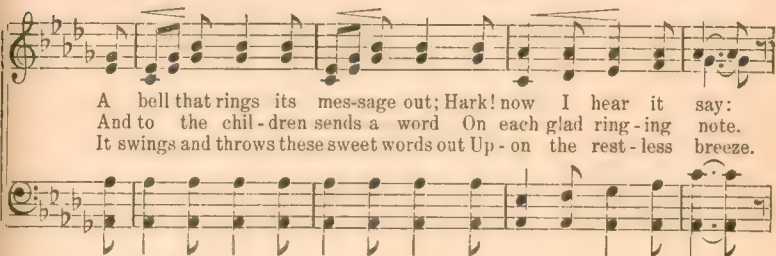
VIDA E. SMITH.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.

Brightly.

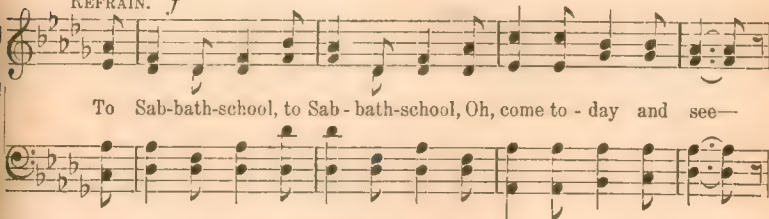


1. I hear, I hear from far a - bove, Each hap - py Sab - bath day,
2. Like some great bird it sings its song From out its great black throat,
3. I love to hear it ring and ring, Far up a - bove the trees;



A bell that rings its mes-sage out; Hark! now I hear it say:
And to the chil-dren sends a word On each glad ring-ing note.
It swings and throws these sweet words out Up - on the rest-less breeze.

REFRAIN. *f*



To Sab-bath-school, to Sab - bath-school, Oh, come to - day and see—



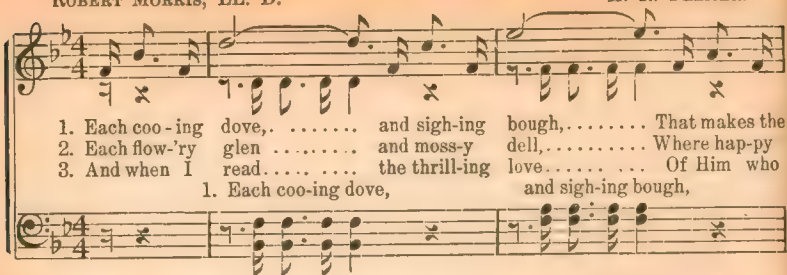
How Je - sus was a lit - tle child, And learn like Him to be.

No. 46.

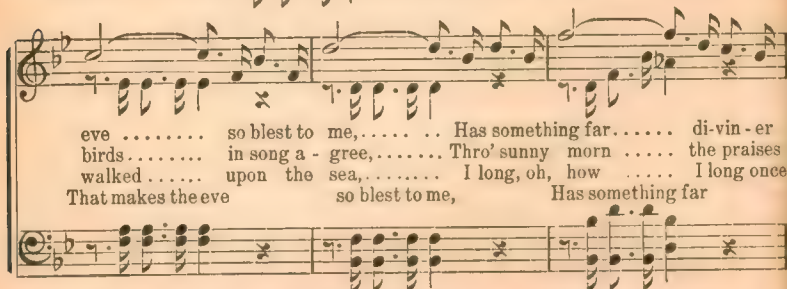
Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

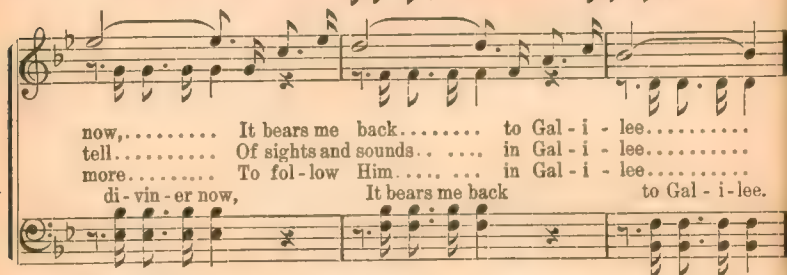
H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough, That makes the
 2. Each flow-ry glen and moss-y dell, Where hap-py
 3. And when I read the thrill-ing love Of Him who
 1. Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough,

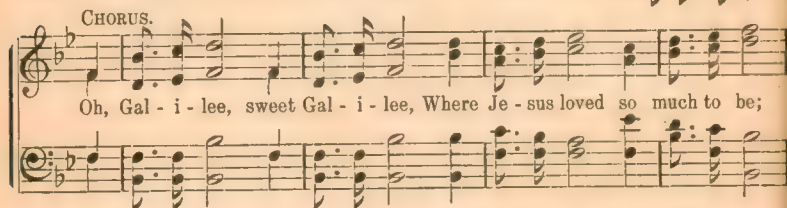


eve so blest to me, Has something far di-vin-er
 birds in song a-gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
 walked upon the sea, I long, oh, how I long once
 That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far

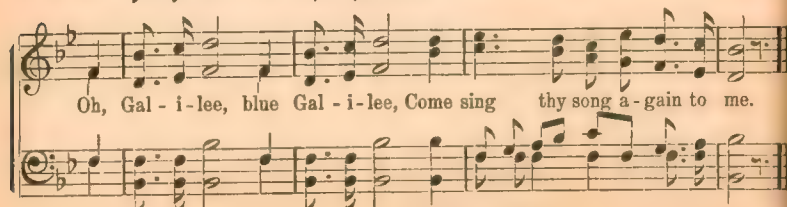


now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee
 tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee
 more To fol-low Him in Gal-i-lee
 di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.



Oh, Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, Where Je-sus loved so much to be;



Oh, Gal-i-lee, blue Gal-i-lee, Come sing thy song a-gain to me.

Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 47.

For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*pp Very slow.**m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for me!



See, on the portals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gather - ing, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned He has mer - cy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m**cres.*

Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, Come home,



pp Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



No. 48. It Was Spoken for the Master.

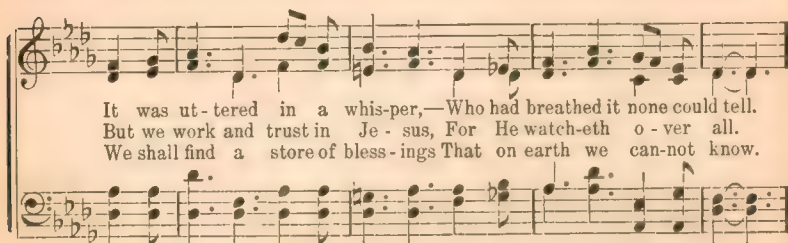
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

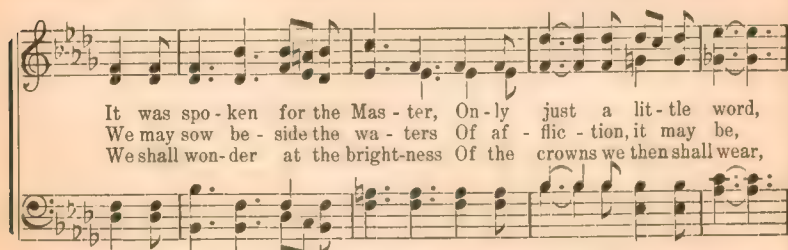
May be sung as Solo and Chorus.



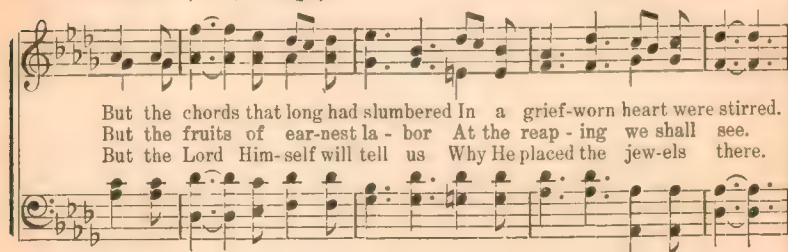
1. It was spo - ken for the Mas - ter, O how lov - ing - ly it fell!
 2. O we know not when we scat - ter, Where the pre - cious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus - y toil is o - ver, From the vine - yard when we go,



It was ut - tered in a whis - per, — Who had breathed it none could tell.
 But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watch - eth o - ver all.
 We shall find a store of bless - ings That on earth we can - not know.

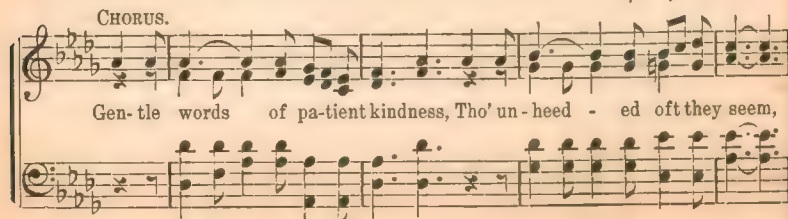


It was spo - ken for the Mas - ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,
 We may sow be - side the wa - ters Of af - flic - tion, it may be,
 We shall won - der at the bright - ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



But the chords that long had slumbered In a grief - worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of ear - nest la - bor At the reap - ing we shall see.
 But the Lord Him - self will tell us Why He placed the jew - els there.

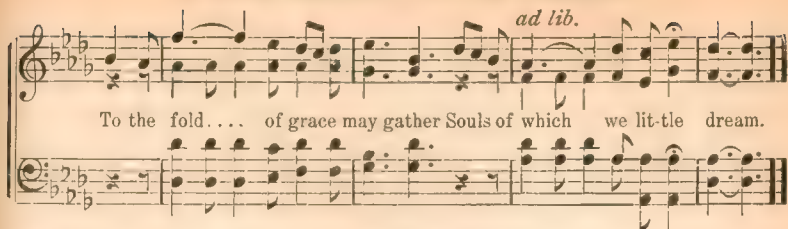
CHORUS.



Gen - tle words of pa - tient kindness, Tho' un - heed - ed oft they seem,

It Was Spoken for the Master.

ad lib.

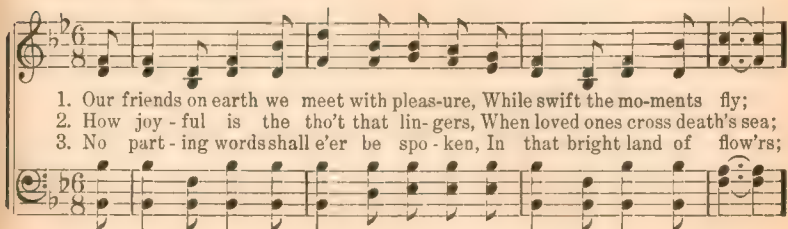


To the fold . . . of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

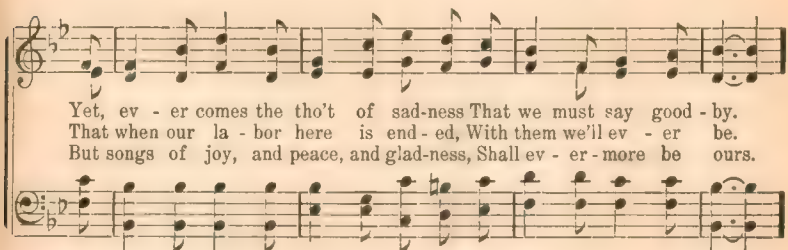
No. 49. We'll Never Say Good-by.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleas-ure, While swift the mo-ments fly;
2. How joy-ful is the tho't that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea;
3. No part-ing word shall e'er be spo-ken, In that bright land of flow'rs;



Yet, ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good - by.
That when our la - bor here is end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - by; . . .
nev - er say good - by;

Repeat chorus *pp*



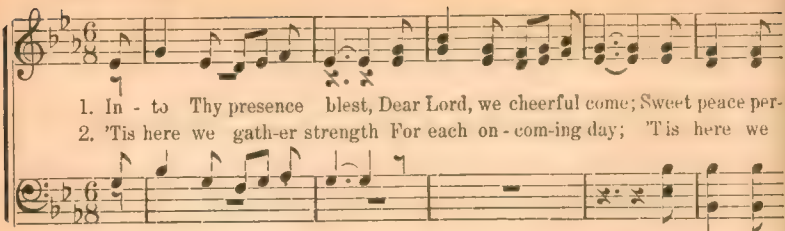
For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.

No. 50.

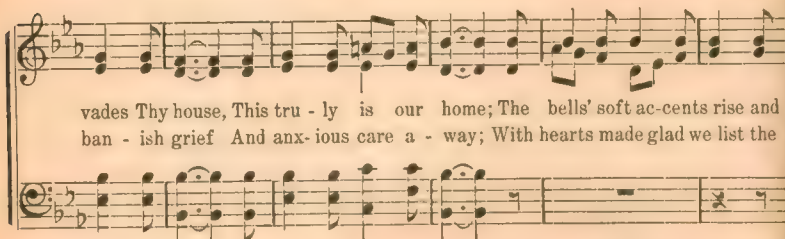
Chime On, Sweet Bells.

FRONIA SMITH.

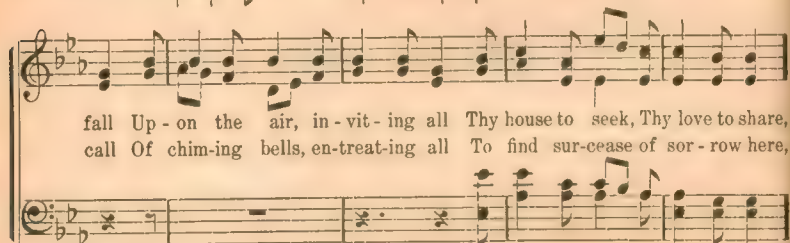
J. H. ROSECRANS.



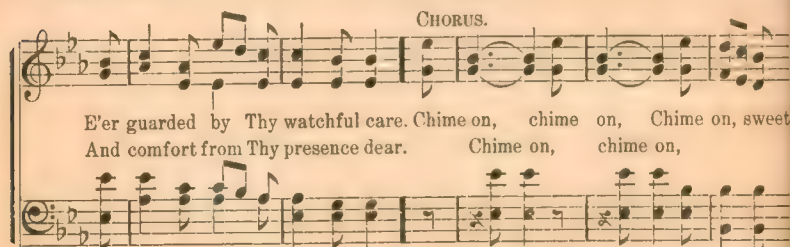
1. In - to Thy presence blest, Dear Lord, we cheerful come; Sweet peace per-
 2. 'Tis here we gath-er strength For each on - com-ing day; 'Tis here we



vades Thy house, This tru - ly is our home; The bells' soft ac-cents rise and
 ban - ish grief And anx - ious care a - way; With hearts made glad we list the

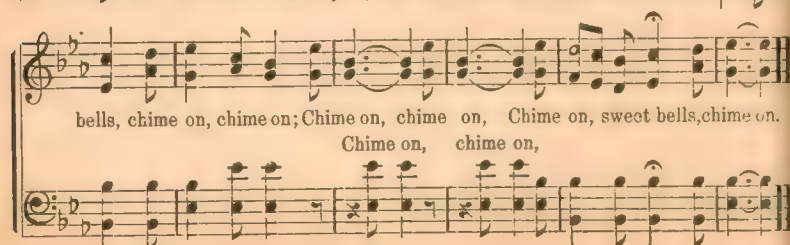


fall Up - on the air, in - vit - ing all Thy house to seek, Thy love to share,
 call Of chim-ing bells, en-treat-ing all To find sur-cess of sor - row here,



CHORUS.

E'er guarded by Thy watchful care. Chime on, chime on, Chime on, sweet
 And comfort from Thy presence dear. Chime on, chime on,



bells, chime on, chime on; Chime on, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.
 Chime on, chime on,

No. 51. I Would Be a Little Sunbeam.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam, Shin - ing bright - ly all the day,
2. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam, And, with hap - py smile or song,
3. I would be a lit - tle sun - beam, Help me, Je - sus, so to shine;

With its light and joy and glad - ness, Driv - ing all the clouds a - way.
Cheer the hearts of those a - round me - Make them cheerful, brave and strong.
May the light of Thy dear Spir - it Fill this lit - tle heart of mine.

REFRAIN.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, Shin - ing ev - er bright and fair; Shin - ing, shin - ing,


Shedding sunlight ev - 'ry - where; Shin - ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, Like a sun - beam

pure and fair, Driv - ing out the gloom and sadness, Shedding sunlight ev - 'ry - where.


No. 52. At the Gate Called Beautiful.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. At the "Beau-ti-ful Gate" of the tem - ple, As beggars and maimed we a-
 2. From the "Beau-ti-ful Gate" of the tem - ple A gleam of His beau-ty we
 3. Thro' the "Beau-ti-ful Gate" of the tem - ple The flood of Ho - san-nas we
 4. He is near! He is near! He is wait - ing, By the gate of the tem-ple He




wait The hand of our heal-ing A - pos - tle, The Lord of the
 see; Yet the light of His ut - ter-most glo - ry Is hid - den from
 hear, And we know by the voi - ces of tri - umph The step of our
 stands; He touch-es the maimed, and ex - ult - ing We leap with the

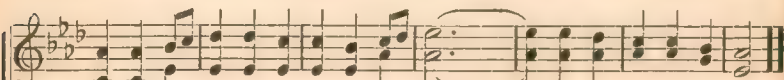
CHORUS.



"Beau - ti - ful Gate."
 thee and from me. He com-eth, He com-eth, sal - va-tion re-
 Heal - er is near.
 Life from His hands.



veal - ing, The Naz - a - rene pass-eth this way; . . . He com-eth, He
 He pass-eth this way;



com-eth, His presence is healing, He com - - eth, He com-eth to - day.
 He cometh, He cometh,

No. 53.

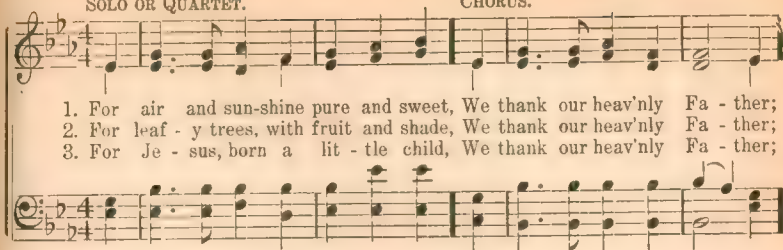
Giving Thanks.

Arr. by D. B. T.

D. B. TOWNER.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

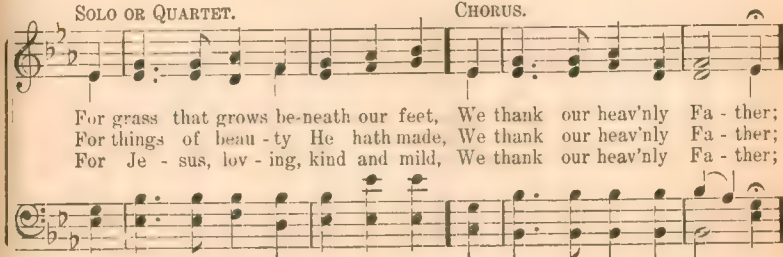
CHORUS.



1. For air and sun-shine pure and sweet, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;
 2. For leaf - y trees, with fruit and shade, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;
 3. For Je - sus, born a lit - tle child, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;

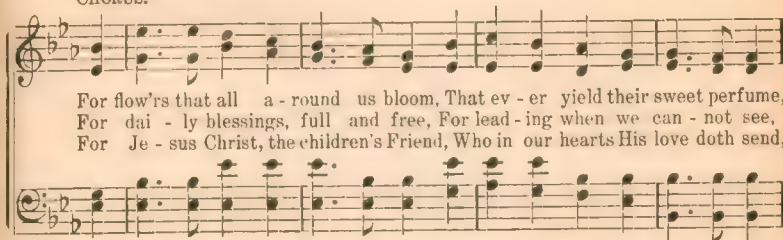
SOLO OR QUARTET.

CHORUS.

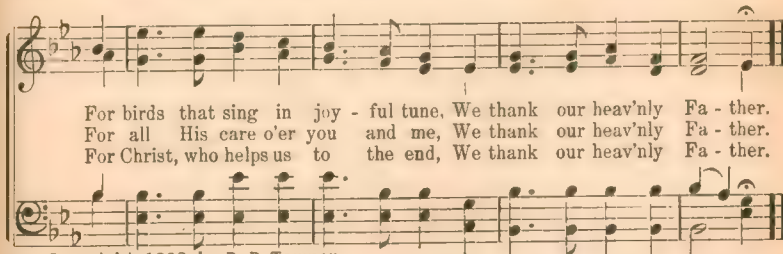


For grass that grows be-neath our feet, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;
 For things of beau - ty He hath made, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;
 For Je - sus, lov - ing, kind and mild, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther;

CHORUS.



For flow'rs that all a - round us bloom, That ev - er yield their sweet perfume,
 For dai - ly blessings, full and free, For lead - ing when we can - not see,
 For Je - sus Christ, the children's Friend, Who in our hearts His love doth send,



For birds that sing in joy - ful tune, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther.
 For all His care o'er you and me, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther.
 For Christ, who helps us to the end, We thank our heav'nly Fa - ther.

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1 For ears to hear and eyes to see,
 We thank our heavenly Father;
 For sparkling gems on bush and tree,
 We thank our heavenly Father;
 For silent snowflakes, soft and white,
 That wrap the earth in blankets light,
 And stars that watch us all the night
 We thank our heavenly Father.

2 For food, and shelter from the storm,
 We thank our heavenly Father;
 For nimble feet and red blood warm,
 We thank our heavenly Father;
 For happy lessons taught us here,
 In God's own house from year to year,
 For little friends and large ones dear,
 We thank our heavenly Father.

—VIDA E. SMITH.

No. 54. Come Close to the Savior.

F. J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

DUET. Met. $\text{♩} = 60$.

1. Come close to the Sav - ior, Thy lov - ing Re - deem - er, Oh, sor - row - ing
 2. Come close to the Sav - ior, He call - eth thee gen - tly, Draw near to thy
 3. Come close to the Sav - ior, Earth-pleasures are fleet - ing, But Je - sus will

heart op - pressed (sore - ly op - pressed); Life's jour - ney is drear - y,
 Fa - ther's throne (thy Fa - ther's throne); His eye will be - hold thee,
 care for thee (He'll care for thee); What - ev - er may grieve thee,

Thy spir - it is wear - y, Oh, come un - to Him and
 His mer - cy en - fold thee, Why car - ry thy grief a -
 He nev - er will leave thee, Thy strength as thy day shall

rest. Come close to the Sav - ior, Oh, why dost thou lin - ger?
 lone? Come close to the Sav - ior, Oh, trust and re - mem - ber
 be. Come close to the Sav - ior, Oh, come as a bird - ling

He know - eth thy heart op - pressed (sore - ly op - pressed); His prom - ise be -
 Thro' tri - als our souls are blest (rich - ly are blest); What - ev - er be -
 Flies back to its par - ent nest (flies to its nest), Where peace, like a

Come Close to the Savior.



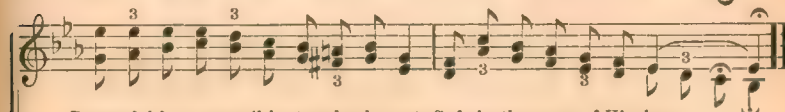
liev - ing, His mes-sage re-ceiv - ing, Oh, come un - to Him and rest.
 tide thee, Thy Ref-uge will hide thee, Oh, come un - to Him and rest.
 riv - er, Flows on-ward for-ev - er, Oh, come un - to Him and rest.



CHORUS. *Slowly, don't hurry.*



Peace-ful-ly, tran-quil-ly, ten-der-ly rest, Folding thy wings like a dove;
like a dove;



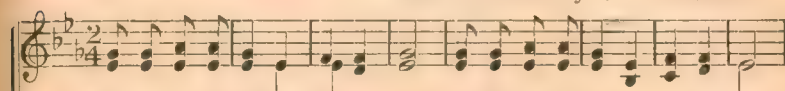
Peace-ful-ly, tran-quil-ly, ten-der-ly rest, Safe in the arms of His love.
in the arms of His love.



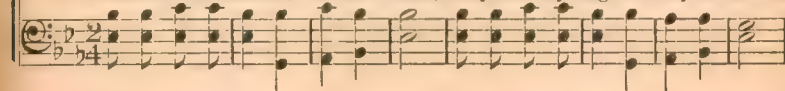
No. 55.

Suffer Little Children.

Words and Music by J. H. FILLMORE.



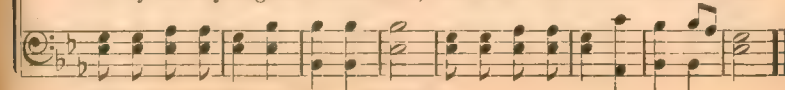
1. "Suf-fer lit - tle children," Je-sus said, As He placed a blessing on each head.
2. "Suf-fer lit - tle children." They are mine. Said the blessed Savior, Friend di-vine.
3. "Suf-fer lit-tle children," Let them come; In my heav'nly kingdom They have room.



CHORUS.



In my heav'nly kingdom Such shall be; Let the lit - tle children Come to me.



No. 56.

Onward! Forward!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of true and val- iant sol - diers, We're marching to the bat - tle
 2. In ev - 'ry king - dom, land and na - tion, His love and truth shall be made

field; The hosts of sin and wrong en-gag-ing, We shall not wav-er, shall not
 known, Till ev - 'ry knee in ad - o - ra - tion Shall bow to Him, and Him a-

yield, Till vic - t'ry perches on our ban-ner, And Sa-tan's host is back-ward
 lone; Till all the sons of men shall give Him The hon-ors that to Him be-

driv'n; Then shall a mighty song of triumph Ring thro' earth and heav'n.
 long, And earth and heaven sing to - geth-er The tri - um - phant song.

CHORUS.

On-ward! for - ward! We will take the world for
 On-ward, falt'ring never! for - ward! by en-deav-or, Take the

Onward! Forward!



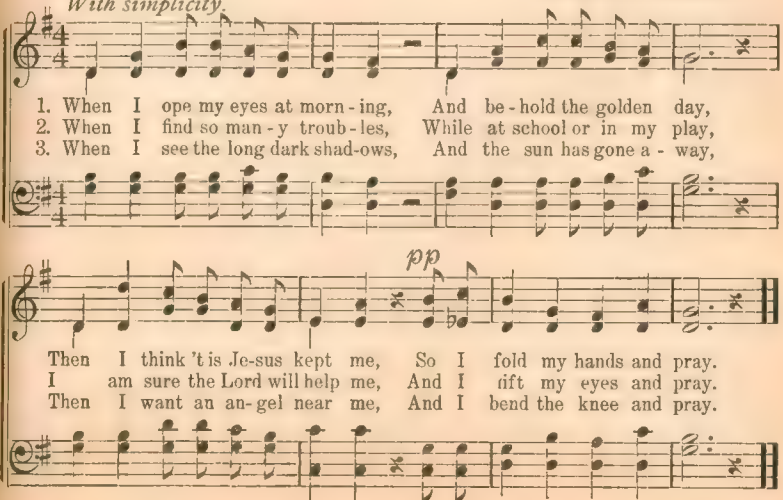
Je - sus, Sing-ing, shout-ing, Of re-deem-ing
world for Jesus, Singing songs of glory, shout-ing out the sto-ry Of re-
love; Praise Him, Laud Him, O-ver ev-'ry land and
deeming love; We'll praise Him, magnify Him, laud Him, glorify Him, O - ver
sea, Un - til His praise shall fill the earth, And reach to heav'n a - bove.
land and sea, His praise

No. 57.

Prayer.

VIDA E. SMITH.
With simplicity.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.

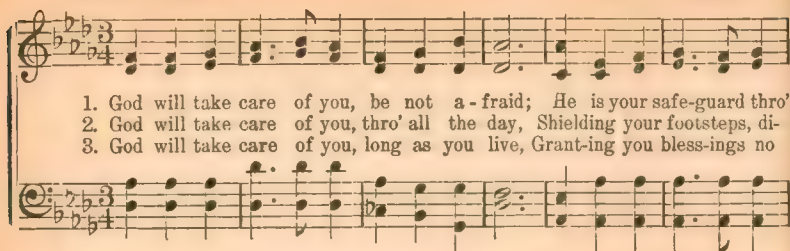


1. When I ope my eyes at morn-ing, And be-hold the golden day,
2. When I find so man-y troub-les, While at school or in my play,
3. When I see the long dark shad-ows, And the sun has gone a - way,
pp
Then I think 't is Je-sus kept me, So I fold my hands and pray.
I am sure the Lord will help me, And I lift my eyes and pray.
Then I want an an-gel near me, And I bend the knee and pray.

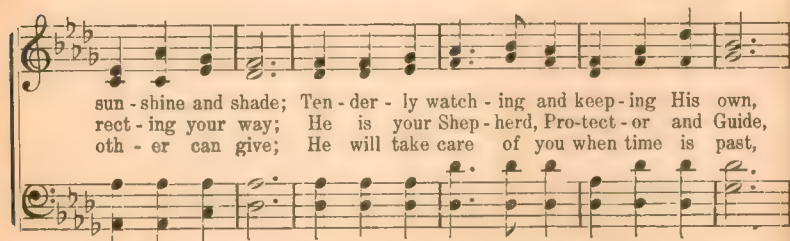
No. 58. God Will Take Care of You.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

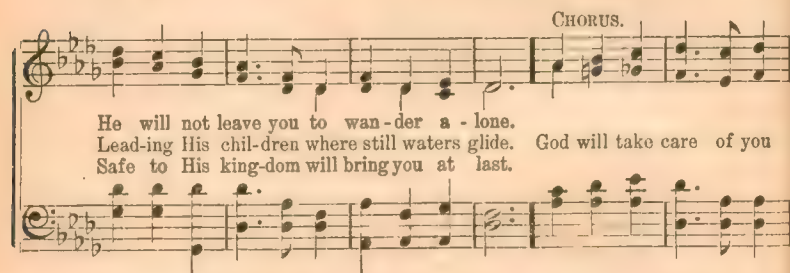
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. God will take care of you, be not a - fraid; He is your safe-guard thro'
2. God will take care of you, thro' all the day, Shielding your footsteps, di-
3. God will take care of you, long as you live, Grant-ing you bless-ings no

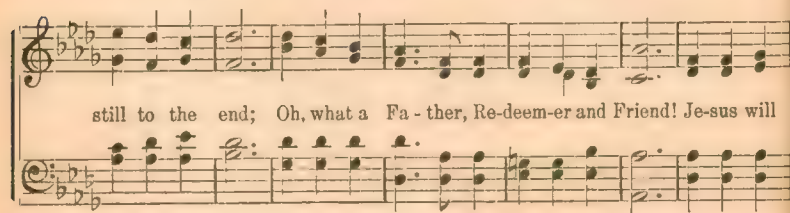


sun - shine and shade; Ten - der - ly watch - ing and keep - ing His own,
rect - ing your way; He is your Shep - herd, Pro - tect - or and Guide,
oth - er can give; He will take care of you when time is past,

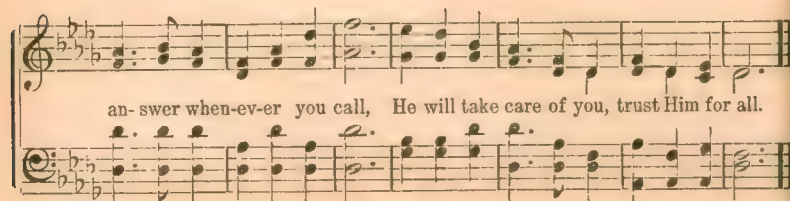


CHORUS.

He will not leave you to wan - der a - lone.
Lead-ing His chil-dren where still waters glide. God will take care of you
Safe to His king-dom will bring you at last.



still to the end; Oh, what a Fa - ther, Re-deem-er and Friend! Je-sus will



an - swer when-ev-er you call, He will take care of you, trust Him for all.

No. 59. Gather Them Into the Fold.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

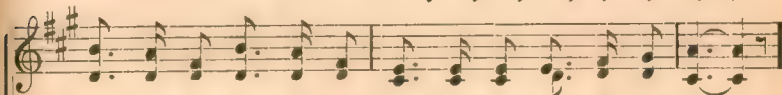
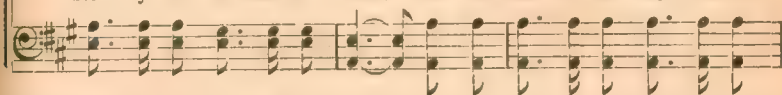
ADAM GEIBEL.



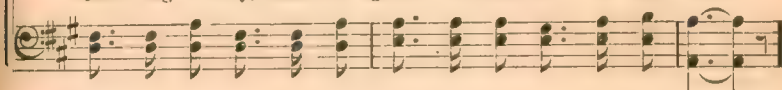
1. There are man - y to - day who are wan-d'ring a - way, Far a-
2. O how sweet the re - ward, O how pre - cious the word, When safe
3. Soon the morn - ing is gone, Soon the night com-eth on, Soon the



way in the dark-ness and cold; Haste to gath - er them in, from the
home in that cit - y of gold, Should some one to thee say-- "Far I
sto - ry of life shall be told; Then oh, hast - en to - day--souls are



path-ways of sin, To the shel - ter and peace of the fold.
wan-dered a - way, But you bro't me back in - to the fold."
wan-d'ring a - way, Haste to gath - er them in - to the fold.



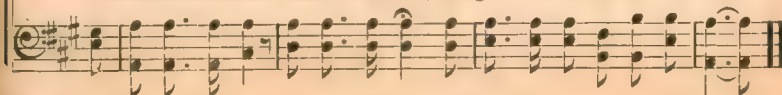
CHORUS.



Gath - - er them in!..... Out from the darkness and cold!
Gath-er them in! Gath-er them in!



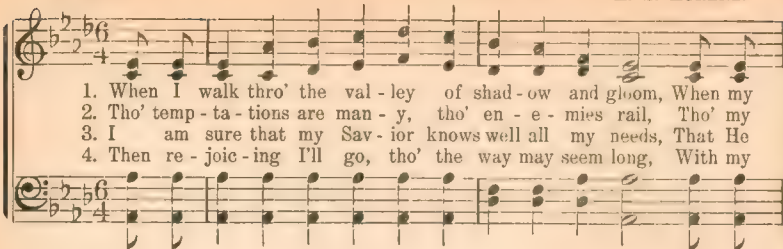
O count not the cost--seek for the lost, But gath - er them in - to the fold!



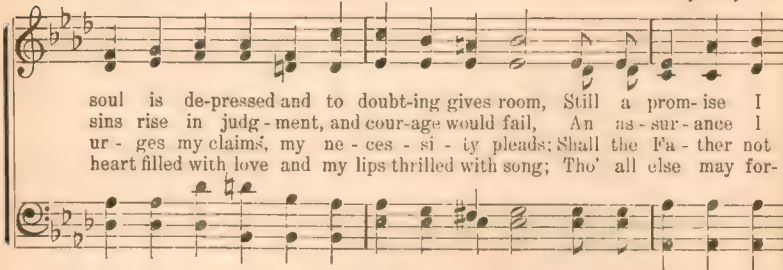
No. 60. My Savior is Praying for Me.

E. S. L.

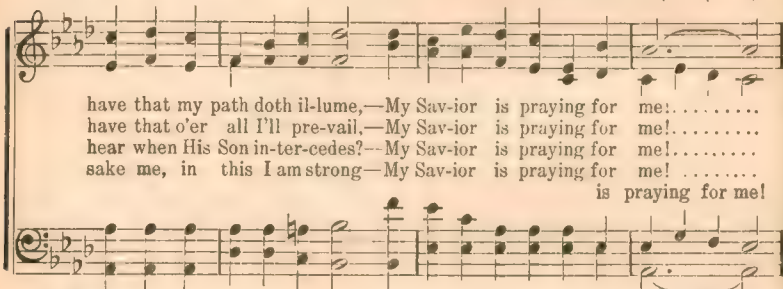
E. S. LORENZ.



1. When I walk thro' the val-ley of shad-ow and gloom, When my
 2. Tho' temp-ta-tions are man-y, tho' en-e-mies rail, Tho' my
 3. I am sure that my Sav-ior knows well all my needs, That He
 4. Then re-joic-ing I'll go, tho' the way may seem long, With my

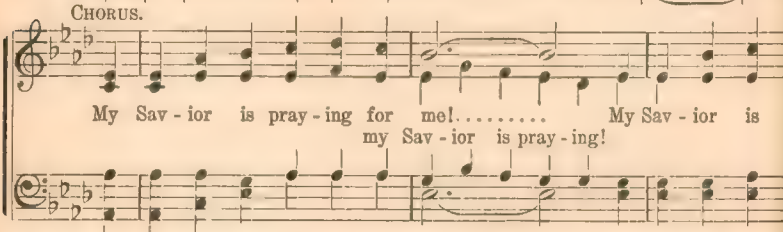


soul is de-pressed and to doubt-ing gives room, Still a prom-ise I
 sins rise in judg-ment, and cour-age would fail, An as-sur-ance I
 ur-ges my claims, my ne-ces-si-ty pleads; Shall the Fa-ther not
 heart filled with love and my lips thrilled with song; Tho' all else may for-

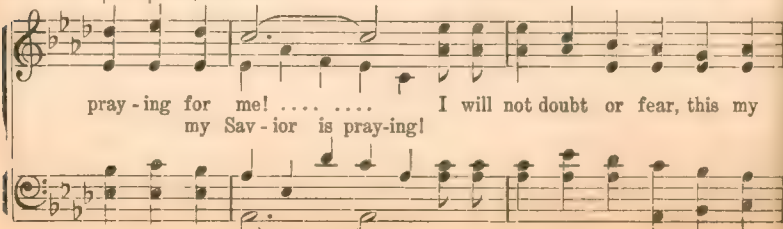


have that my path doth il-lume,—My Sav-ior is praying for me!.....
 have that o'er all I'll pre-vail,—My Sav-ior is praying for me!.....
 hear when His Son in-ter-cedes?—My Sav-ior is praying for me!.....
 sake me, in this I am strong—My Sav-ior is praying for me!.....
 is praying for me!

CHORUS.

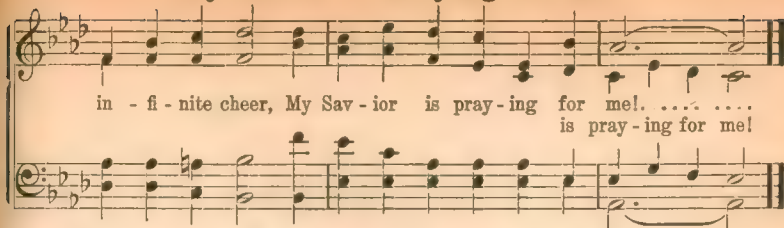


My Sav-ior is pray-ing for me!..... My Sav-ior is
 my Sav-ior is pray-ing!



pray-ing for me!..... I will not doubt or fear, this my
 my Sav-ior is pray-ing!

My Savior is Praying for Me.



in - fi - nite cheer, My Sav - ior is pray - ing for me!
is pray - ing for me!


No. 61. He'll Wipe All Tears Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

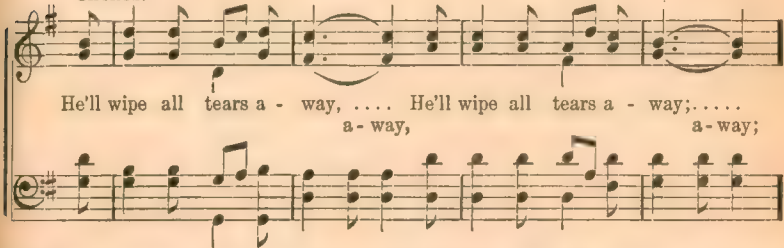


1. There is a home where we may dwell For - ev - er free from care,
2. There is a morn for ev - 'ry night, A joy for ev - 'ry pain;
3. Then look to Him, ye troub - led ones, And let your faith be strong;



Where God hath taught us in His word There'll be no weep - ing there.
And they who fol - low Christ the Lord, With Him in heav'n shall reign.
He'll turn your mourn - ing in - to joy, Your sor - row in - to song.

CHORUS.



He'll wipe all tears a - way, He'll wipe all tears a - way;
a - way, a - way;



In that blest home of light and love, He'll wipe all tears a - way.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

Arr. by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Ral - lying to the
 2. Mar-shaled league of ea - ger, youthful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict, With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
 bear the Spir - it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
 un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

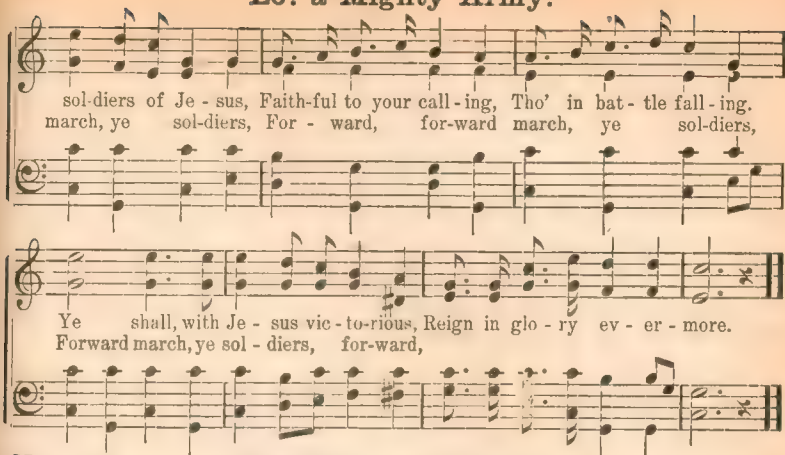
CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command. For - ward, ye sol - diers of Je - sus,
 Read - y, wait - ing for the Captain's word.
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. Forward, forward march, ye sol - diers,

With His ban - ner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly
 For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers; Forward march, ye

fol - low your Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For - ward, ye
 sol - diers, for - ward, Forward, forward

Lo! a Mighty Army.



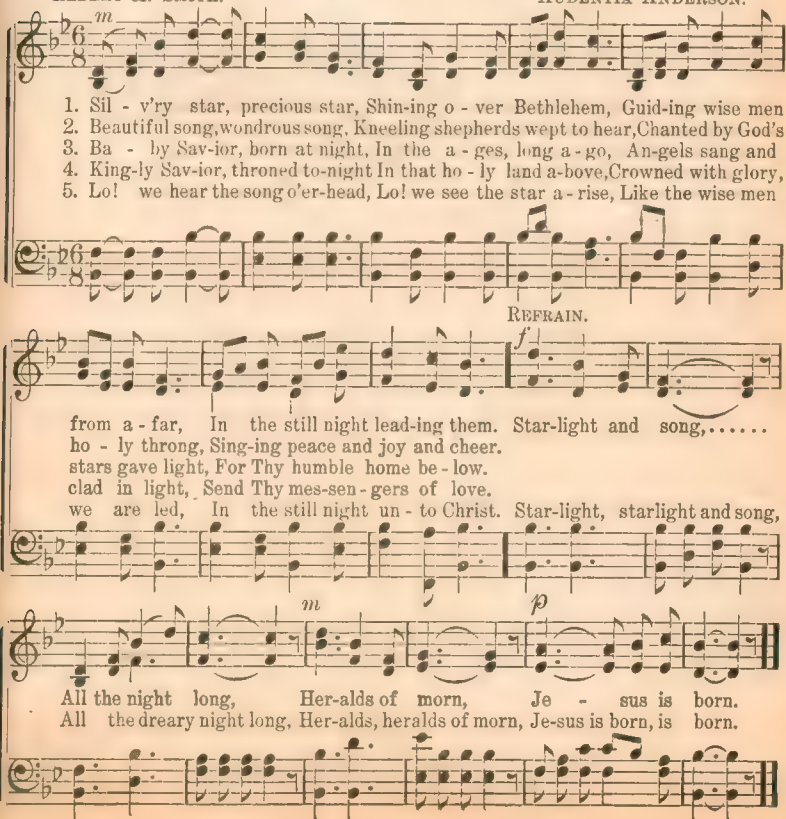
sol-diers of Je - sus, Faith-ful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing.
march, ye sol-diers, For - ward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,

Ye shall, with Je - sus vic-to-ri-ous, Reign in glo-ry ev - er - more.
Forward march, ye sol - diers, for-ward,

No. 63. Starlight and Song.

ELBERT A. SMITH.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.



1. Sil - v'ry star, precious star, Shin-ing o - ver Bethlehem, Guid-ing wise men
2. Beautiful song, wondrous song, Kneeling shepherds wept to hear, Chanted by God's
3. Ba - by Sav-ior, born at night, In the a - ges, long a - go, An-gels sang and
4. King-ly Sav-ior, throned to-night In that ho - ly land a - bove, Crowned with glory,
5. Lo! we hear the song o'er-head, Lo! we see the star a - rise, Like the wise men

REFRAIN.

from a - far, In the still night lead-ing them. Star-light and song,.....
ho - ly throng, Sing-ing peace and joy and cheer.
stars gave light, For Thy humble home be - low.
clad in light, Send Thy mes-sen - gers of love.
we are led, In the still night un - to Christ. Star-light, starlight and song,

All the night long, Her-alds of morn, Je - sus is born.
All the dreary night long, Her-alds, heralds of morn, Je-sus is born, is born.

No. 64.

The Silver Star.

D. K. EN.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. On the brow of night there shines a sil-ver star, On the brow of
 2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of
 3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frank-in-cense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of

night there shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its
 God high hang-ing in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the
 gold, of frank-in-cense and myrrh, For the King we own is on

heav'n-ly rays Till they find the King whose throne they sought afar, In the
 roy-al street; There is sweet soul-rest for those who seek it there From the
 Da-vid's throne; Let the ho-ly child your best af-fec-tions stir, 'Tis the

CHORUS.
 Babe of Beth-le-hem. Sil-ver star, ho-ly light, Shine a-
 Sil-ver star, ho-ly light,

far, Shine a-far, o'er the night, Till the world shall come where the
 Shine a-far, o'er the night,

The Silver Star.

young child lay, And en - ter the gates of the new - born day. A - MEN.

No. 65. Be Up and Doing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Chris - tian, wake! be up and do - ing, For the har - vest time goes by;
2. Gath - er in the wear - y wan - d'ers To the serv - ice of the Lord;
3. When the last sheaf home is gath - ered, And the reap - er's work is done,

See the fields are white al - read - y, And the reap - ers loi - ter by.
Faint not, Chris - tian, be not wear - y, Work, — and great your last re - ward.
Great will be their joy and glad - ness Round the Master's snow-white throne.

CHORUS.

Go reap, go reap, The har - vest of the Lord is great;
Go reap, go reap,

Go reap, go reap, No lon - ger i - die stand and wait.
Go reap, go reap,

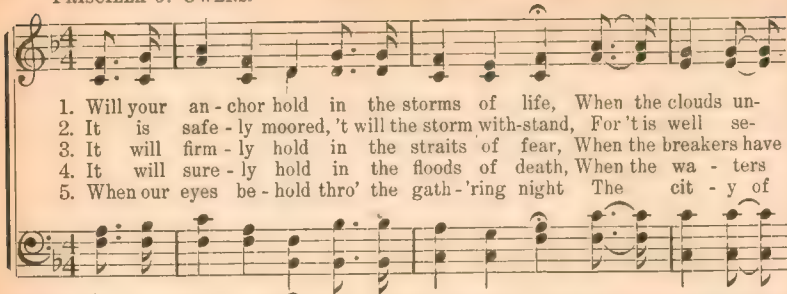
By permission.

No. 66.

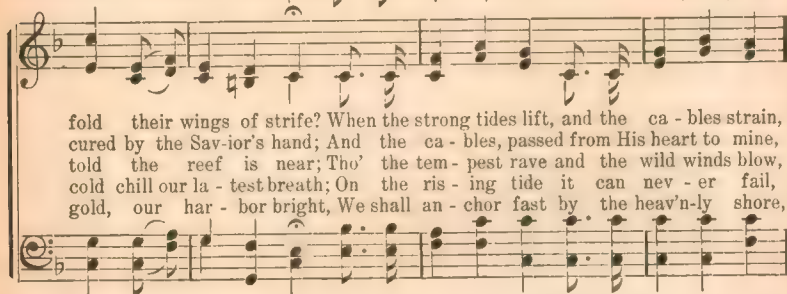
We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

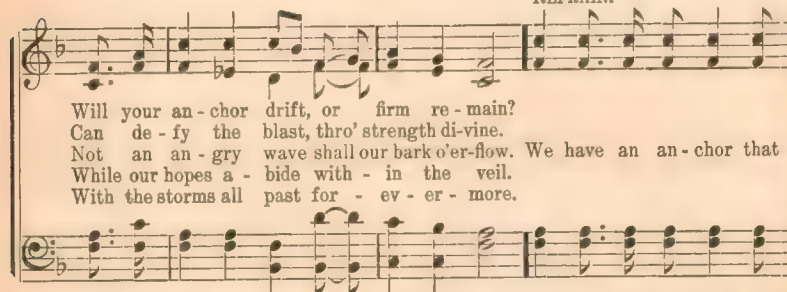


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
 2. It is safe - ly moored, 't will the storm with-stand, For 't is well se-
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
 5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - ring night The cit - y of

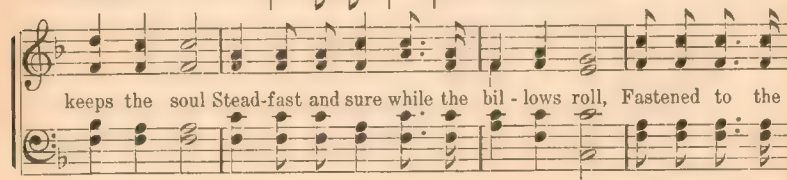


fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
 cured by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
 told the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
 cold chill our la - test breath; On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
 gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore,

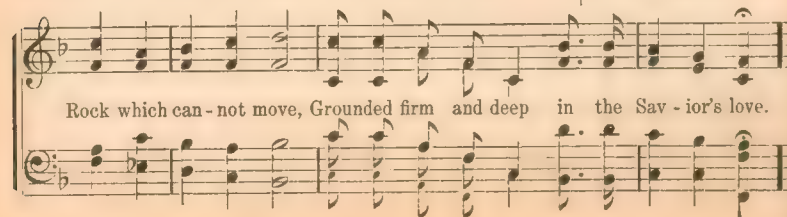
REFRAIN.



Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. We have an an - chor that
 While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.



keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the

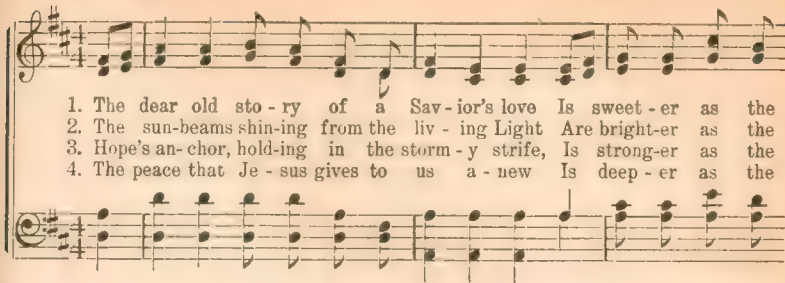


Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

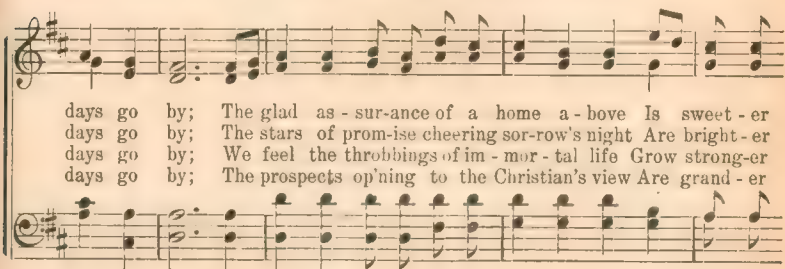
No. 67. Sweeter as the Days Go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

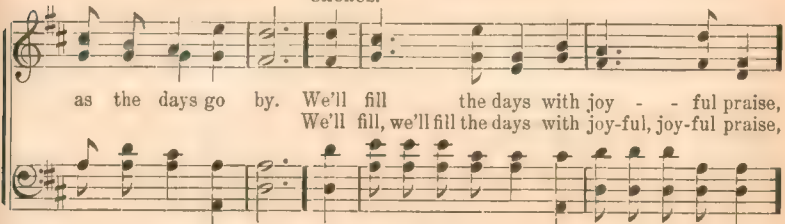


1. The dear old sto - ry of a Sav - ior's love Is sweet - er as the
 2. The sun - beams shin - ing from the liv - ing Light Are bright - er as the
 3. Hope's an - chor, hold - ing in the storm - y strife, Is strong - er as the
 4. The peace that Je - sus gives to us a - new Is deep - er as the




days go by; The glad as - sur - ance of a home a - bove Is sweet - er
 days go by; The stars of prom - ise cheer - ing sor - row's night Are bright - er
 days go by; We feel the throbbings of im - mor - tal life Grow strong - er
 days go by; The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grand - er

CHORUS.



as the days go by. We'll fill the days with joy - - ful praise,
 We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joy - ful, joy - ful praise,



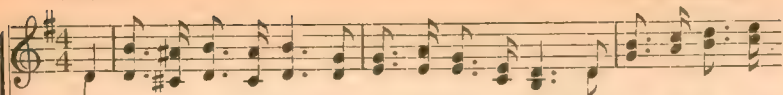
We'll sing as the hap - py mo - ments fly (mo - ments fly); The



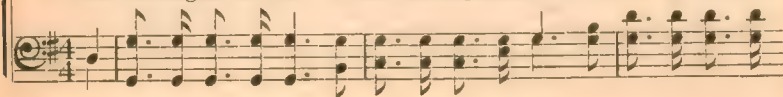
song of love to Him a - bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.

F. E. B.

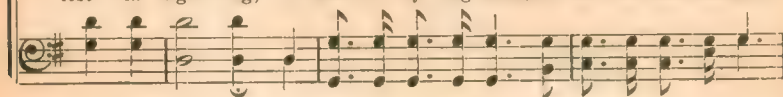
F. E. BELDEN.



1. My heart's a tune - ful harp when Christ abides with-in, There's mu-sic in the
2. How cheering is the voice of heav'n-ly mel - o - dy! How mournful is the
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un - di - vid - ed
4. Don't bind the gi - ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on
5. Then Love begins her life of work, and song, and pray'r, With not a mo-moment



name of Je - sus; But Sa - tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin;
 world's com-plain-ing! And we may make the choice of what this life shall be,
 heart," says Je - sus; Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in;
 Si - nai's moun-tain; There's on - ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,—
 lost in sigh - ing; To save a dy - ing world, is all her tho't and care,



CHORUS.



I love the gen - tle touch of Je - sus.
 With promise of the life re-main-ing. O there's mu - - sic, sweet-est
 With Self there is no room for Je - sus.
 A bur - ial deep in Cal - v'ry's foun-tain. O there's mu-sic in my soul, sweet-est
 For love is more than self-de - ny - ing.



mu - - - sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je - sus; O there's
 mu-sic in my soul,



Music in My Soul.

mu - - sic, heav'nly mu - - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
mu-sic ev'-ry day, heav'n-ly mu-sic all the way,

No. 69. Wonderful Words of Salvation.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Dear is the hope that the gospel re-veals, Won-der-ful words of sal - va - tion!
2. Out in the darkness there floated to me, Won-der-ful words of sal - va - tion!
3. Now I re-peat them wher-ev-er I go, Won-der-ful words of sal - va - tion!

Dear to my heart are its ten-der appeals, Dear is its sweet in-vi - ta - tion.
"Je - sus has died as a ransom for thee"—This was their sweet rev-e-la - tion.
Oth - ers will hear them with gladness, I know, Heeding their fond ex-hor-ta - tion.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life!

Dear-est of his - tor-ies, strangest of mysteries, Wonderful, wonderful words!

No. 70.

Be Not Afraid.

FRANK L. PARSHLEY.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. When the storm in its fu-ry on Gal-i-lee fell, And the
 2. Then Pe-ter said, "Lord, if it real-ly be Thou, Bid me
 3. Then Pe-ter with Je-sus, the Sav-ior and Guide, To the

bil-lows were roll-ing on high, A ship was tossed in the
 come on the wa-ter to Thee"; And the Sav-ior made an-swer and
 ship did re-turn with-out harm; And the wind in its fu-ry at

midst of the sea, Both the wind and the waves did de-fy. The dis-
 said to him "Come!" So he walked like his Lord on the sea. But as
 once was made still, The waves dash-ing high were made calm. So with

ci-ples were troub-led, and shook with a-larm, As their Lord on the
 soon as he saw how the strong wind did blow, Be-gin-ning to
 faith that ne'er wa-vers, what-e'er may as-sail, We must trust Him, our

wa-ters drew nigh; But He called out in words both as-
 sink, he did cry; And Je-sus im-me-diate-ly
 Sav-ior on high; As He still speaks, to com-fort, to

D. S.—Then came words wondrous sweet, o'er the

Copyright, 1903, by C. E. Rounsefell.

Be Not Afraid.

FINE.

sur - ing and sweet, Say - ing, "Be not a - afraid, it is I."
 stretched forth His hand, Saying, "Be not a - afraid, it is I."
 save and to bless, Say - ing, "Be not a - afraid, it is I (it is I)."
 wa - ters so deep, Say - ing, "Be not a - afraid, it is I."

CHORUS.

D. S.

"Be not a - afraid, it is I, Be not a - afraid, it is I";

No. 71. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

GEO. J. WEBB.

FINE.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; }
 { Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not [Omit] } suf - fer loss:
 D. C. - Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is [Omit] Lord in - deed.

D. C.


From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.



3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

Moderato.


Words and Music by R. T. WILEY.



1. He that o - ver-com-eth is prom-ised in the word, When he lays this
 2. He that o - ver-com-eth shall eat the fruit that grows On the tree of
 3. He that o - ver-com-eth shall wear a robe of white, He the hid-den
 4. He that o - ver-com-eth, O spread the word a - broad, "Will I grant to

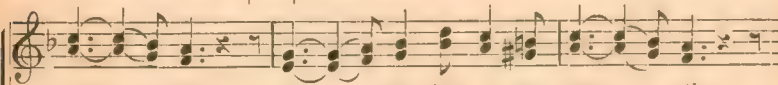
life with its bur-dens down, He shall live in glo-ry for-ev-er with the Lord,
 life, which to John was shown, Where the crystal riv-er in lim-pid beau-ty flows,
 man-na with joy shall share; And the Lord will give him a pearly stone, and write
 sit with me on my throne; He is heir to all things, and I will be his God,



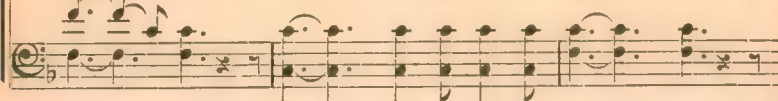
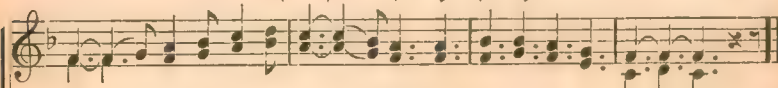
CHORUS.




And shall wear a crown.
 From the great white throne. To..... him that o - ver-
 A new name there.
 He shall be my son."

com - eth, To..... him that o - ver - com - eth,

To..... him that o - ver-com - eth, The prom-is - es are sure (are sure).

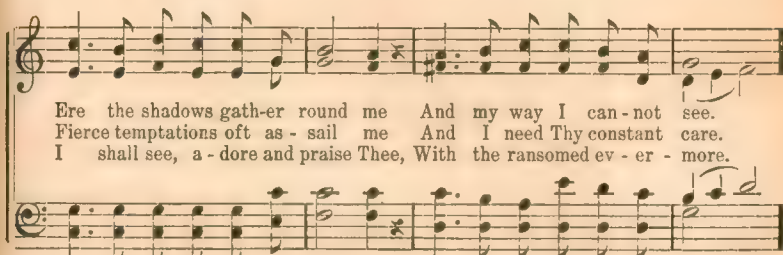


FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, Clos - er would I cling to Thee,
 2. Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, Keep my heart from ev'ry snare;
 3. Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, Till at last, my jour-ney o'er,



Ere the shadows gath-er round me And my way I can-not see.
 Pierce temptations oft as - sail me And I need Thy constant care.
 I shall see, a - dore and praise Thee, With the ransomed ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Grant Thy strength and grace di-
 Lead me, O my Sav - ior, lead me, O my Sav - ior, Grant, O grant Thy



vine;..... Let my tho'ts on Thee be
 strength and grace di - vine; Let my tho'ts on




cen - tered, And my will be lost in Thine.....
 Thee be cen-tered, lost in Thine.

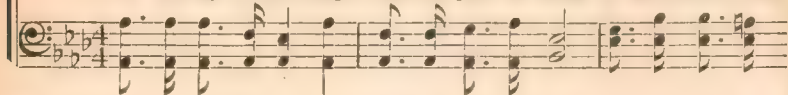

No. 74. Where Love Leads the Way.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

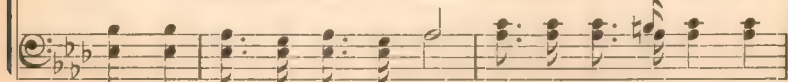
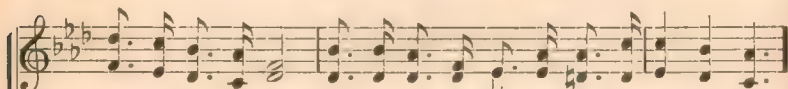
E. S. LORENZ.




1. In the day of sun-light, in the twi-light dim, Je - sus walks be-
 2. In the time of sor-row He is just as near As in times of
 3. In the day of doubt-ing, vexed with pain and cares, Or when strong temp-

fore thee,—ev - er trust in Him; In the black-est night-time
 glad-ness and a-bound-ing cheer; In His great com-pas-sion,
 ta-tion takes thee un-a-ware, Oh, in ev-'ry tri-al

hold His bless-ed hand, Safe-ly He will lead thee to the prom-ised land.
 whisp'ring ten-der-ly, "As a moth-er com-forts," so He com-forts thee.
 He thy pray'r will heed, And His lov-ing-kind-ness meet thy ut-most need.



CHORUS.



Oh, do not fear to fol-low where Love leads the way! Oh,




do not fear to fol-low where Love leads the way! Oh,



Where Love Leads the Way.

do not fear to fol - low where Love leads the way, Where Love leads the way.

No. 75. Fresh From the Throne of Glory.

HORATIUS BONAR. 4th stanza added by F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Now not a - far, but near;
4. Je - sus, the heal - ing Foun - tain, Fresh from the throne a - bove,

Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream.
 No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease.
 My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastens in its thirst - ings here.
 Thou art the liv - ing wa - ter, Thou art the stream of love.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Riv - er, I would ev - er Draw my life from thee (from thee);

Might - y Riv - er, I will nev - er Cease to sing of thee.

No. 76. The Sun is Shining Somewhere.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

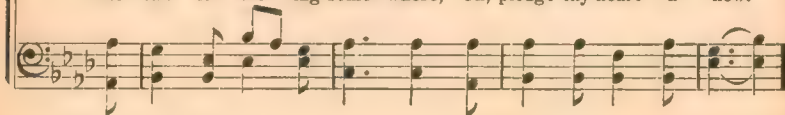
F. S. SHEPARD.



1. The sun is shin - ing some - where, How - ev - er dark our day;
2. The sun is shin - ing some - where! Hold fast this pre - cious truth;
3. Smile thro' the tears of sor - row, Nor trem - ble with a - larm;
4. We have our share of bless - ing, Then let us not des - pond;
5. Think not up - on the shad - ows, For sor - row's days are few;



For shad - ows can - not lin - ger, And clouds will drift a - way.
It is the hope, the an - chor Of troub - led age, and youth.
There comes a glad to - mor - row, -- Lean hard up - on God's arm.
There's al - ways sun - light some - where -- It may be just be - yond.
The sun is shin - ing some - where, Oh, pledge thy heart a - new.



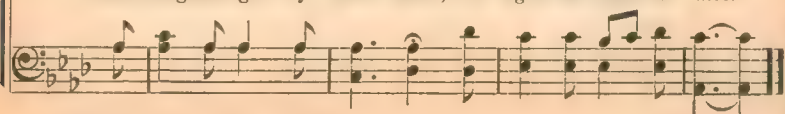
CHORUS.



The sun is shin - ing some - where, Tho' dark to - day may be;

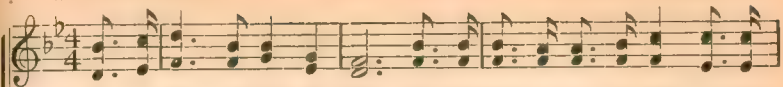


There's brightest glo - ry some - where, And light will shine for thee.



R. KELSO CARTER.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



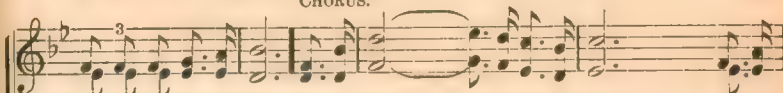
1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for - giv'n, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walk - ing in the light, We are



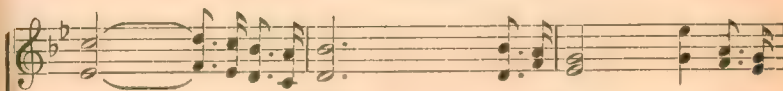
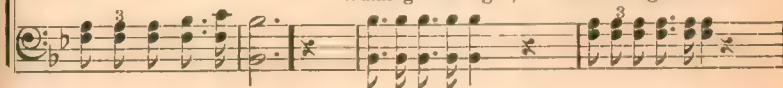
walk - ing in the light; Shin - ing bright - er day by day, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Oh what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; We will tri - umph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



CHORUS.



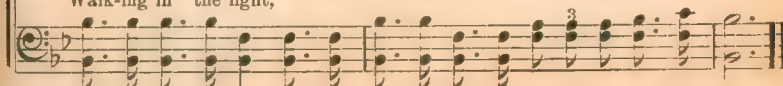
beau - ti - ful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God.



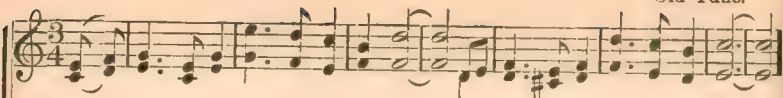
walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God, Walking in the light,



light, We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
 Walk - ing in the light,



Old Tune.



1. The saints shall wear robes as the lil - ies, When Je - sus, re-turn-ing a - gain,
2. By the side of the mur-mur-ing wa - ters The ros - es in beau-ty shall grow,
3. Her walls shall be cov-ered with ros - es, Her streets be with vi - o - lets lined,
4. Our Fa - ther, who cloth-eth the lil - ies, And giv - eth the ros - es their hue,
5. Then let us be pure as the lil - ies, And joy - ous and glad as the rose,



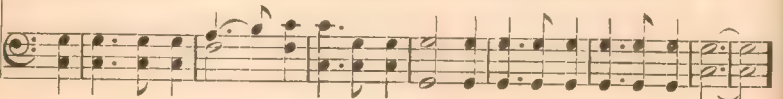
Shall bring back the rose to the val - leys, And plant the fruit trees on the plain.
 And Zi - on, a-dorn - ing her daughters, Shall dress them in lil - ies of snow.
 Her tem - ples shall glit-ter with jew-els, The columns with lil - ies be twined.
 Will watch o'er His flocks in the val - leys; His word and His coun-sel are true.
 So when Je-sus se - lect-eth His jew-els, In Zi - on we'll find our re - pose.



CHORUS.



Then praise ye the Lord for-ev - er and aye, For glo-ry and hon-or are His;

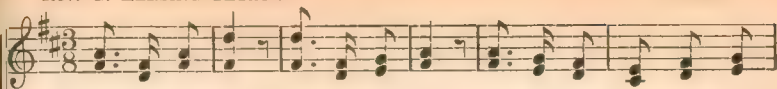


With songs and flowers we'll strew the glad way, For roses and lil - ies are His.

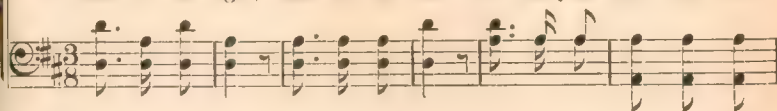


Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR.

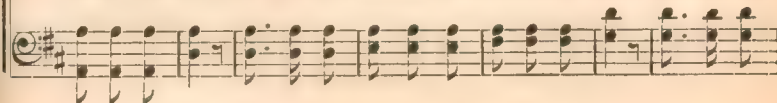
F. E. BELDEN.



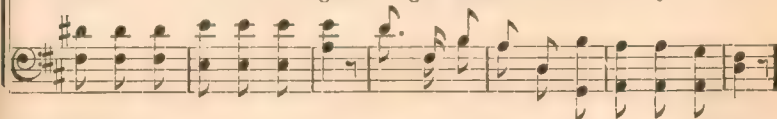
1. Dare to do right, dare to be true! You have a work that no
2. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail - ures can
3. Dare to do right, dare to be true! God who cre - a - ted you
4. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Keep the great Judg - ment day
5. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Je - sus, your Sav - ior, will



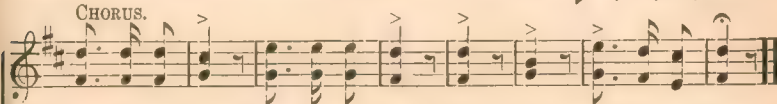
oth - er can do; Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will
nev - er save you; Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a
cares for you, too; Treas - ures the tears that His striving ones shed, Counts and pro -
al - ways in view; Look at your work as you'll look at it then - Scanned by Je -
car - ry you thro'; Cit - y and man - sion, and throne all in sight, Can you not



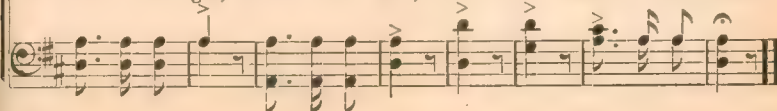
has - ten the sto - ry to tell; An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.
he - ro and bat - tle till death; An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.
tect's ev - 'ry hair of your head; An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.
ho - vah, and an - gels, and men; An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.
dare to be true and do right? An - gels will has - ten the sto - ry to tell.



CHORUS.



Dare to do right, Dare to be true, Dare! dare! dare to be true!

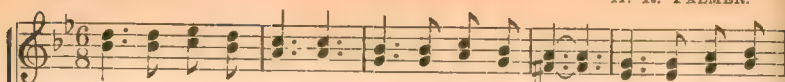


No. 80.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

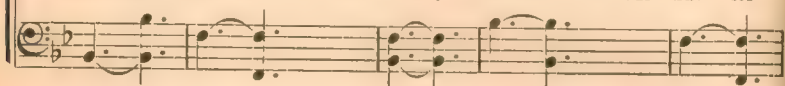
H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall



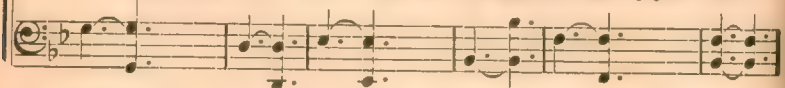
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior



Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.



REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.



1. I may not know the reason why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un-der-stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,



But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's e-nough.
 But, trust-ing Him I'll press my way; The Lord knows why -I will o - bey.
 But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
 I know to all He has the key—He un - der-stands each mys-ter - y.



CHORUS.



O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why! These things are ordered from on high;
 from on high;



And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.



Music by G. F. Root.

Allegretto.

1. Catch the sun-shine! tho' it flick-ers Thro' a dark and dis-mal cloud,
2. Catch the sun-shine! tho' life's tem-pest May un-furl its chill-ing blast,
3. Catch the sun-shine! don't be griev-ing O'er that dark-some bil-low there!



Tho' it falls so faint and fee-ble On a heart with sor-row bowed;
 Catch the lit-tle hope-ful strag-gler! Storms will not for-ev-er last;
 Life's a sea of storm-y bil-lows, We must meet them ev-'ry-where;



Catch it quick-ly! it is pass-ing, Pass-ing rap-id-ly a-way;
 Don't give up and say "for-sak-en!" Don't be-gin to say "I'm sad!"
 Pass right thro' them, do not tar-ry, O-ver-come the heav-ing tide,



It has on-ly come to tell you There is yet a bright-er day.
 Look! there comes a gleam of sun-shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!
 There's a spark-ling gleam of sun-shine Wait-ing on the oth-er side.



D. E. L.

D. E. LORENZ.



1. This is the mot-to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an-
 2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try - ing to help one an-
 3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striv - ing to please one an-



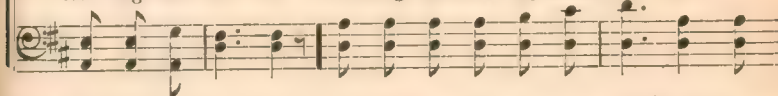
oth - er; Hap - py we sing and are glad all the day, When we can
 oth - er; Driv - ing the sor - rows of oth - ers a - way, Bring - ing sweet
 oth - er; Here, as in heav'n, we will be of one mind, Ev - 'ry one



CHORUS.



serve one an - oth - er. Lov - - - ing each oth - er, How
 peace to each oth - er.
 lov - ing the oth - er. Lov - ing and serv - ing each oth - er,



pleas - ant to cher - ish a broth - er; Serv - - - ing each
 Serv - ing and lov - ing



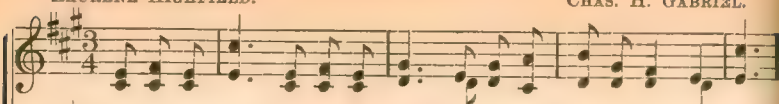
oth - er, The Sav - ior looks on us with joy.



No. 84. If We Could Understand.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



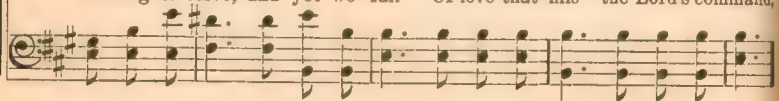
1. There's many a stone a-long life's road That we could from the pathway take;
2. We might re-lieve tired souls whose load Seems far too grievous to be borne;
3. If we could tell how hard men tried; If we could feel, and see, and know
4. We are so heed-less, day by day; The best in life we thrust a-side;



There's many a word that we might say To those whose hearts with anguish break;
And those who cow'r in doubt and dread, By sore temp-ta-tion racked and torn,
The hopes and joys of oth-er lives, The doubts and fears that try them so,
We will not choose, so blind are we, But blun-der on in stub-born pride;



If we but knew their bit-ter need, We'd of-fer them a help-ing hand,
Could be sus-tained and com-fort-ed, And in new strength again might stand,
We would be ten-der, kind and true, We'd do the good we oft have planned,
We long to serve, and yet we fail Of love that fills the Lord's command,



But care-less-ly we hur-ry by, Be-cause we do not un-der-stand.
If we would ten-der them our aid— If we could on-ly un-der-stand.
And Christ-like love and pit-y show,—If we could on-ly un-der-stand.
Re-pell-ing those who need us most, Be-cause we do not un-der-stand.

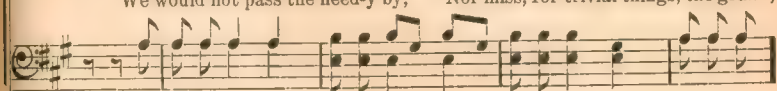


If We Could Understand.

CHORUS.



We would not pass the needy by, Nor miss, for triv - ial things, the grand;
We would not pass the need-y by, Nor miss, for trivial things, the grand;



But make the ver - y best of life, If we could on-ly un - der-stand.
But make the ver - y best of life,



No. 85.

Hear the Voices.

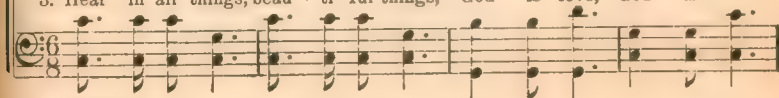
MARIA STRAUB.

HAYDN, arr. by S. W. S.

Gently.



1. List to the song, beau - ti - ful song, God is love, God is love.
2. Hear in the breeze, whis - per-ing breeze, God is love, God is love.
3. Hear in all things, beau - ti - ful things, God is love, God is love.



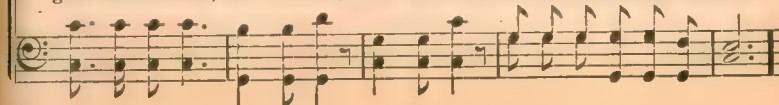
CHORUS.



Hear the voi - ces, for - ev - er they tell, Soft - ly, soft - ly the



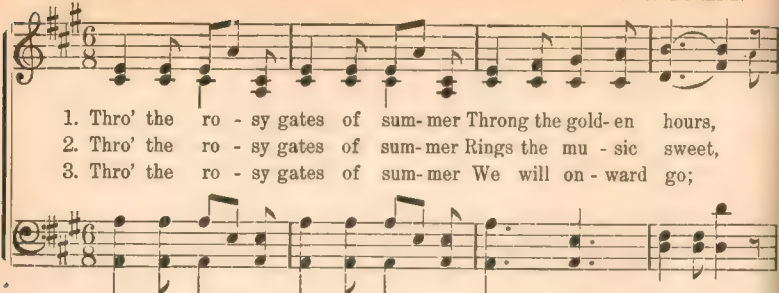
glad ech-oes swell, God is love, God is love, Sweet-ly they whisper His love.



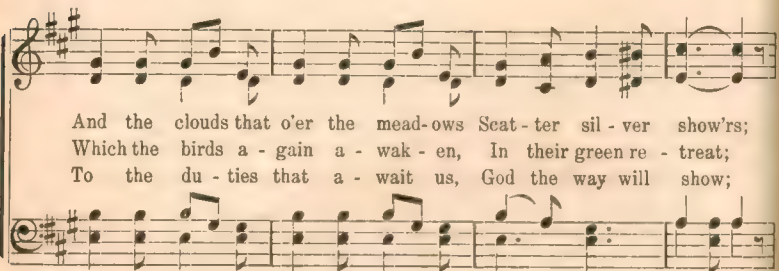
No. 86. The Rosy Gates of Summer.

E. E. HEWITT.

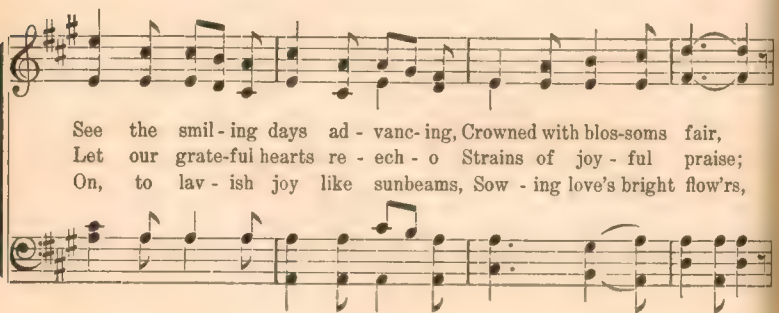
E. S. LORENZ.



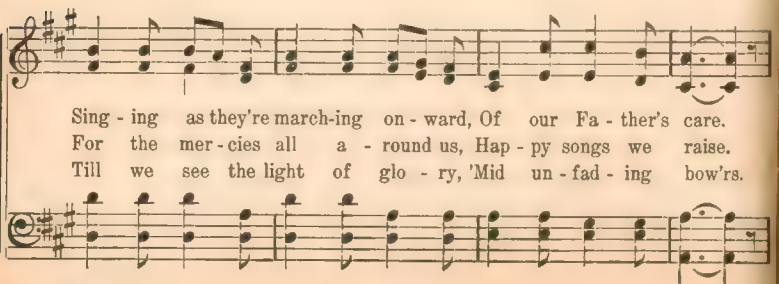
1. Thro' the ro - sy gates of sum-mer Thro' the gold-en hours,
 2. Thro' the ro - sy gates of sum-mer Rings the mu - sic sweet,
 3. Thro' the ro - sy gates of sum-mer We will on - ward go;



And the clouds that o'er the mead-ows Scat-ter sil-ver show'rs;
 Which the birds a - gain a - wak - en, In their green re - treat;
 To the du - ties that a - wait us, God the way will show;



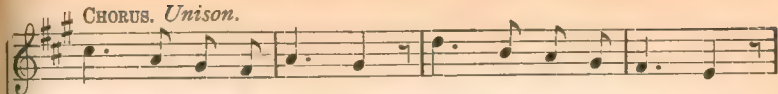
See the smil-ing days ad - vanc-ing, Crowned with blos-soms fair,
 Let our grate-ful hearts re - ech - o Strains of joy - ful praise;
 On, to lav - ish joy like sunbeams, Sow - ing love's bright flow'rs,



Sing - ing as they're march-ing on - ward, Of our Fa - ther's care.
 For the mer - cies all a - round us, Hap - py songs we raise.
 Till we see the light of glo - ry, 'Mid un - fad - ing bow'rs.

The Rosy Gates of Summer.

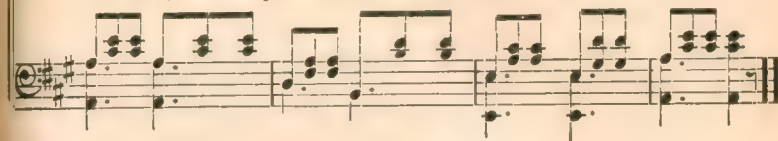
CHORUS. *Unison.*



Praise Him, ev - er praise Him! Praise Him, ev - er praise Him!



Praise Him, ev - er praise Him! Let us mag - ni - fy His name!



No. 87.

Praise. L. M.



1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi-ces in His praise;
2. He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames, He counts their numbers, calls their names;
3. Sing to the Lord! ex - tol Him high, Who spreads His clouds among the sky;
4. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn, And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
5. His saints are love - ly in His sight; He views His children with de - light;



His na - ture and His works in - vite To make this du - ty your de - light.
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned.
There He prepares the fruit - ful rain, Nor lets the drops de - scend in vain.
The beasts with food His hands sup - ply, And the young ra - vens, when they cry.
He sees their hope, He knows their fear, And looks and loves His image there.



No. 88. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.
DUET.

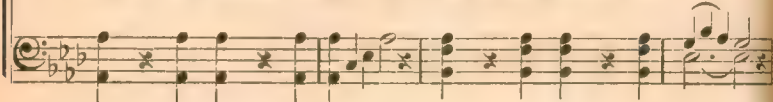
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



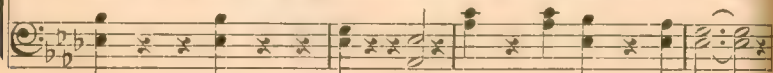
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "nine-ty and nine;"
4. Green are the pas-tures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the wa-ters and "still;"



Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and help-less and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered, Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will an-swer Thee glad-ly, "Yes, blessed Mas-ter, we will!



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "oth-er" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost,
Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to-day;
Make us Thy true un-der-shep-herds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains He fol-lows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic-ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a-stray?"
Send us out in-to the des-ert, Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."



Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS.

poco rit.

Out in the des-ert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the res-cue He has - tens, Bringing them back to the fold.
(4th verse) we'll has - ten,

No. 89.

Day of Rest.

GEORGE MANWARING.

H. BEESLEY.

1. Wel-come hap-py Sun-day, Day of days the best, Glad-ly do we
2. Hum-bly, low-ly bend-ing To the God a-bove, Pray's of saints as-

hail thee, Bless-ed day of rest; Cheer-ful voi-ces sing-ing Joy-ous,
cend-ing, Thank Him for His love; Thank Him for the Sab-bath, Ho-ly

grateful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward, Songs of love and praise.
day, and blest, Best of all the sev-en, Hal-lowed day of rest.

No. 90.

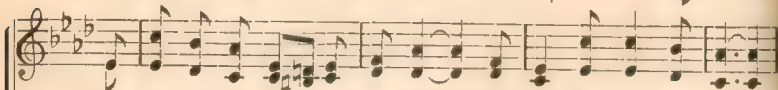
A Parting Blessing.

F. E. BELDEN.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



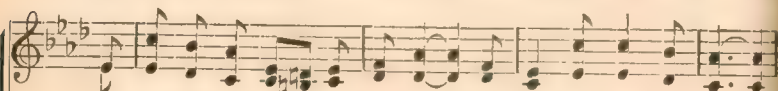
1. O give us a part-ing bless-ing, As from thy house we go,
 2. Like dew to the droop-ing flow-ers, Thy bless-ings cheer the heart,
 3. We thank Thee for each new morn-ing; Thy mer-cies crown the years;



Thy in-fi-nite love ex-press-ing, Sweet peace di-vine be-stow;
 They fall like the sil-ver show-ers, And joy di-vine im-part;
 Let meek-ness be our a-dorn-ing, Till heav'n's glad morn ap-pears.



Thy ho-ly word Thou hast taught us, Thy right-eous will we know;
 They fall like the rain of glad-ness, Up-on the thirst-y land;
 Pro-tect us from sin and dan-gers, And e-vil day by day;



And near to Thy-self hast bro't us, The way of life to show.
 They ban-ish our care and sad-ness, Sweet blessings from Thy hand.
 Be-low we are on-ly stran-gers, O keep our souls, we pray!



CHORUS.



O give us a part-ing bless-ing, And peace di-vine be-stow;



A Parting Blessing.

Thy in - fi - nite love ex - press - ing, Now bless us as we go.

No. 91.

Little Eyes.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. ¹Lit - tle eyes, lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now;
 2. ⁴Lit - tle ears, lit - tle ears, ³Lis - ten while He speaks to you;
 3. ⁶Lit - tle heart, lit - tle heart, ⁷Read - y be to take Him in;
 4. ¹Lit - tle eyes, ⁴lit - tle ears, Be to Je - sus ev - er true;

²Fold the arms, ³bow the head, While we whis - per soft and low,
²Gen - tle words, full of peace, Come to those who love Him true;
⁸Lit - tle hands, bus - y be, Lead - ing souls from paths of sin;
¹⁰Lit - tle hands, ¹¹lit - tle feet, Best of er - rands wait for you;

Slower.

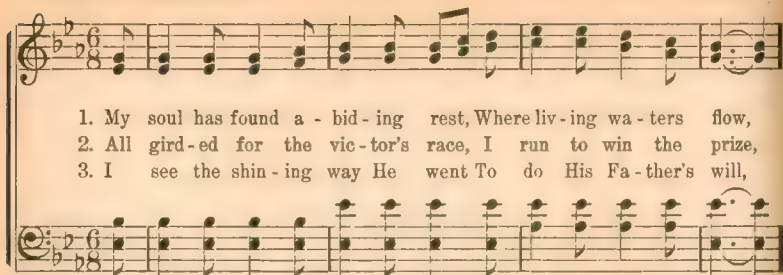
God is here, and hap - py we In His pres - ence e'er may be.
⁵God is love, and we must be Lit - tle fol - low'rs glad and free.
 God will help you ev - 'ry day, ⁹Guide you in His bless - ed way.
 God fill ⁶heart and life each day, ²Love us, guide us in His way.

By permission of W. H. Doane.

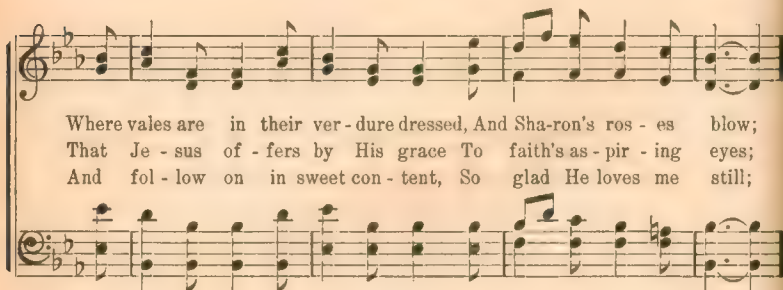
Motions for Opening Song:—1, Touch eyes. 2, Fold arms. 3, Bow head. 4, Touch ears. 5, Raise hands. 6, Right hand over heart. 7, Spread hands and arms. 8, Wave hands from side to side. 9, Point upward with forefinger of right hand. 10, Raise hands and move them. 11, Raise feet alternately as in walking.

Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD.

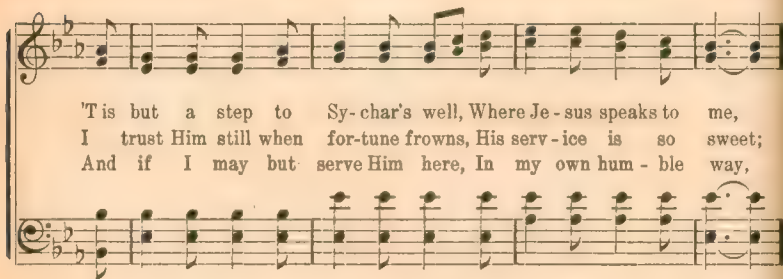
W. A. OGDEN.



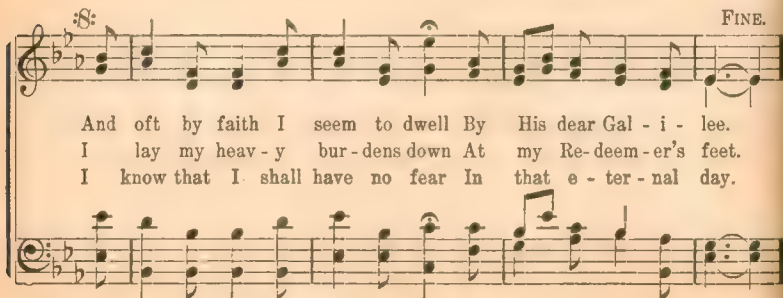
1. My soul has found a - bid - ing rest, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 2. All gird - ed for the vic - tor's race, I run to win the prize,
 3. I see the shin - ing way He went To do His Fa - ther's will,



Where vales are in their ver - dure dressed, And Sha - ron's ros - es blow;
 That Je - sus of - fers by His grace To faith's as - pir - ing eyes;
 And fol - low on in sweet con - tent, So glad He loves me still;



'Tis but a step to Sy - char's well, Where Je - sus speaks to me,
 I trust Him still when for - tune frowns, His serv - ice is so sweet;
 And if I may but serve Him here, In my own hum - ble way,



And oft by faith I seem to dwell By His dear Gal - i - lee.
 I lay my heav - y bur - dens down At my Re - deem - er's feet.
 I know that I shall have no fear In that e - ter - nal day.

Abiding Rest.

D. S.

By His dear Gal - i - lee, By His dear Gal - i - lee;
 At my Re - deem-er's feet, At my Re - deem-er's feet;
 In that e - ter - nal day, In that e - ter - nal day;

No. 93.

Alone With Jesus.

VIOLET E. KING.
Prayerfully.

(Good as a Solo and Chorus.)

S. W. STRAUB.

1. A-lone with Je - sus I would be, When with life's care and toil op-pressed;
 2. A-lone with Je - sus, blessed One, I turn to Him, from earth's allure;
 3. A-lone with Je - sus I would be, My greatest joy on earth is this;

I find in Him a ref-uge sweet, In which my wear - y soul may rest.
 And pray that I, each com-ing day, May be in ev - 'ry ac-tion pure.
 And so I choose the bet-ter part, And find in Him my high-est bliss.

CHORUS.

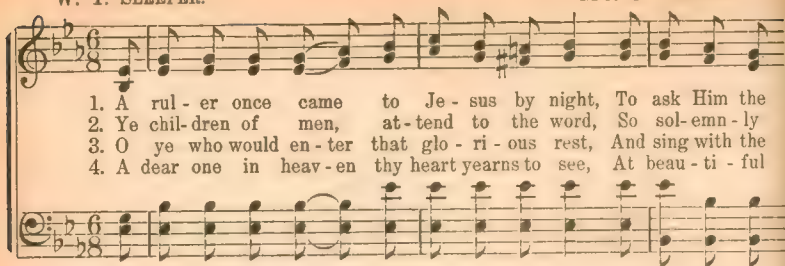
After last stanza repeat chorus pp.

A - lone with Je - sus I would be, A - lone with Je - sus I would be.

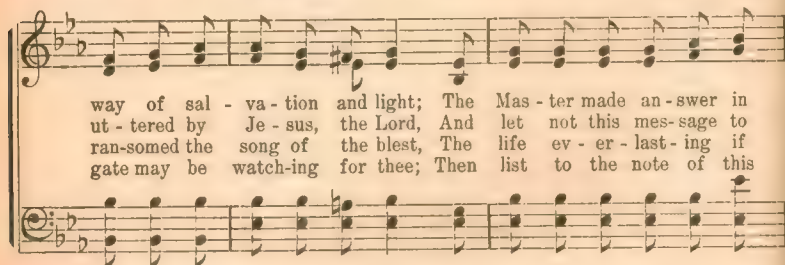
No. 94. Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. SLEEPER.

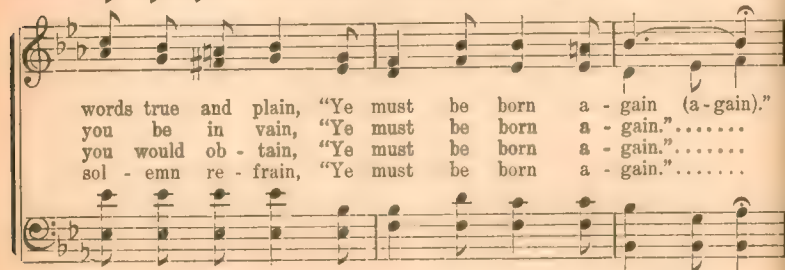
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word, So sol - emn - ly
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At beau - ti - ful

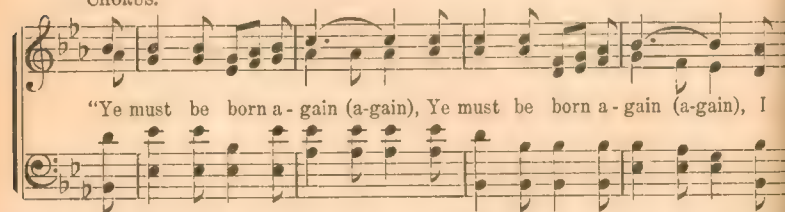


way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in
 ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to
 ran - somed the song of the blest, The life ev - er - last - ing if
 gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this

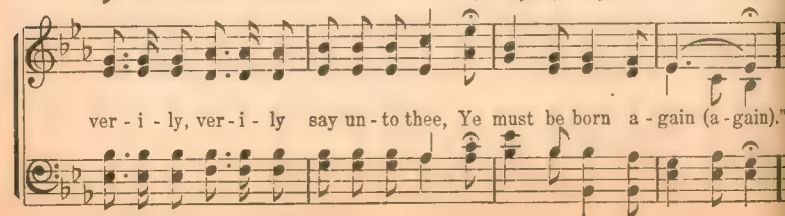


words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain)."
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 you would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....

CHORUS.



"Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain), Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain), I



ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain (a - gain)."

"The Quiver."

FRED A. FILLMORE.



1. To - day, to - mor - row, ev - er - more, Thro' cheer-less nights with-
2. Tho' some there be who scorn thy choice, And tempt - ing voic - es
3. I prom - ise on - ly per - fect peace, Sweet peace that lives thro'
4. My yoke is eas - y; put it on! My bur - den ver - y



out a star, Not ask - ing whith - er or how far, Re - joic - ing
bid thee stay, To - day while it is called to - day, If thou wilt
years of strife, Im - mor - tal hope, im - mor - tal life, And rest when
light to bear; Who shar - eth this My crown shall share—On earth the



CHORUS.



tho' the way be sore.
heark-en to my voice. Take up thy cross, and fol - low
all these wand'rings cease:
cross, in heav'n the crown:

Take up thy cross,



me, Take up thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me.
and fol-low me, Take up thy cross, and fol - low me.




No. 96.



Never Be Discouraged.

J. H. FILLMORE.

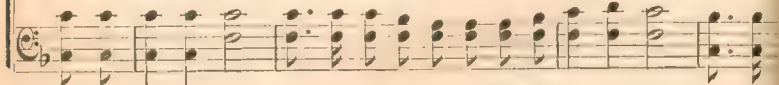
J. H. ROSECRANS.




1. Nev - er be dis - couraged, trust the Fa - ther's word, In the time of tri - al
 2. Nev - er be dis - couraged, if a - long our way Dis - ap - pointments meet us
 3. Nev - er de dis - couraged, pa - tient - ly en - dure, God doth of - ten test us -



let His voice be heard; Trust - ing in His promise, tho' the waiting long, He will
 tempt - ing us to stray; Close - ly cling to Je - sus, ask Him for His grace, In His
 tri - als make us pure; Soon will come the reaping, then with joy we'll sing, Praise the





CHORUS.



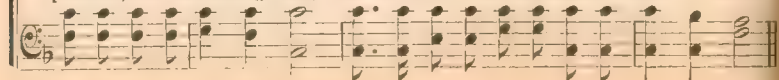
sure - ly bless us—praise Him with a song.
 words of com - fort find a rest - ing place. Praise Him, trust the
 Lord of har - vest, praise the heav'nly King. Nev - er be dis - cour - aged, trust the

Fa - ther's word, Praise Him, let His voice be heard, Praise
 Fa - ther's word, In the time of tri - al let His voice be heard, Trust - ing in His

Him, tho' the wait - ing long, Praise Him, praise Him with a song.
 promise, tho' the waiting long, He will surely bless us, praise Him with a song.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

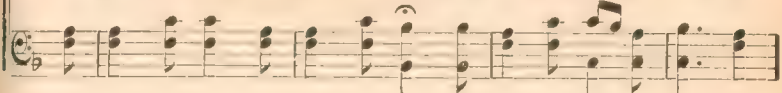
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. To Him whose care pro-longs our days, Whose love demands our high-est praise,
2. Thrice welcome hour, with joy re-plete, While at His throne of grace we meet,
3. O gracious Lord, each heart in-spire And kin-dle there de-votion's fire;
4. At Thy command, and in Thy name, Whose pow'r to save is still the same,



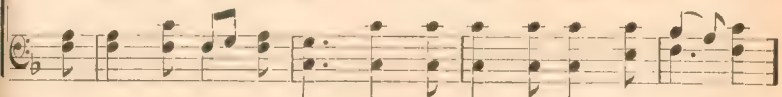
Our grate-ful songs a-gain we raise And tell the gos-pel sto-ry.
 To wor-ship at His bless-ed feet, And tell the gos-pel sto-ry.
 Be this our one su-preme de-sire, To tell the gos-pel sto-ry.
 Join in the song with glad ac-claim, And tell the gos-pel sto-ry.



CHORUS.



And tell the gos-pel sto-ry Of Christ the King of glo-ry;



Our grate-ful songs a-gain we raise And tell the gos-pel sto-ry.




No. 98.



Bring Them In.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

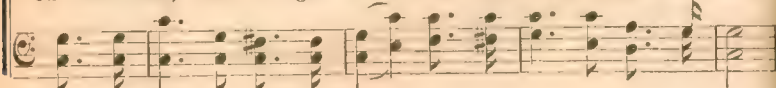
I. ALLAN SANKEY.




1. Christians, wake, no long - er sleep; Shall we rest while oth - ers weep?
 2. Do we love the Sav - ior's name? Can our faith His prom - ise claim?
 3. Do we trust Him as we ought? Do we live as He has taught?
 4. There's a cross that we must bear If the crown we hope to wear:


Shall we sit with fold - ed hands, When the Lord Him - self com - mands?
 Have we pledged to Him our all? Shall we not o - bey His call?
 Are we His and His a - lone? Let our faith by works be shown.
 On - ward then, with vi - gor new; Time is short, the days are few.




CHORUS.




Go and work! Go and work! this hour be - gin; this hour be - gin;




Go and seek Go and seek the lost to win; the lost to win;

From the dark From the dark a - bodes of sin, a - bodes of sin,



Bring Them In.

To the feast, O bring them in! O bring them in!

No. 99. Workers for the Master.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Earn - est work - ers for the Mas - ter, Send the word a - long the line;
2. Earn - est work - ers grace He giv - eth, Grace for ev - 'ry time of need;
3. Earn - est work - ers, up in heav - en There a - waits for you a crown,
4. Earn - est work - ers, true and loy - al To the Lord, oh, let us be!

We shall nev - er know dis - as - ter, Trust - ing in the pow'r di - vine.
While the God of glo - ry liv - eth, They shall on His man - na feed.
Which the Lord Him - self will give you When you lay your ar - mor down.
As we go in serv - ice roy - al, Let us shout the Ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Prais - es sing to God on high!

And to Je - sus who hath bought us, Let the glo - rious an - them fly.

No. 100.

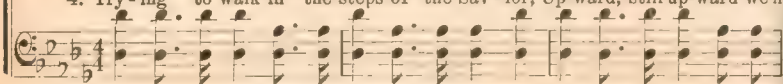
Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

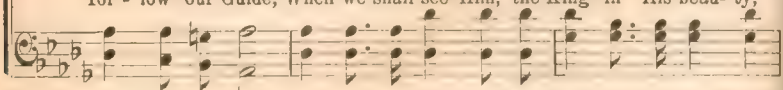
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll



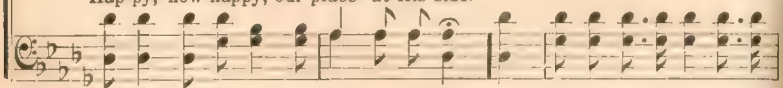
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



CHORUS.



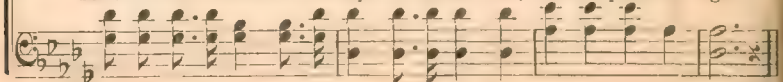
Hap - py, how happy, the songs that we bring.
 Hap - py, how happy, our prais - e each day. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
 Hap - py, how happy, our jour - ney a - bove.
 Hap - py, how happy, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light.



No. 101. Gather the Reapers Home.

JENNIE JOHNSON.

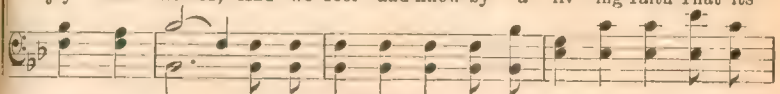
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Have ye heard the song from the gold - en land? Have ye heard the
2. They are look - ing down from the gold - en land, Our be - loved are
3. O the song rolls down from the gold - en land, And our hearts are
4. O the song rolls down from the gold - en land, From its vales of



glad new song? Let us bind our sheaves with a will - ing hand, For the
look - ing down; They have done their work, they have borne their cross, And re -
strong to - day; For 'it nerves our souls with its mu - sic sweet, And we
joy and flow'rs; And we feel and know by a liv - ing faith That its



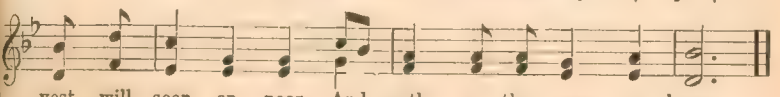
REFRAIN.



time will not be long.
ceived their prom - ised crown. The Lord of the har - vest will soon ap - pear,
toil in the noon - tide ray.
joys will soon be ours.



His smile, His voice we shall see and hear; The Lord of the har -



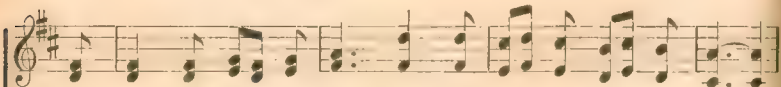
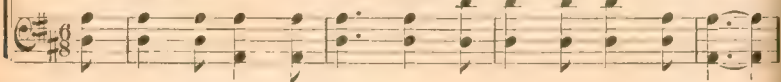
vest will soon ap - pear, And gath - er the reap - ers home.



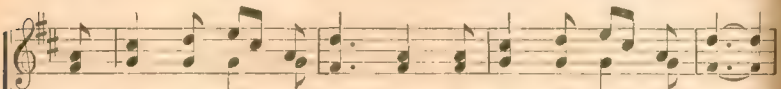
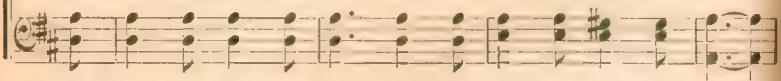
No. 102. Beautiful Home. 7s & 6s. D.



1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;
2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That lead - eth to the gate,
3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're bless - ed in their tears;



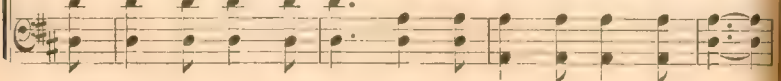
Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;
 Yet grace comes with the mes - sage, To souls that watch and wait;
 Their jour - ney heav'n-ward wing - ing, They leave on earth their fears;



He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;
 And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,
 Death, like an an - gel seem - eth, "We wel - come thee," they cry;



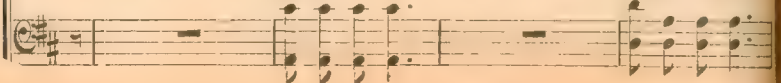
And mor - tals who pass thro' it, Are mor - tals nev - er - more.
 And leads the Lord's an - oint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
 Their face with glo - ry beam - eth—'Tis life for them to die!



REFRAIN.



Home, beau - ti - ful home, Bright, beau - ti - ful home,
 Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home,



Beautiful Home.

Home, home of the ran - somed, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.
Beau - ti - ful,

No. 103.

Be Pure in Heart.

1. Star - ry lil - ies, so white and fair, Sweet - ly breathe on the Sab - bath air,
2. Gold - en - heart - ed, each one doth bring Heaven's mes - sage, and each doth sing,
3. Let us list to the mes - sage kind, Let us, tru - ly, in heart and mind,
4. Then our Father's kind face we'll see Smile up - on us, if on - ly we

"Be pure, be pure in heart," "Be pure, be pure in heart."

CHORUS.

Like the lil - ies, the love - ly lil - ies, Be pure, be pure in heart,

Like the lil - ies, the love - ly lil - ies, Be pure, be pure in heart.

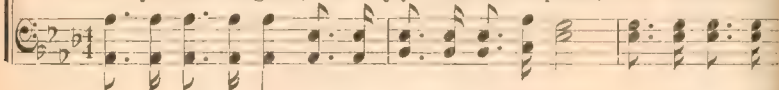
No. 104. Go Ye Through the Gates.

E. E. HEWITT

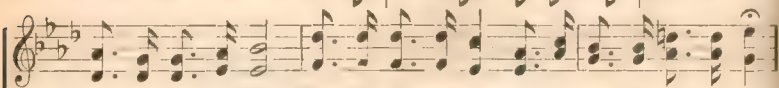
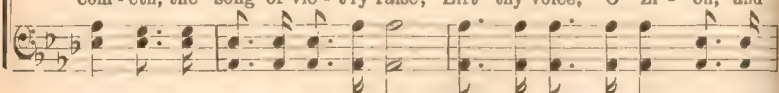
E. S. LORENZ.



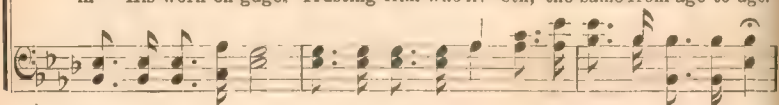
1. Go ye thro' the gates, with a hap - py song of love, Tell - ing all the
2. Go ye thro' the gates, and the Mas - ter's way pre - pare, Tell - ing of His
3. Go ye thro' the gates, with a joy - ous shout of praise, His sal - va - tion



peo - ple, the Lord is King a - bove; Cast ye up the high - way, and
mer - cy, hear wit - ness ev - 'ry - where; Lift - ing up the standard of
com - eth, the song of vic - t'ry raise; Lift thy voice, O Zi - on, and



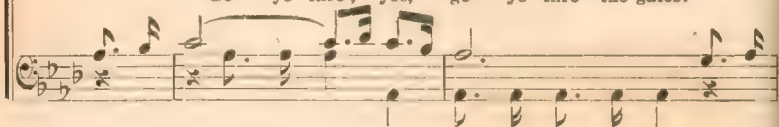
gath - er out the stones, Show that Je - sus reign - eth a - bove all earth - ly thrones.
righteousness on high, Let Im - manuel's ban - ner a - bove all ban - ners fly.
in His work en - gage. Trusting Him who liv - eth, the same from age to age.



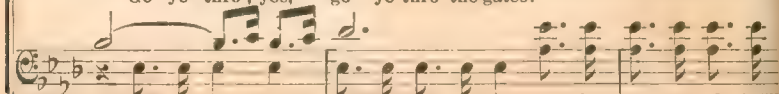
CHORUS.



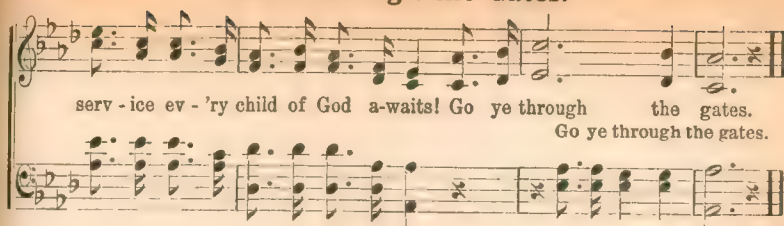
Go ye through . . . the gates! Go ye
Go ye thro', yes, go ye thro' the gates!



through . . . the gates! For most sweet and bless - ed
Go ye thro', yes, go ye thro' the gates!

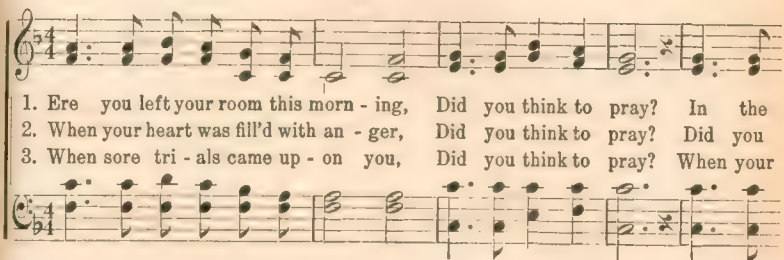


Go Ye Through the Gates.

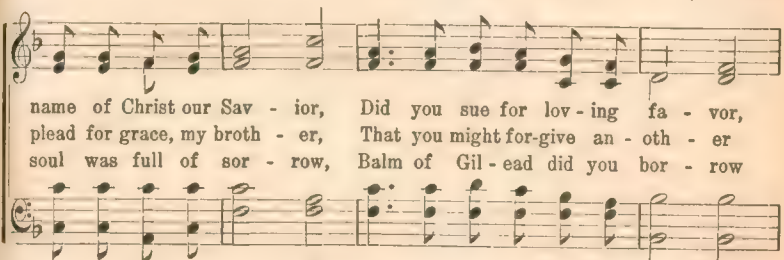


serv - ice ev - 'ry child of God a-waits! Go ye through the gates.
Go ye through the gates.

No. 105. Did You Think to Pray?

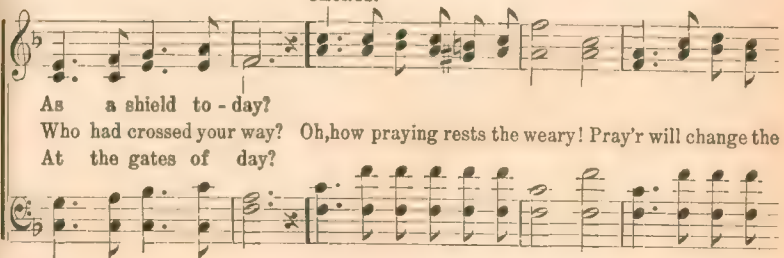


1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray? In the
2. When your heart was fill'd with an - ger, Did you think to pray? Did you
3. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your

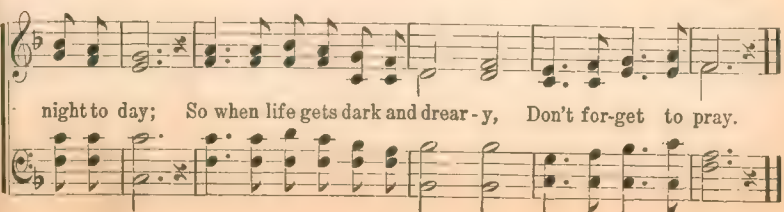


name of Christ our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
plead for grace, my broth - er, That you might for-give an - oth - er
soul was full of sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row

CHORUS.



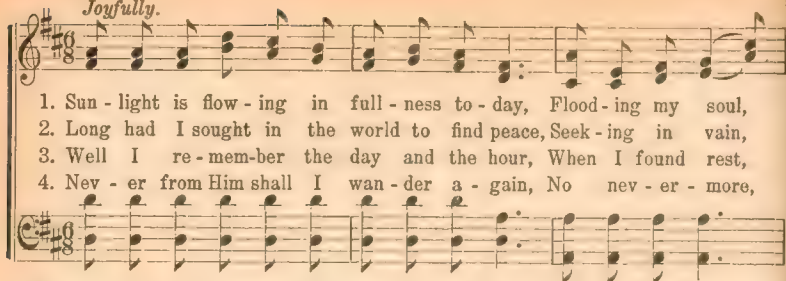
As a shield to - day?
Who had crossed your way? Oh, how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will change the
At the gates of day?



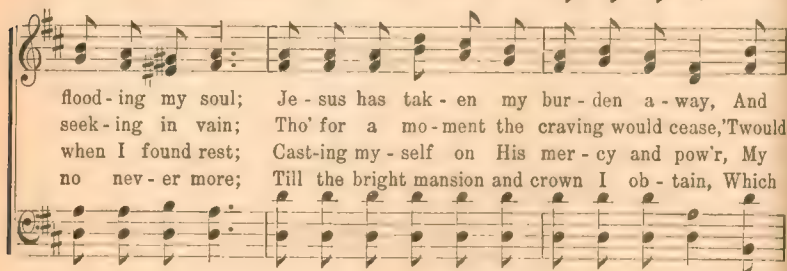
night to day; So when life gets dark and drear - y, Don't for-get to pray.

KATE ULMER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

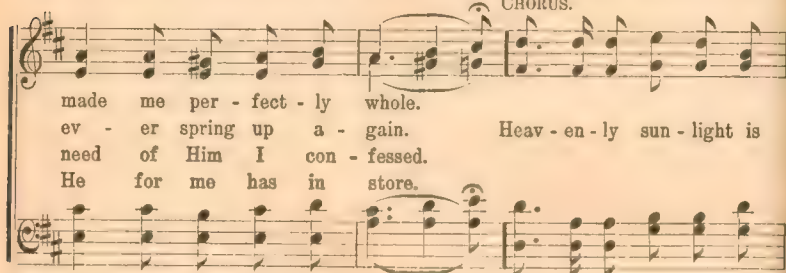
Joyfully.


1. Sun - light is flow - ing in full - ness to - day, Flood - ing my soul,
 2. Long had I sought in the world to find peace, Seek - ing in vain,
 3. Well I re - mem - ber the day and the hour, When I found rest,
 4. Nev - er from Him shall I wan - der a - gain, No nev - er - more,

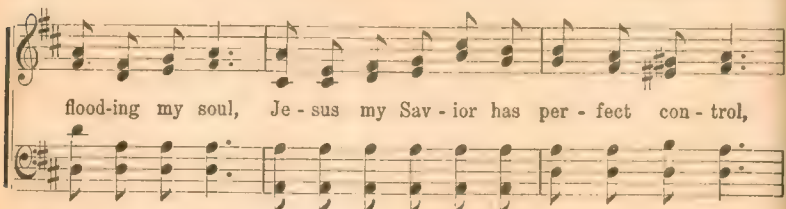


flood - ing my soul; Je - sus has tak - en my bur - den a - way, And
 seek - ing in vain; Tho' for a mo - ment the craving would cease, 'Twould
 when I found rest; Cast - ing my - self on His mer - cy and pow'r, My
 no nev - er more; Till the bright mansion and crown I ob - tain, Which

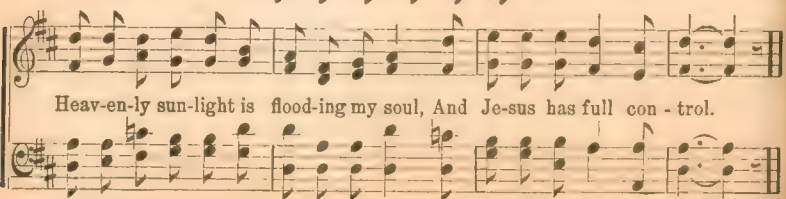
CHORUS.



made me per - fect - ly whole.
 ev - er spring up a - gain. Heav - en - ly sun - light is
 need of Him I con - fessed.
 He for me has in store.



flood - ing my soul, Je - sus my Sav - ior has per - fect con - trol,



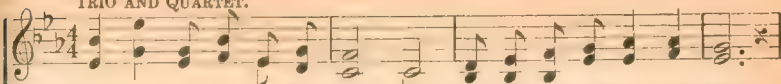
Heav - en - ly sun - light is flood - ing my soul, And Je - sus has full con - trol.

By per. Powell G. Fithian.

FRONIA SMITH.

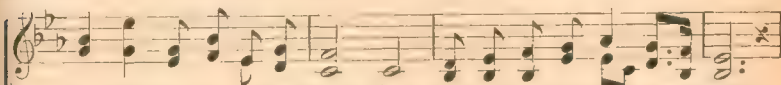
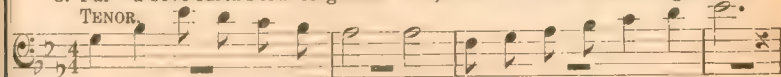
FRED A. FILLMORE.

TRIO AND QUARTET.

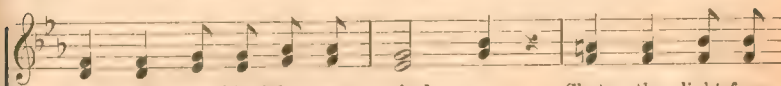


1. Far a-bove earth's low-ring shad - ows, Well I know the sun - light falls,
2. Here the mists of sor-row shroud us Friends de-part or prove un - kind,
3. Far a-bove earth's low-ring shad - ows, Well I know the sun - light falls,

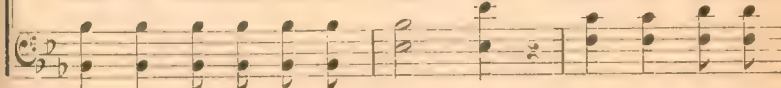
TENOR.



And the glo - ry of God's pres - ence Glit-ters o'er the jas - per walls.
 There our Father's smile is con - stant, Driv-ing gloom from out the mind.
 And the glo - ry of God's pres - ence Glit-ters o'er the jas - per walls.



Land of sun-shine! there no shad - ow, Shuts the light from
 May I on - ly reach that coun - try, What doth mat - ter
 Land of sun-shine! there no shad - ow, Shuts the light from



out the soul, (no shad - ow,) There no tem - pests dark - ly
 dark-ness here, (what mat - ter,) Like a dream 'twill be for
 out the soul, (no shad - ow,) There no tem - pests dark - ly



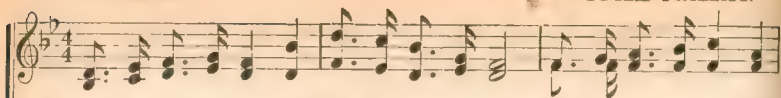
gath - - er, While the hap - py a - ges roll.
 got - - ten, When that glo - ry shall ap - pear.
 gath - - er, While the hap - py a - ges roll.



There no tem-pests gath - er,
 Like a dream for - got - ten.

Dr. HELMER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. In the ear - ly spring-time, In its morn-ing fair, Lit - tle buds of prom-ise,
2. He will now re-ceive you If your hearts you bring Hum-bly to the Sav-ior,
3. Je-sus, we are com-ing To Thy lov-ing arms, Safe - ly there re-pos - ing,



Lit - tle blos - soms rare; Hear the words of Je - sus, Precious will they be,
 Heav'n's ex-alt - ed King; For the in - vi - ta - tion, Gracious, full, and free,
 Sin no long - er harms, From the wiles of Sa - tan Thou canst set us free,



CHORUS.



Bring the lit - tle chil - dren, Let them come to Me.
 Says to all the chil - dren, Come, O come to Me. Let them come to Me,
 Tho' we're lit - tle chil - dren, We will come to Thee.




Let them come to Me, Bring the lit - tle chil - dren, Let them come to Me.





No. 109. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

MISS HANKEY.


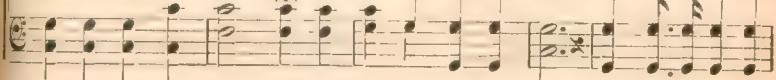
W. H. DOANE.




1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly That I may take it in, — That




Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry





sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has




CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
passed a - way at noon.



sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

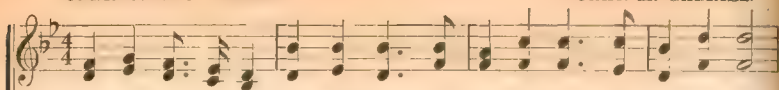


No. 110.

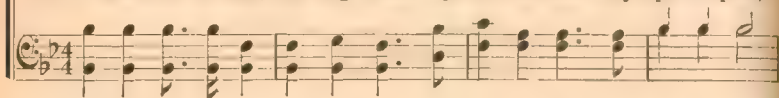
Sing of His Mighty Love.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

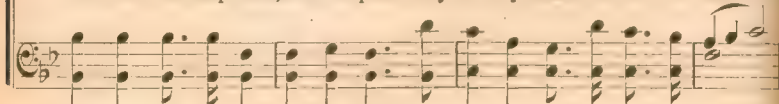
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Great and mar-vel-ous are Thy works, O Lord of hosts, al-might-y One!
2. Thou hast fashioned with Thine own hand, The earth be-low, the heav'n's a-bove;
3. O Thou in-fi-nite, liv-ing God, Up-on us now Thy spir-it pour;



Earth and firm-a-ment speak Thy praise, Thy name is writ-ten in the sun.
 O how won-der-ful is Thy pow'r, And yet how ten-der is Thy love.
 We would wor-ship Thee, laud and praise Thy ho-ly name for-ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



Sing of His might-y love, for it is won-der-ful;



Let His praise thro' all the earth re-sound; Hon-or and maj-es-ty



now and for-ev-er be, Un-to Him a-lone wher-ev-er man is found.

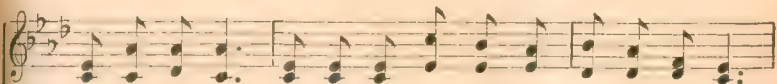


CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

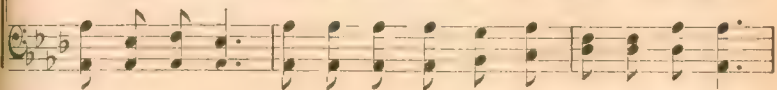
Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
 3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,



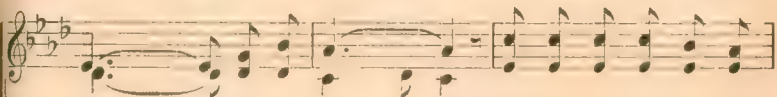
Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum - mons o - bey?
 Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
 Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,



CHORUS.



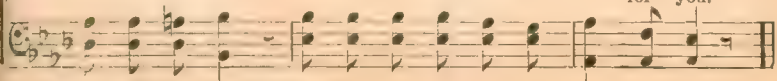
Je - sus is call - ing for you! . . . ! Call - - - ing for you, . . .
 for you! Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,



call - - - ing for you, . . . Hear Him to - day—do not
 Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,



turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . .
 for you.

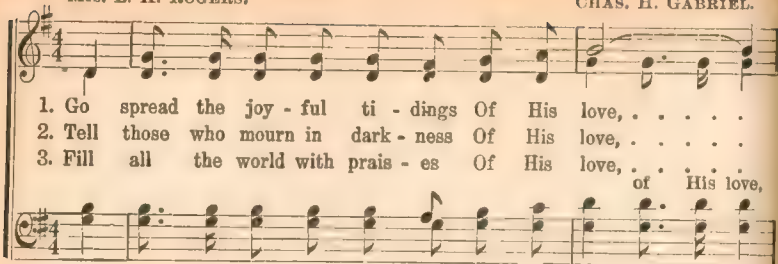


No. 112.

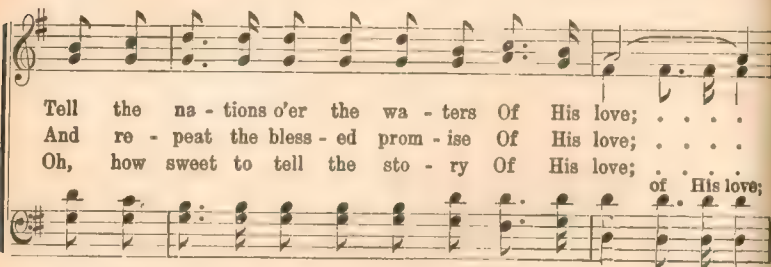
His Love.

Mrs. L. K. ROGERS.

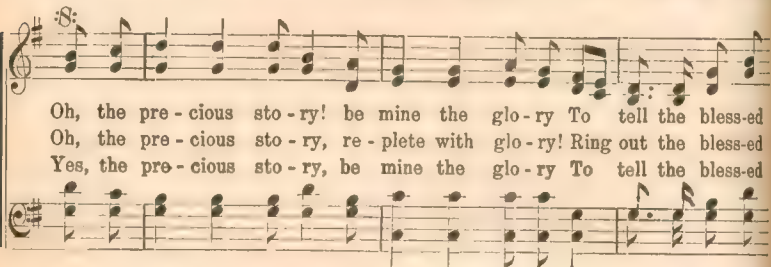
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Go spread the joy - ful ti - dings Of His love,
 2. Tell those who mourn in dark - ness Of His love,
 3. Fill all the world with prais - es Of His love, of His love,



Tell the na - tions o'er the wa - ters Of His love;
 And re - peat the bless - ed prom - ise Of His love;
 Oh, how sweet to tell the sto - ry Of His love; of His love;

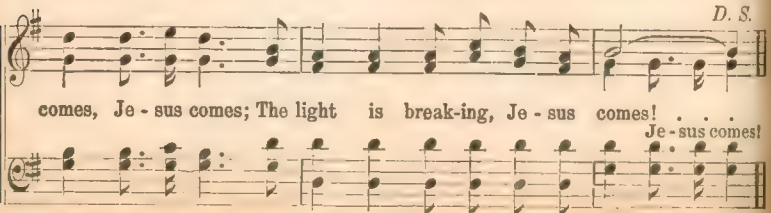


Oh, the pre - cious sto - ry! be mine the glo - ry To tell the bless - ed
 Oh, the pre - cious sto - ry, re - plete with glo - ry! Ring out the bless - ed
 Yes, the pre - cious sto - ry, be mine the glo - ry To tell the bless - ed

FINE. CHORUS.



ti - dings of re - deem - ing love. The light is break - ing, Je - sus

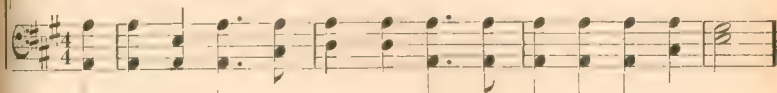


comes, Je - sus comes; The light is break - ing, Je - sus comes! Je - sus comes!

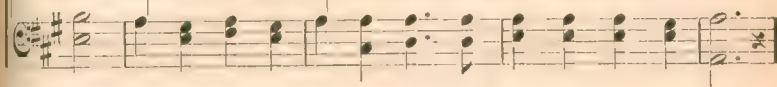
W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK^{STON}.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme,
 2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
 3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of Man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
 4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,



Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
 At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.



CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at His feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.

No. 114. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

M. J. CROSBY.

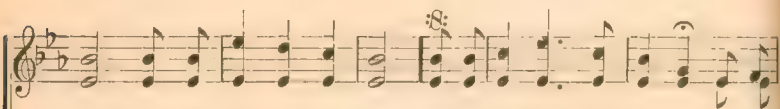
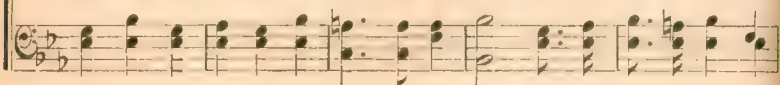
W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of pray'r when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of pray'r, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessings we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the ful-ness of this



faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at His feet ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how



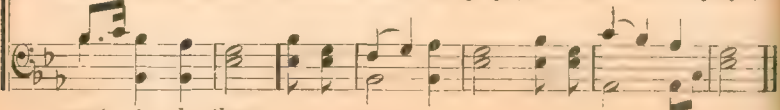
D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;



sweet to be there.

No. 115. We'll Scatter Good Seed.

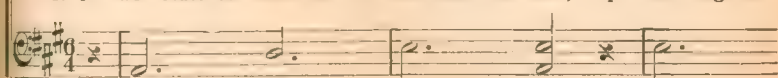
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

H. JAMES PRESTON.

DUET.



1. This life is a gar - den where ac - tion and deed May spring in - to
2. The kind-ness to oth - ers, which all may be - stow, Will blos-som for
3. O we must be care-ful of seed that we sow, Up - root - ing the



glad - ness by sow - ing the seed; God gives us a - bund - ant - ly
heav - en from seed which we sow; The words of sal - va - tion for
weeds from the soil where they grow; We'll need to keep pray - ing as



sun-shine and show'rs, And we may have brambles, or beau - ti - ful flow'rs.
lost ones will be A crown of re - joic - ing for you and for me.
on - ward we press, And ask - ing the Sav - ior our ef - ferts to bless.



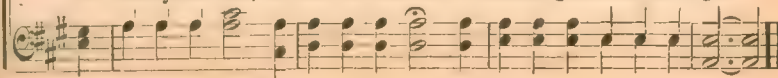
CHORUS.



We'll scatter good seed in word and in deed, And Je-sus will bless it, we know;



In mer-cy and love, for heav-en a-bove, We'll scatter good seed as we go.



Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes.

C. S. COLBURN.

1. I walked thro' the wood-land mead - ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
 2. I found a young life strick - en By sin's se - duc - tive art,
 3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an-oth - er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a bro - ken wing;
 And touched with a Christ-like pi - ty, I took him to my heart;
 And the life that sin had strick - en, Raised an-oth - er from de - spair;

I healed its wound and each morn - ing It sang its old sweet strain,
 He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And strug-gled not in vain;
 For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev-'ry pain;

But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain,
 But the life that sin had strick - en Never soared as high a - gain,
 And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain,

The Broken Pinion.



But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 But the life that sin had strick - en Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 And the soul that He has heal - ed High - er still shall soar a - gain.



No. 117. Jesus, My Shepherd.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

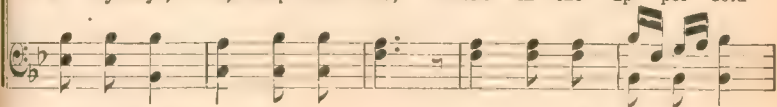
HENRI CRAMER.



1. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Call with a sweet com - mand, Lead with a
 2. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Now to Thy past - ures fair, Safe in Thy
 3. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Help me Thy name to praise, Keep me in



lov - ing hand My steps to Thee; Where liv - ing fount - ains glide
 ten - der care Oh, lead Thou me; If Thou art al - ways near,
 all my ways, Oh, keep Thou me; Then in the up - per fold



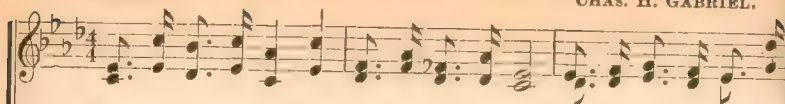
There would I still a - bide, Je - sus my on - ly guide, Close, close to Thee.
 And still Thy voice I hear, No dan - ger will I fear, Close, close to Thee.
 Where youth is nev - er old, Let me Thy joy be - hold, Close, close to Thee.



No. 118. Have a Heart of Kindness.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have a heart of kind-ness, sym-path-y and love, Would you lay up treasures
2. Have a heart of kind-ness and a helping hand, Would you lay up treasures
3. Have a heart of kindness and a voice that cheers, Would you lay up treasures



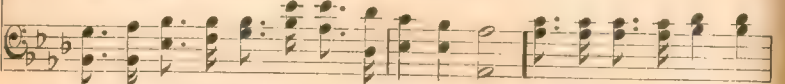
in the world a - bove; Ma - ny blessings, dai - ly, lov - ing - ly be - stow,
in the bet - ter land; Share a brother's bur - den—yours will light - er grow;
for the com - ing years; Go where sor - row lin - gers, go where sin is rife,



CHORUS.



In the homes of sor - row, as you on - ward go.
Car - ry love and comfort ev - 'ry where you go. Have a heart of kind - ness,
Feed the souls that hunger, with the bread of life.



sym - path - y and love, Would you lay up treasures in the world a - bove.



No. 119. Let Us Go to the House of the Lord.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

FRED A. FILLMORE.



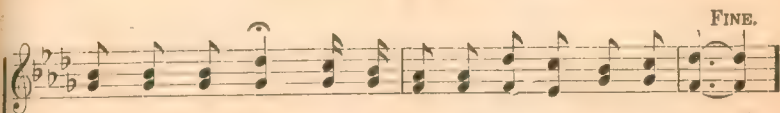
1. I was glad, and my heart did re-joice at the sound, When the
2. All the pleas-ures of rev-el-ry, pas-time and mirth, All the
3. May the time come to pass, and the day soon ap-pear, That is



blest in-vi-ta-tion I heard; 'Twas the voice of the ma-ny, re-joys that the world can af-ford, Can not once be com-pared to the prom-ised to us in the Word, That the na-tions of earth all to-



D. S.—With an-thems and songs of thanks-



deemed, and they said—"Let us go to the house of the Lord." peace and the bliss Of a day in the house of the Lord. geth-er shall call—"Let us go to the house of the Lord."



giv-ing and praise, "Let us go to the house of the Lord."

CHORUS.

D. S.

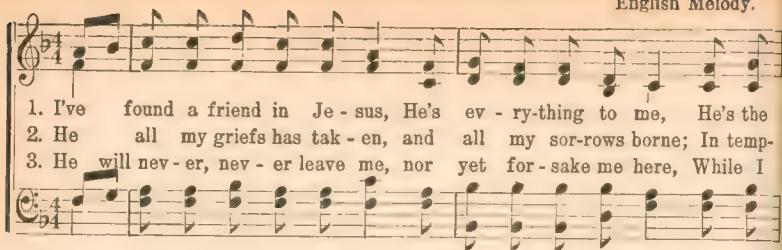


O come to the house of the Lord, O come to the house of the Lord;
O come O come

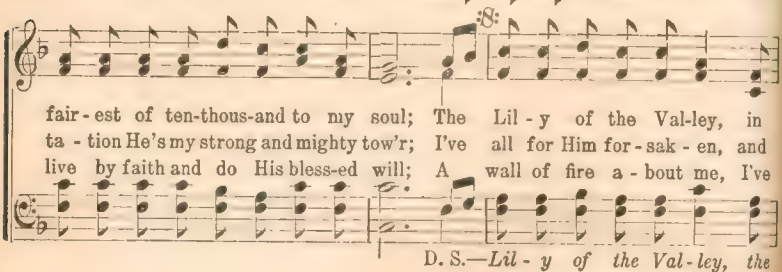


No. 120. The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.

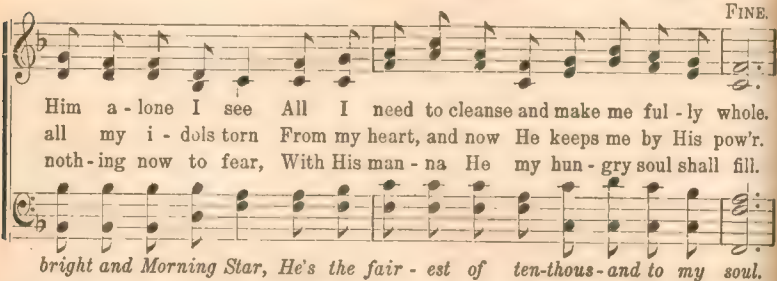


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



fair - est of ten-thous-and to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

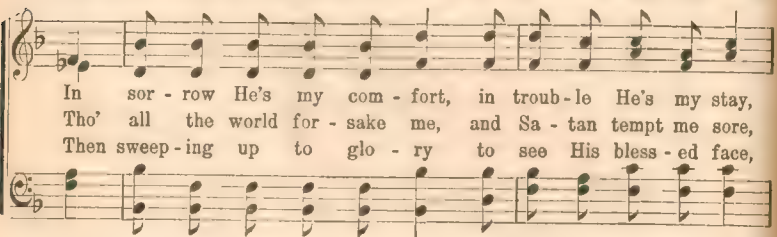
D. S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the



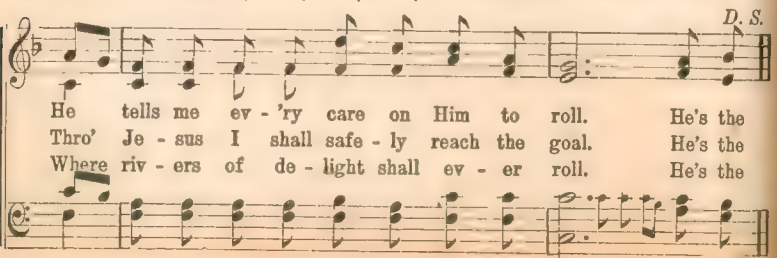
Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten-thous-and to my soul.

FINE.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

D. S.

No. 122.

Light Divine.

G. C. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyously.

1. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun - light! Cheering up life's darksome
 2. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun - light! Love and praise beyond con-
 3. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun - light! It will guide me safe - ly

way; O the bless-ed Lord of life is that sun - light, Bless-ed
 trod; O the bless-ed Lord of life is that sun - light, Bless-ed
 home; O the bless-ed Lord of life is that sun - light, Bless-ed

CHORUS.

sun-light of the soul. I am walk-ing in the light, blessed sun-
 blessed, blessed

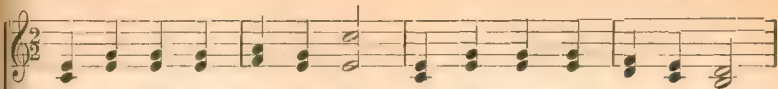
light! Where the clouds of love di-vine a-bove me roll; I am
 light! Where the clouds of love di - vine a - bove me roll;

walk - - ing in the sun - light, Glorious sunlight of the soul.
 walk-ing in the light, in the blessed, blessed light,

No. 123. Little Birds of Praise Are We.

E. E. HEWITT.

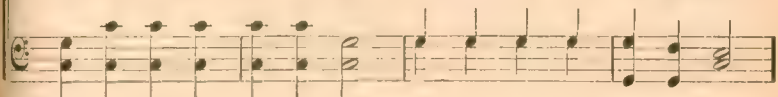
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lit - tle birds of praise are we, Sing - ing, sing - ing, Lord, for Thee;
2. Lit - tle birds of praise are we, Trust - ing, Sav - ior, trust - ing Thee,
3. Lit - tle birds of praise are we, Hap - py, hap - py, Lord, in Thee;
4. Lit - tle birds of praise are we, Guid - ed, guid - ed, Lord, by Thee;



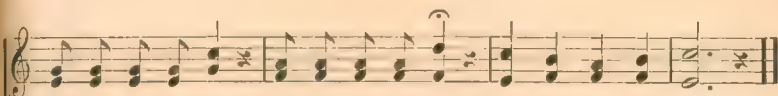
'Mid these love - ly buds and flowers, In life's ear - ly morn - ing hours.
Thou dost see a spar - row fall, Thou dost love and keep us all.
Safe, as in a down - y nest, Shel - tered on our Sav - ior's breast.
Teach us ev - er how to go, And the way of bless - ing show.



CHORUS.



Hap - py lit - tle birds, Hap - py lit - tle birds, Hap - py lit - tle birds of praise are we;



Hap - py lit - tle birds, Hap - py lit - tle birds, Sing - ing, Lord for Thee.

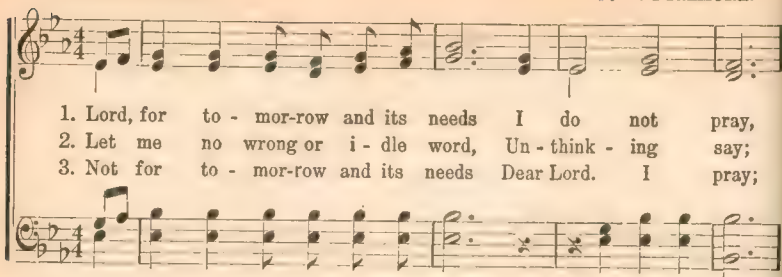


No. 124.

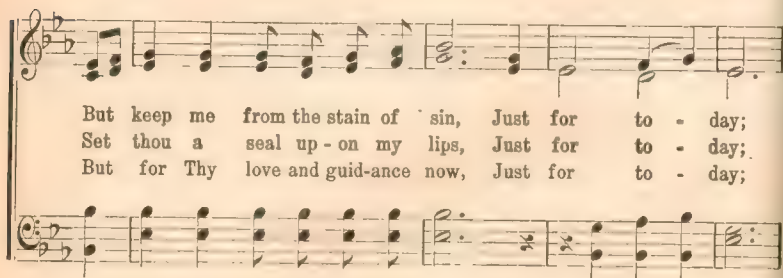
Just for Today.

Words arranged.

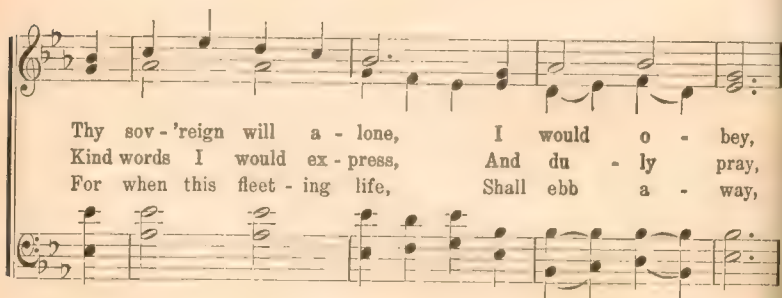
J. H. FILLMORE.



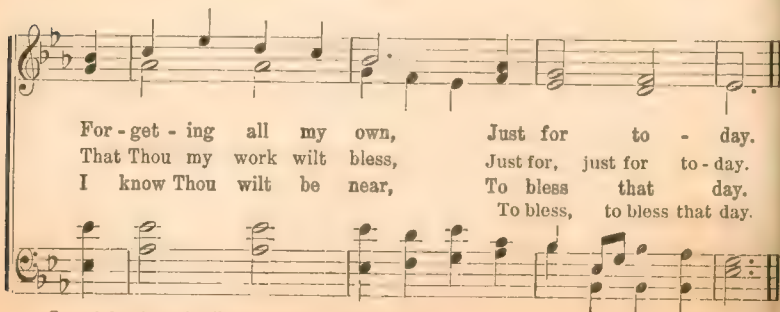
1. Lord, for to - mor-row and its needs I do not pray,
 2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word, Un - think - ing say;
 3. Not for to - mor-row and its needs Dear Lord. I pray;



But keep me from the stain of sin, Just for to - day;
 Set thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day;
 But for Thy love and guid-ance now, Just for to - day;



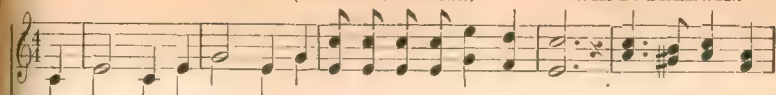
Thy sov - 'reign will a - lone, I would o - bey,
 Kind words I would ex - press, And du - ly pray,
 For when this fleet - ing life, Shall ebb a - way,



For - get - ing all my own, Just for to - day.
 That Thou my work wilt bless, Just for, just for to - day.
 I know Thou wilt be near, To bless that day.
 To bless, to bless that day.

(Children's Anthem.)

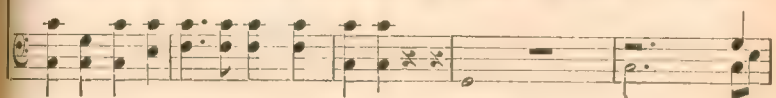
WM. F. SHERWIN.



We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth



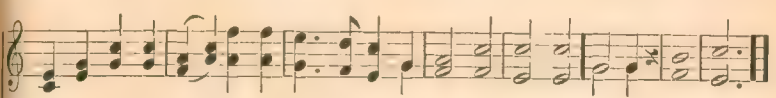
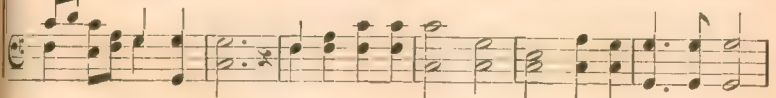
worship Thee, the Father ev - er - last-ing. To Thee all an - gels cry a-loud; the



heav'n's and all the pow'rs therein. To Thee cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim con -



tin - ual - ly doth cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Sab - ba - oth;



Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of Thy great glo - ry; A-men, A-men.




No. 126.

Have a Blessing Ready.

JAMES ROWE.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have a bless - ing read - y, As you pass a - long;— Have a word of
 2. Have a bless - ing read - y, Would you help - ful prove; Have a ten - der
 3. Have a bless - ing read - y, Read - y all the while; Have a sooth - ing




kind - ness, Or a cheering song; Ma - ny ev - er strug - gle 'Neath a
 mes - sage, Or a look of love; There are souls that wander, Nev - er
 sen - tence, Or a hap - py smile; There are souls that sor - row, There are

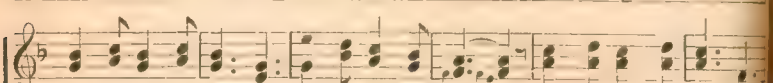


frowning sky; Give them hope and cour - age Ere you pass them by. . .
 knowing why; Warn them of their dan - ger Ere you pass them by. . .
 souls that sigh; Give them words of com - fort Ere you pass them by. . .
 Then always.

CHORUS.



Have a bless - ing read - y As you pass a - long;
 As you pass a - long;



Have a word of kind - ness, Or a cheering song; Bear an - oth - er's bur - den,
 Have a cheering song;

Have a Blessing Ready.

It will make you strong; Have a bless-ing read-y as you pass a - long.
It will make you strong.

No. 127.

Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at his feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When his lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And his songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

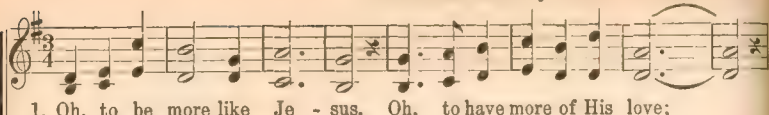
REFRAIN.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 128. Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.

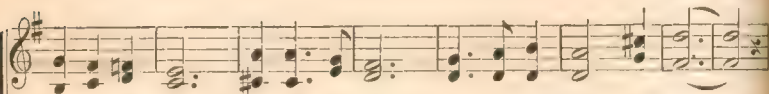
Words and Music by WILL L. THOMPSON.



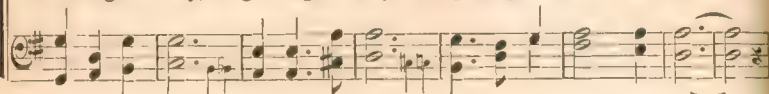
1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov-ing and kind;



His love;
to rise;
and kind;



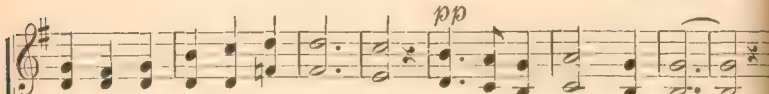
Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove,
Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize,
Lead-ing the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind,



Je - sus came loving and cheer-ing, Giv-ing the hun - gry food,
Cheer-ing the brok - en heart - ed, Wip-ing a - way their tears,
Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er-come,



the hun - gry
a - way their
them sin o'er-



Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban-ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res-cu-ing per-ish-ing sin - ners, Bringing the way - ward home.



food,
tears,
come,
Help-ing the need - y,
Com-fort-ing sor - row,
Res-cu-ing sin - ners,

By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool. O.

Oh, to be More Like Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;
 Nev - er cease try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

No. 129.

God Is Here.

M. WALKER.

AUDENTIA ANDERSON.

1. When the sun is shin - ing bright, Fill - ing all the world with light,
2. When I hear the bus - y bee, Gath'ring sweets from flow'r and tree,
3. When the flow - ers wake and glow, When the gen - tle breez - es blow,
4. Then I know that God is love, That His care, all care a - bove,

When the rain drops gen - tly fall, Sweet - ly to the flow'rs they call,
 When I see her swift wings spread, Then I know by love she's led;
 When the stars come out so clear, Then I think the an - gels near,
 Sends the sun - shine, flow'rs, and light, For, by day or in the night

Come and see, come and see, come and see!
 Bus - y bee, bus - y bee, bus - y bee,
 Near to me, near to me, near to me,
 God is here, God is here, God is here,

Sweet - ly to the flow'rs they call, Come and see.
 Then I know by love she's led, Bus - y bee.
 Then I think the an - gels near, Near to me.
 For, by day or in the night, God is here.

No. 130.

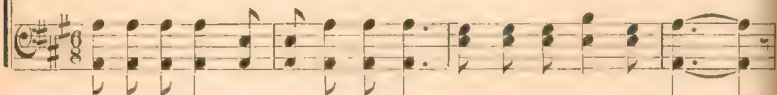
Let Us Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Let us a - way, no long - er de - lay, Morn-ing with joy is bright;
2. Let us a - way, the mes-sage o - bey, Je - sus re-peats the call;
3. Let us a - way, we can - not de - lay, Har-vest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a - way, oh, let us a - way, Lift - ing our eyes a - bove;



Let us a - way and la - bor to - day Out in the fields so white.
 Come with a will our mis-sion ful - fill, Haste to the work for all.
 Mo - ments and hours, like beau - ti - ful flow'rs, Soon will re - turn no more.
 Faith - ful and true our la - bor pur - sue, Trust-ing a Sav - ior's love.



CHORUS. UNISON.



On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long,



On - ward, on - ward, join the bus - y throng,



Let Us Away.

Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har - vest plain;

Joy - ful, joy - ful, gath - er in the grain.

No. 131.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER.


(Nicea. P. M.)

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

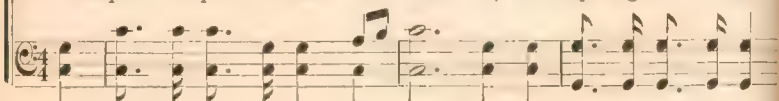
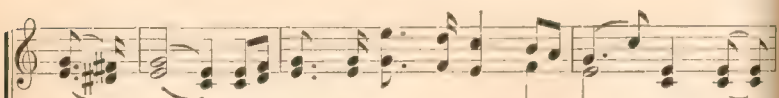
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y, Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! an - gels a - dore Thee Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 bright crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Thousands and ten thou - sands
 man Thy great glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

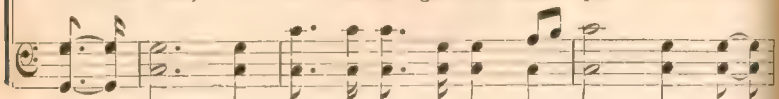
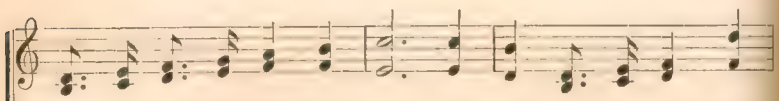
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty.
 wor - ship now be - fore Thee, Which wert and art and ev - er more shall be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.



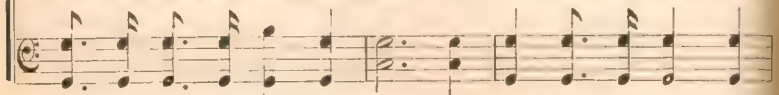

1. We come with joy the truth to teach you, To sow the seed in ev-
 2. We hope in ev-'ry land God light-ens, True, hon-est-heart-ed souls
 3 Such prin-ci-ples as these we cher-ish, The lay-ing on of hands


'ry heart; We hope the ev-i-dence may reach you, That
 to find; With such, the hope in Je-sus bright-ens, No
 with the rest; For not one sin-gle word shall per-ish From the

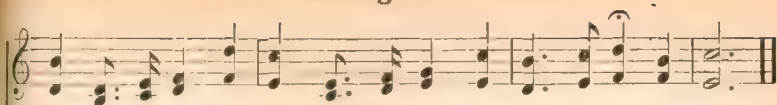
from all err-or you may part. Re-ceive ye the word, As
 tale of e-vil clouds their mind. The gos-pel is sent; Be
 law de-signed to make men blest. For e-even the dead, Our

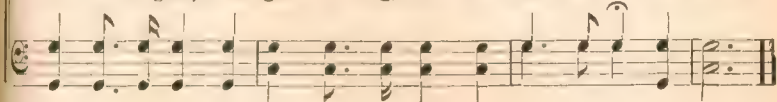
taught by the Lord Who came to the world to save you; The
 faith-ful, re-pent; Bap-tized, and the Lord will save you; God's
 Mas-ter has said, Shall rise by the pow'r that saves us, To



Greeting. P. M.



one bless-ed way, Which, if we o - bey, Will lead us to His throne.
 own bless-ed plan Re-vealed un - to man To lead him to His throne.
 meet us a-gain, In the gath - er - ing, when We stand be-fore His throne.



No. 133.

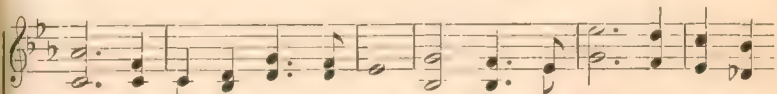
Raynolds.

11s & 10s.

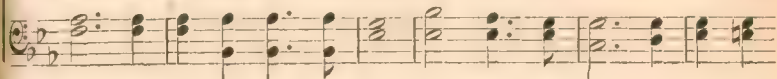
ANON.



1. We would see Je - sus, for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus, the great Rock Foun-da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus, oth - er lights are fad - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus, this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus our weak
 feet were set by sov'-reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil - grim -
 will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



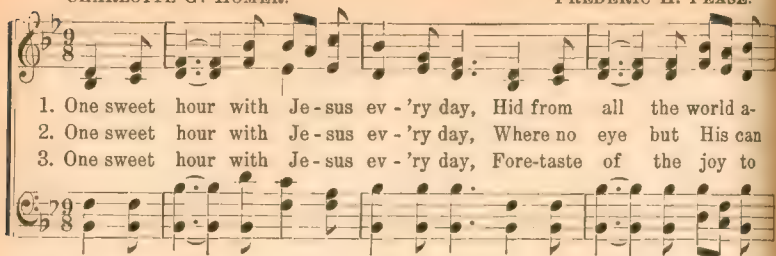
faith to strength-en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
 age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel - come day, and fare-well mor - tal night.



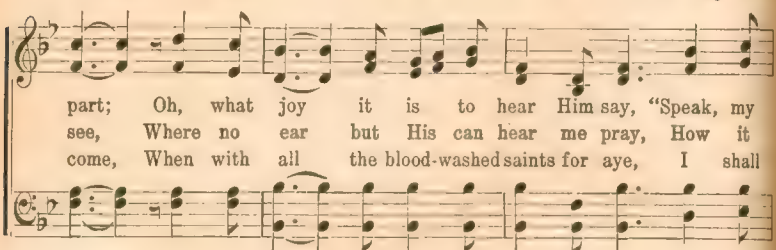
No. 134. One Sweet Hour With Jesus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

FREDERIC H. PEASE.

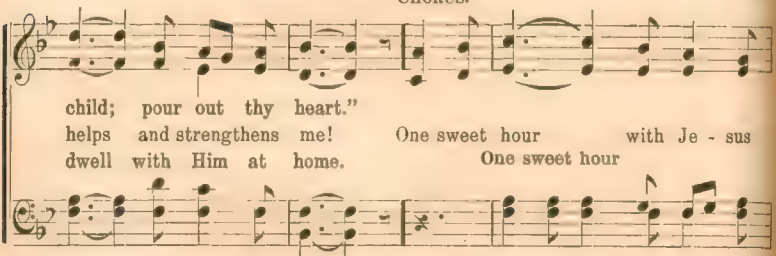


1. One sweet hour with Je-sus ev-'ry day, Hid from all the world a-
 2. One sweet hour with Je-sus ev-'ry day, Where no eye but His can
 3. One sweet hour with Je-sus ev-'ry day, Fore-taste of the joy to

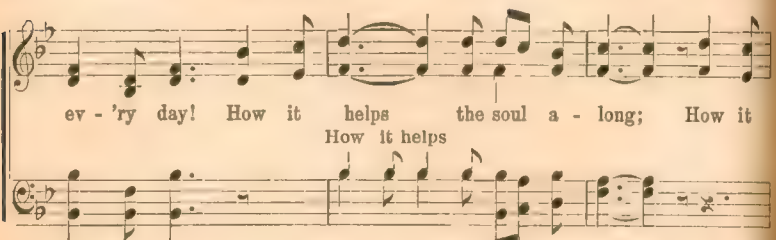


part; Oh, what joy it is to hear Him say, "Speak, my
 see, Where no ear but His can hear me pray, How it
 come, When with all the blood-washed saints for aye, I shall

CHORUS.



child; pour out thy heart."
 helps and strengthens me! One sweet hour with Je - sus
 dwell with Him at home. One sweet hour



ev-'ry day! How it helps the soul a - long; How it
 How it helps



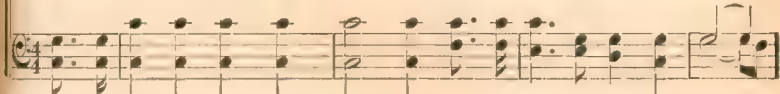
cheers the heart a-long the way, Like the mu - sic of a song.
 How it cheers

No. 135. When the Rosy Light of Morning.

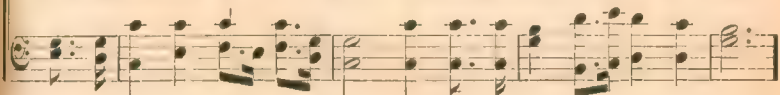
Words and Music by R. B. BAIRD.



1. When the ros - y light of morn - ing Soft - ly beams a - bove the hill,
2. For a good and glo - rious pur - pose Thus we meet each Sab - bath day,
3. Let us then press bold - ly on - ward, Prove ourselves as sol - diers true;



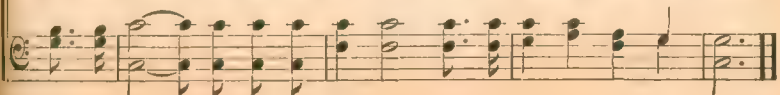
And the birds, sweet heav'n - ly song - sters, Ev - 'ry dell with mu - sic fill;
Each one striving for sal - va - tion Thro' the Lord's ap - point - ed way;
He will lead us, He will guide us, Come, there's work for all to do;



Fresh from slum - ber we a - wak - en, Sun - shine makes the heart so gay;
Ear - nest toil will be re - ward - ed, Zeal - ous hearts need not re - pine;
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er doubt - ing, Bold - ly strug - gling to the end,



Na - ture breathes her sweetest fra - grance On the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
God will not with - hold His bless - ings From the ea - ger, seek - ing mind.
In the world, tho' foes as - sail us, God will sure - ly be our friend.




No. 136. I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE.



CHAR. V. GABRIEL.



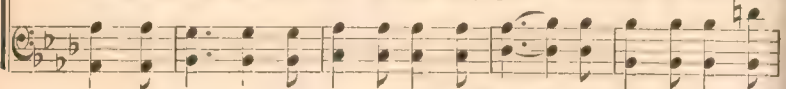
1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I
 2. I love to lift the fall - en, And com - fort those dis - tressed, I
 3. I love to bear His ban - ner A - mid the world - ly throng; I


love to aid the wea - ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to
 love to cheer and glad - den The lone - ly and op - pressed, I love to
 love to spread His gos - pel, By sto - ry and by song, I love to



scat - ter sun - shine, As on my way I go; For this is work for
 bright - en path - ways And share an - oth - er's woe; For this is work for
 plead with sin - ners, Un - til to Him they go; For this is work for




CHORUS.



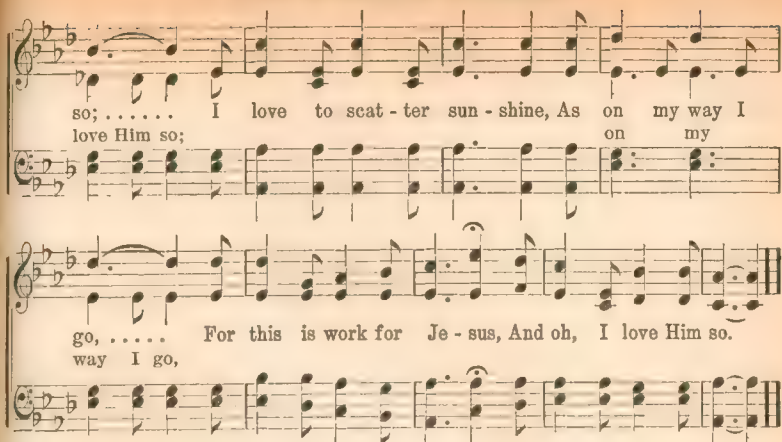
Je - sus, And oh, I love him so. I love to scat - ter sun - shine, As

on my way I go, ... For this is work for Je - sus, And oh, I love Him
 on my way I go; oh, I



I Love to Scatter Sunshine.



so; I love to scat - ter sun - shine, As on my way I
love Him so; on my

go, For this is work for Je - sus, And oh, I love Him so.
way I go,

No. 137. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

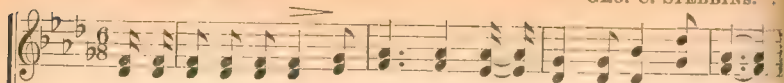
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 138. There is Never a Day so Dreary.

LILLIA M. ALEXANDER.

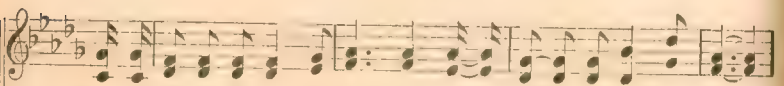
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



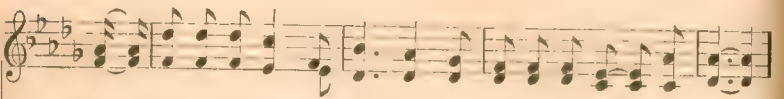
1. There is nev-er a day so drear - y, But God can make it bright
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scar'd hands are there,
3. There is nev-er a life so dark - en'd, So hope - less and un - blest,



And un - to the soul that trusts Him, He giv - eth songs in the night.
Out-stretched in tender com - pas - sion, The burden to help us bear.
But may be fill'd with the light of God, And en - ter His prom - ised rest.



There is nev - er a path so hid - den, But God will lead the way,
There is nev - er a heart so bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal;
There is nev - er a sin or sor - row, There is nev - er a care or loss;



If we seek for the Spir - it's guid - ance, And pa - tient - ly wait and pray,
For the heart that was pierc'd on Cal'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel,
But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross,



There is Never a Day so Dreary.



If we seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray.
For the heart that was pierc'd on Calv'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.



No. 139. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

MISS PHOEBE CARY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. One sweetly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Nearer the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-er to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am near - er



CHORUS.



day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.
throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea. Near-er my home, Near-er my home,
cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
home to-day, Perhaps, than now I think.



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.



No. 140. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clov-en skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;
3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast'n-ing on, By proph-et-bards fore-told,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still ce-les-tial mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way, With pain-ful steps and slow;
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold!

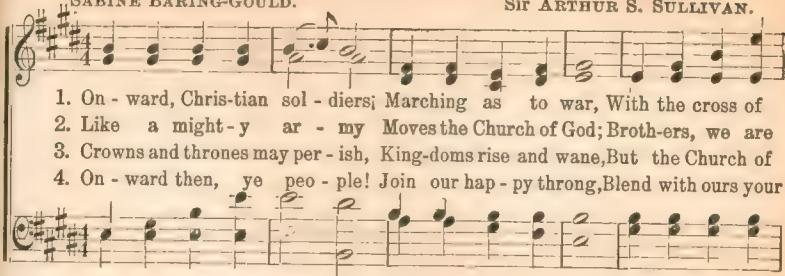
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing,
Look up! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its fi-nal splen-dors fling,

The earth in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
And ev-er o'er its Bab-el sounds, The bless-ed an-gels sing.
Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing!

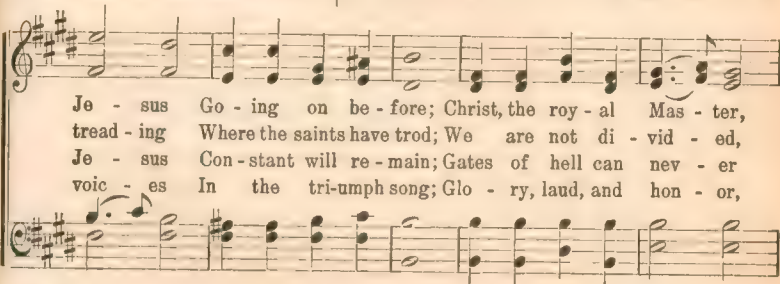
No. 141. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

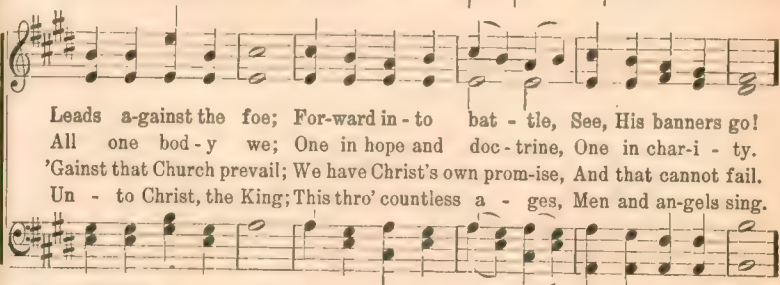
Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers; Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

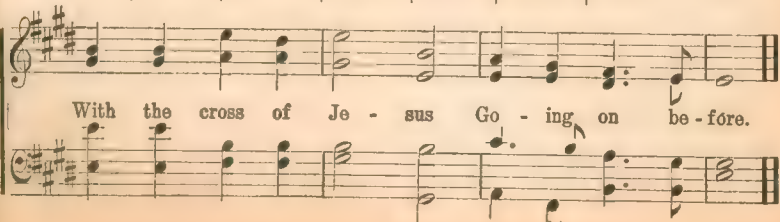


Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 142.

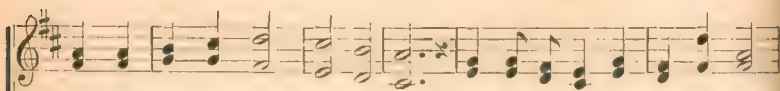
God is Love.

Anon.


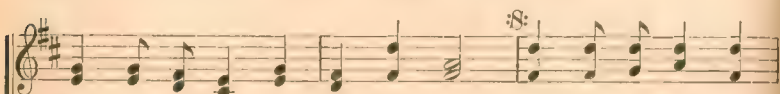
E. L. LORENZ.



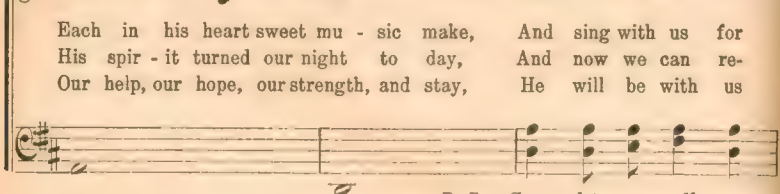
1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we
 3. How hap - py is our por - tion here, God is love; His prom - is-

earth their prais - es bring, God is love; Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake,
 have re - demp - tion found, God is love; His blood has washed our sins a - way,
 es our spir - its cheer, God is love; He is our sun and shield by day,

Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And sing with us for
 His spir - it turned our night to day, And now we can re-
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay, He will be with us



D. S.—Come, let us all u-

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.



Je - sus' sake, For God is love. God is love! God is love!
 joice to say That God is love.
 all the way, Our God is love. God is love! God is love!



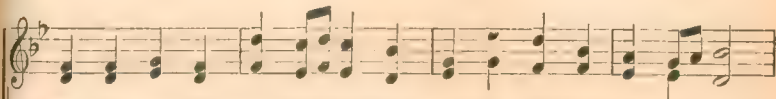
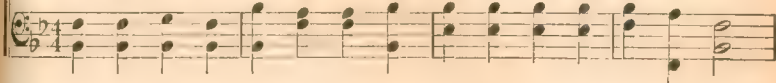
nite to sing That God is love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

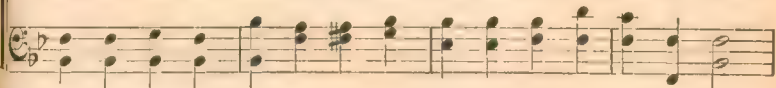
JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-ry troub-led breast!
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive!
 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure, and spot-less may we be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown,
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
 Sud-den-ly re-turn and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave;
 Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee!



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-nings; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-nings! Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

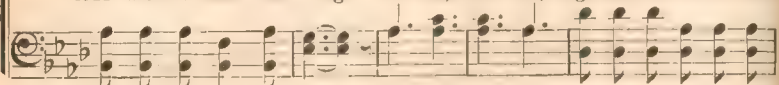
CRESTER G. ALLEN.



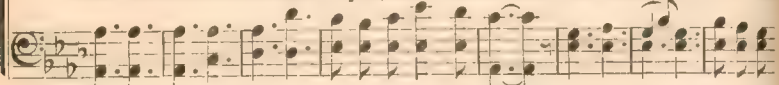
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als



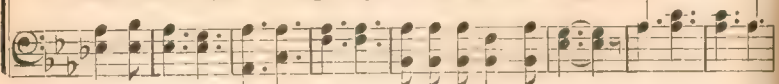
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and



glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.



D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



- 1 How sweet are the songs of Je - sus, Of ten - der - est mel - o - dy,
2. No songs like the songs of Je - sus, To light - en the wea - ry heart,
3. Had we not the songs of Je - sus, How sad all the world would be,
4. Then hail to the songs of Je - sus, And wel - come their joy - ous strains,



The hope of the heart to wak - en, Oh, sing them, yes, sing for me.
 Its bur - dens of pain to less - en, Or bid them far hence de - part.
 Our hope would be lost in dark - ness, And life lose its mel - o - dy.
 The songs of that won - drous sto - ry, How Je - sus in tri - umph reigns,



CHORUS.



Sweet songs, songs of Je - sus, Sweet songs, sing them to me,
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful songs of Je - sus, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful



Sing them with the Spir - it, Sing them, yes, sing for me.
 Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly,



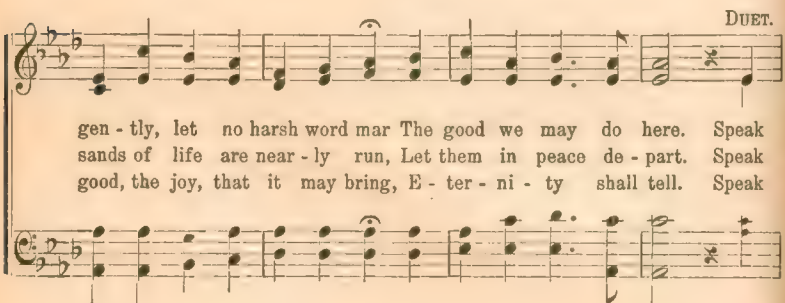


1. Speak gen - tly, speak gen - tly, Speak gen - tly, it is
 2. Speak gen - tly, speak gen - tly, Speak gen - tly to the
 3. Speak gen - tly, speak gen - tly, Speak gen - tly, 'tis a

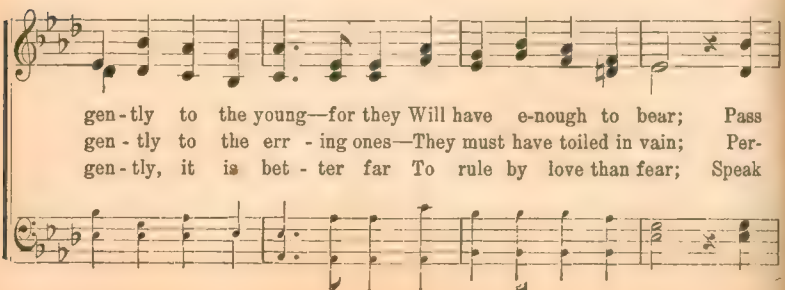


bet - ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak
 a - ged one; Grieve not the care - worn heart; The
 lit - tle thing, Dropped in the heart's deep well; The

DUET.

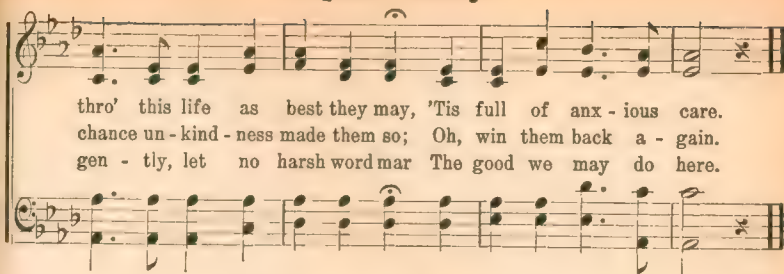


gen - tly, let no harsh word mar The good we may do here. Speak
 sands of life are near - ly run, Let them in peace de - part. Speak
 good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell. Speak



gen - tly to the young—for they Will have e-nough to bear; Pass
 gen - tly to the err - ing ones—They must have toiled in vain; Per-
 gen - tly, it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear; Speak

Speak Gently.

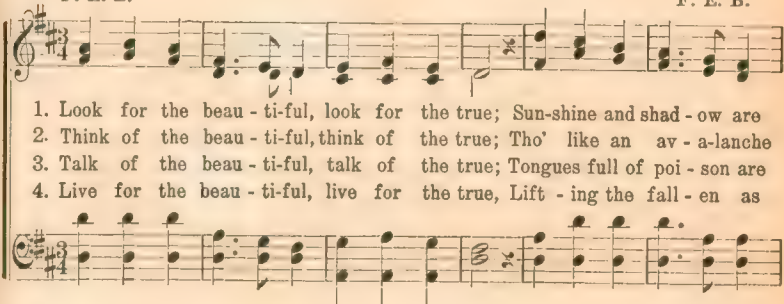


thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.
 chance un - kind - ness made them so; Oh, win them back a - gain.
 gen - tly, let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.

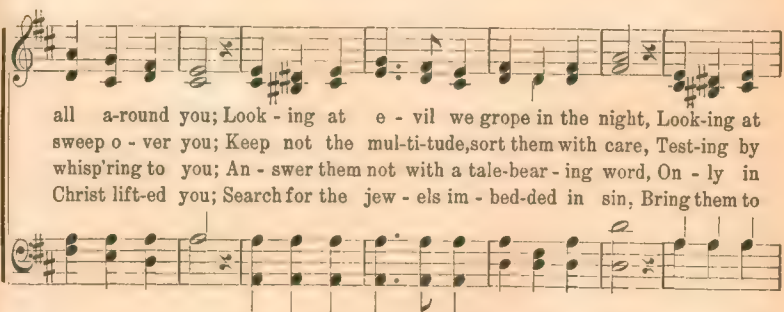
No. 147. Look for the Beautiful.

F. E. B.

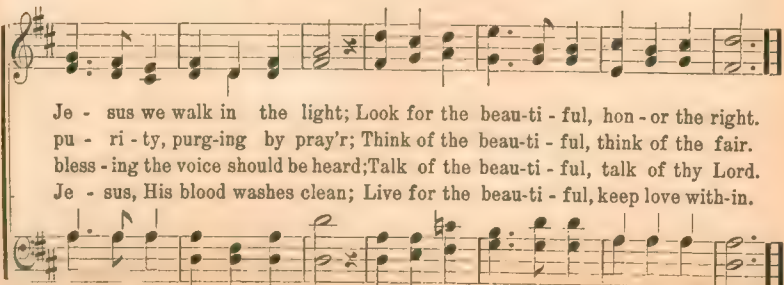
F. E. B.



1. Look for the beau - ti - ful, look for the true; Sun - shine and shad - ow are
2. Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the true; Tho' like an av - a - lanche
3. Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi - son are
4. Live for the beau - ti - ful, live for the true, Lift - ing the fall - en as



all a - round you; Look - ing at e - vil we grope in the night, Look - ing at
 sweep o - ver you; Keep not the mul - ti - tude, sort them with care, Test - ing by
 whisp'ring to you; An - swer them not with a tale - bear - ing word, On - ly in
 Christ lift - ed you; Search for the jew - els im - bed - ded in sin, Bring them to



Je - sus we walk in the light; Look for the beau - ti - ful, hon - or the right.
 pu - ri - ty, purg - ing by pray'r; Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the fair.
 bless - ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of thy Lord.
 Je - sus, His blood washes clean; Live for the beau - ti - ful, keep love with - in.

No. 148.

Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shep-herd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit-tle
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mount-ain

dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've gone a-stray
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.
 Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold. Bring them in,
 "Go, find my lambs wher-e'er they be."

Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

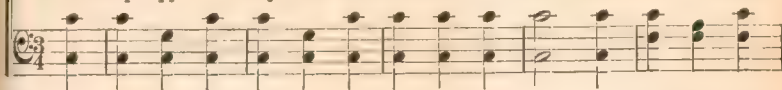
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

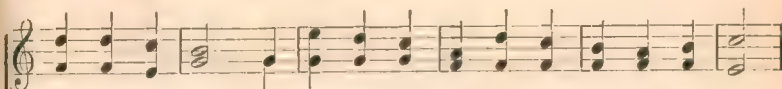
ROBERT LOWRY.



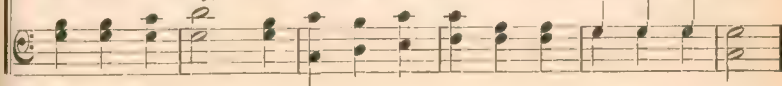
1. Glad ti-dings! glad ti - dings! O won - der - ful love! A mes - sage has
2. He saith to the wea - ry, "O come un - to me," The poor and the
3. How hap - py are they who be - lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet



come from our Fa - ther a - bove; 'Tis Je - sus who brings it to
low - ly His glo - ry may see; He bless - eth the meek with His
coun - sel they find in His word! Be read - y to hear, and be



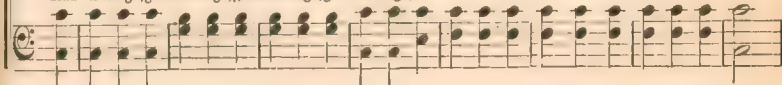
young and to old, A mes - sage of mer - cy more pre - cious than gold.
soul cheer - ing voice; He com - forts the mourn - ers and bids them re - joice.
swift to o - bey, And fol - low His track in the bright shin - ing way.



REFRAIN.



Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love!
Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,





Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings! We hail the glad tidings of wonderful love.
Glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings, glad ti-dings,



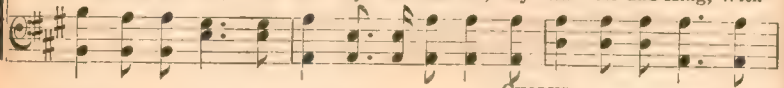
JAMES NICHOLSON.

JOHN R. SWENEY.


- 
1. The Lord is my light—then why should I fear? By day and by night His
 2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a-rise, Faith stronger than sight, looks
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in His might I'll
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight no




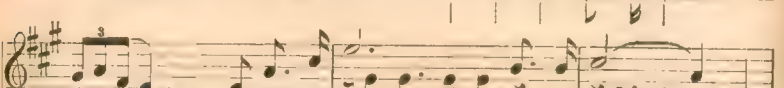
presence is near; He is my sal-va-tion from sor-row and sin, This
up thro' the skies, Where Je-sus for ev-er in glo-ry doth reign, Then
con-quer at length; My weakness in mer-cy He cov-ers with pow'r, And
darkness at all; He is my Re-deem-er, my Sav-ior and King, With



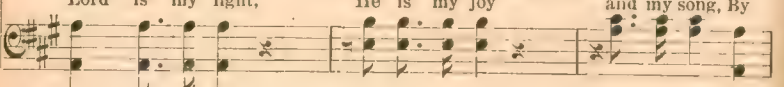

CHORUS.



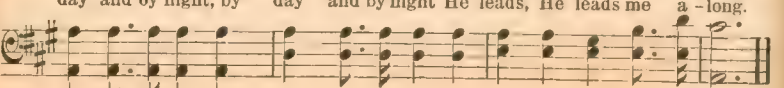
blessed as-sur-ance the Spir-it doth bring. The Lord . . . is my
how can I ev-er in dark-ness re-main?
walk-ing by faith I am blest ev-'ry hour.
saints and with an-gels His prais-es I'll sing. The Lord is my light, The

light, He is my joy and my song, By
Lord is my light, He is my joy and my song, By

day and by night He leads, He leads me a-long.
day and by night, by day and by night He leads, He leads me a-long.



No. 151.

Lead Me, Savior.

A. J. KECK.

E. MOLER.



1. Lead me, Sav - ior, lead me ev - er, Nev - er from Thee let me stray;
2. Dense the dark-ness is a - round me, Light in Thee a-lone I find;
3. Faint my soul with toil and troub - le, Wea - ry of a fruit-less strife;
4. So my walk shall be be - side Thee, So my feet shall nev - er stray,



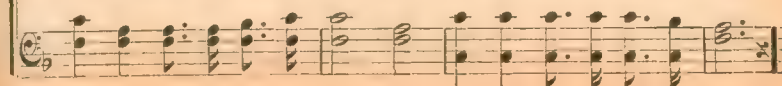
Keep me close that naught may sev - er Me from Thee, or from Thy way;
 Lest the shad-ows should con-found me, O - pen Thou my eyes so blind;
 For too long I've chased the bub - ble, Of the hope of this brief life;
 Tho' the dark-ness shall be - tide me, E'en the night shall be as day;



I would walk for-e'er be - side Thee, While life's dark-est vale I roam;
 Look-ing up-ward, let the vis - ion Of ce - les - tial light be clear,
 Sav - ior, teach the high-er du - ties, Thou the soul's en - dur-ing friend,
 Tho' the way be rough and drear - y, Still my feet shall fal - ter not,



Thou a-lone canst safe - ly guide me, To my ev - er - last-ing home.
 Let my soul's ap-point-ed mis - sion, In that light di - vine ap - pear.
 Make me un - der-stand the beau - ties, Of the life that hath no end.
 With my bless - ed Sav - ior near me, All my sor - rows are for - got.

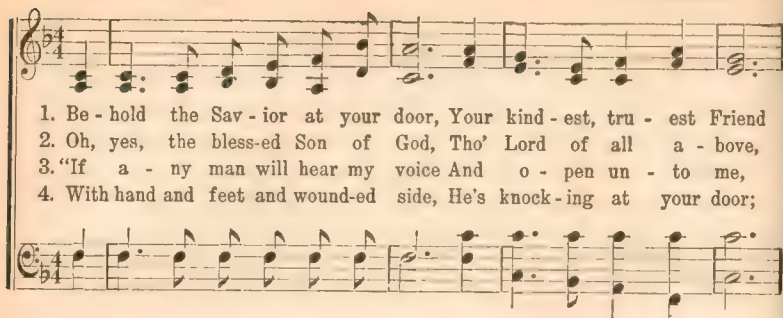


No. 152.

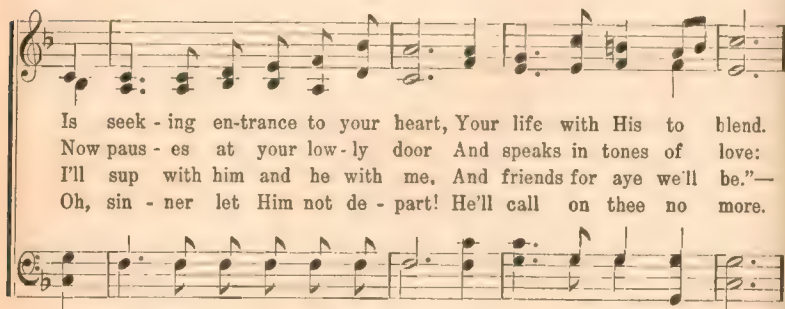
The Savior at the Door.

W. H. BAGBY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

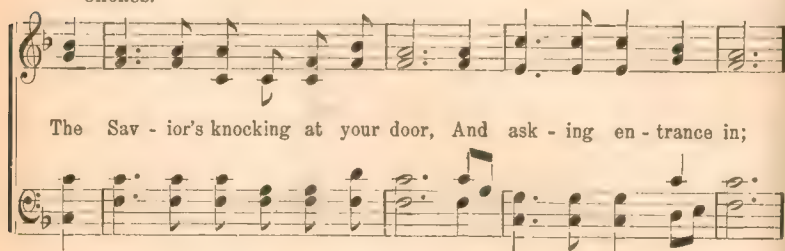


1. Be - hold the Sav - ior at your door, Your kind - est, tru - est Friend
 2. Oh, yes, the bless - ed Son of God, Tho' Lord of all a - bove,
 3. "If a - ny man will hear my voice And o - pen un - to me,
 4. With hand and feet and wound - ed side, He's knock - ing at your door;

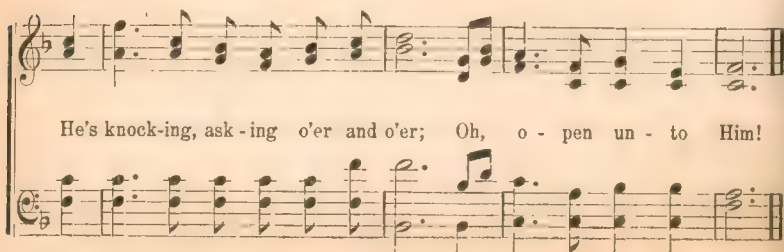


Is seek - ing en - trance to your heart, Your life with His to blend.
 Now paus - es at your low - ly door And speaks in tones of love:
 I'll sup with him and he with me. And friends for aye we'll be."—
 Oh, sin - ner let Him not de - part! He'll call on thee no more.

CHORUS.



The Sav - ior's knocking at your door, And ask - ing en - trance in;



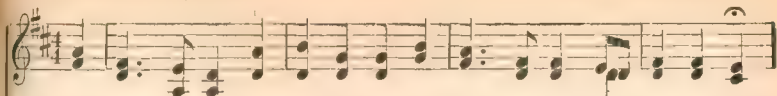
He's knock - ing, ask - ing o'er and o'er; Oh, o - pen un - to Him!

No. 153.

He Leadeth Me.

REV. JOS. H. GILMORE.

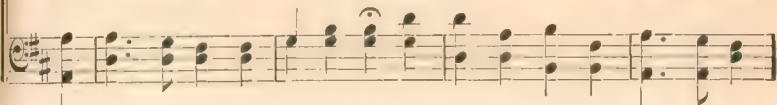
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed tho't, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



No. 154.

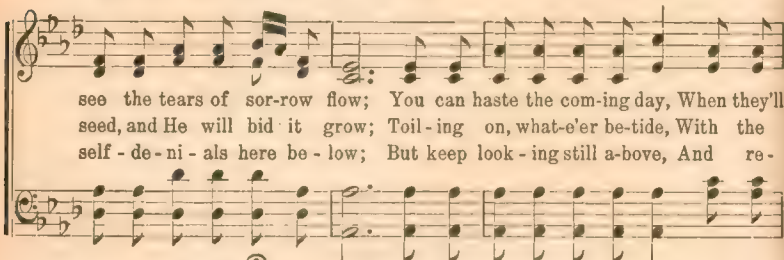
Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

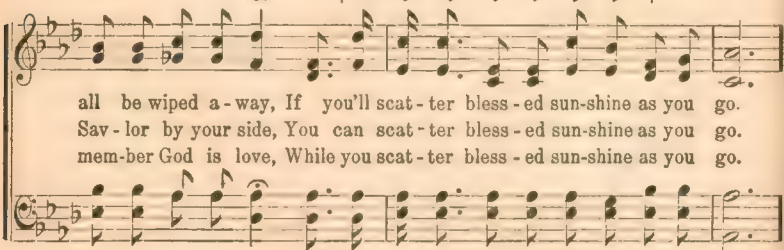
FRED COBLENTZ.



1. Oh, the world has need of sun-shine as you go, For we oft - en
 2. You can la - bor for the Mas - ter as you go, Plant the pre - cious
 3. You will meet with ma - ny troub - les as you go; There will be some

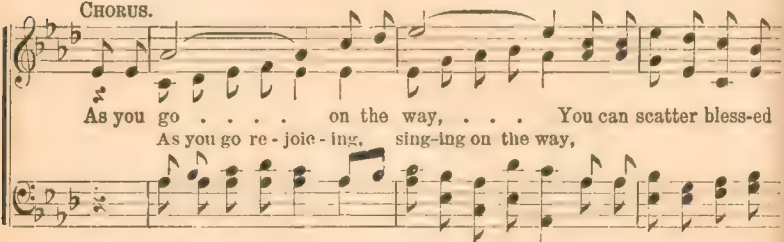


see the tears of sor - row flow; You can haste the com - ing day, When they'll
 seed, and He will bid it grow; Toil - ing on, what - e'er be - tide, With the
 self - de - ni - als here be - low; But keep look - ing still a - bove, And re -

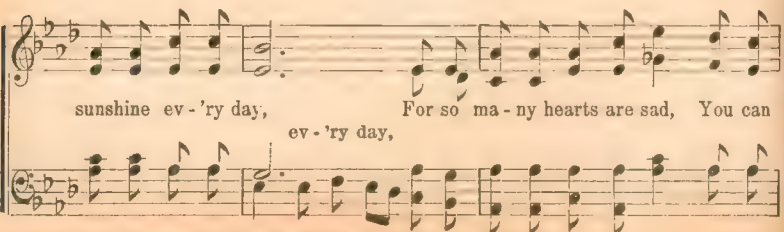


all be wiped a - way, If you'll scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.
 Sav - lor by your side, You can scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.
 mem - ber God is love, While you scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.

CHORUS.

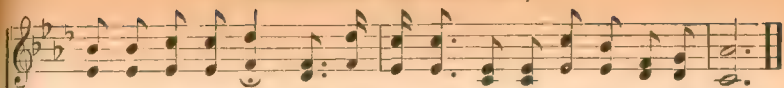


As you go . . . on the way, . . . You can scatter bless - ed
 As you go re - joice - ing, sing - ing on the way,



sunshine ev - 'ry day, For so ma - ny hearts are sad, You can
 ev - 'ry day,

Sunshine As You Go,



help to make them glad, If you'll scat-ter bless-ed sun-shine all the way.



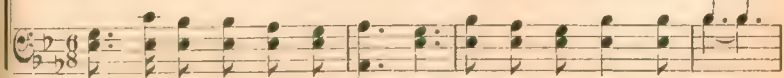
No. 155. Beautiful Valley of Eden

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

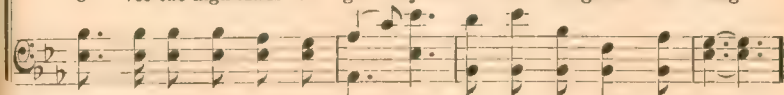
WM. F. SHERWIN.



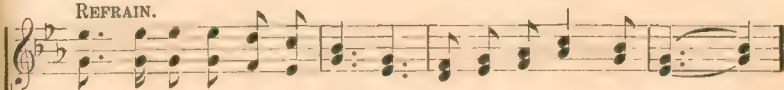
1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,



O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
 Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
 O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.



REFRAIN.



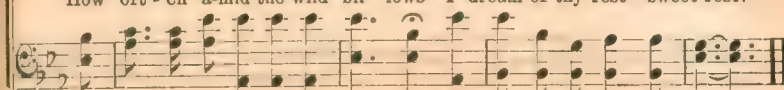
Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den; Home of the pure and blest, . !
 the pure and blest,



rit.



How oft - en a-mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!



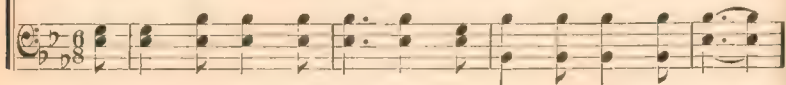
No. 156. When His Salvation Bringing.

JOSHUA KING.

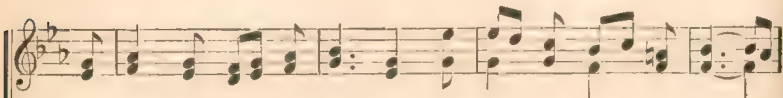
MOZART. Arr. by J. H. F.



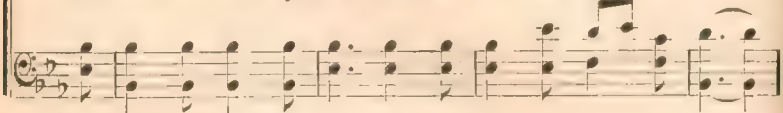
1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came;
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,



The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name;
Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill;
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise;



Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore His throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?



He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son.
No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

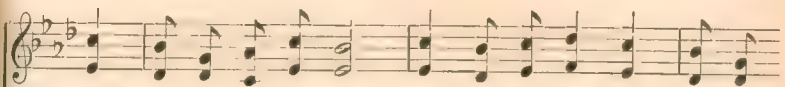


Words arranged.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. He leads us on By paths we do not know, Up - ward He leads
 2. He leads us on Thro' all th'un-qui - et years; Past all our dream-
 3. He at the last, When o'er the wea - ry strife, Aft - er the rest-



us, tho' our steps be slow; Tho' oft we faint and fal - ter
 land hopes and doubts and fears; He guides our steps, thro' all the
 less fe - ver we call life; Aft - er the drear - i - ness, the



on the way, Tho' storms and dark - ness oft ob - scure the day;
 tan - gled maze Of sin, of sor - row, and o'er-cloud - ed days;
 ach - ing pain, The way - ward strug - gles which have proved in vain;



Yet when the clouds are gone (are gone) We know He leads us on.
 We know His will is done (is done); And still He leads us on.
 Aft - er our toils are past (are past), He gives us rest at last.

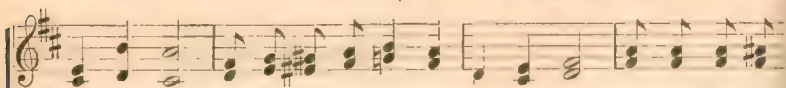


LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

I. H. MEREDITH.



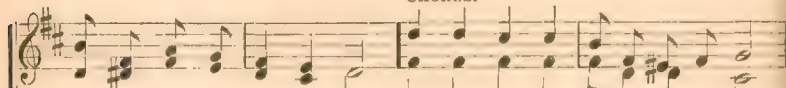
1. Just a lit - tle cloud, tho' blue the sky, Helps to bring the show - ers
2. Just a lit - tle frown, some sun - ny day, Helps to drive the bright-ness
3. Je - sus is our sun - shine here be - low, In our hearts He's beam-ing



by and by; Just a lit - tle sun-shine clear and bright, Drives a - way the
all a - way; Just a lit - tle smile or word of cheer, Helps to bring God's
as we go; Let us all re-flect the bless - ed light, Mak - ing ev - 'ry



CHORUS.



shad-ows of the dark - est night.
sun-shine and His pres - ence near. Shin-ing, shin - ing, thro' the darkest night,
place a - bout us glad and bright.



Scat-tring sun-beams ev - er clear and bright; To the lov - ing Je - sus



we be - long, So we'll weave the sun-shine in a hap - py song.

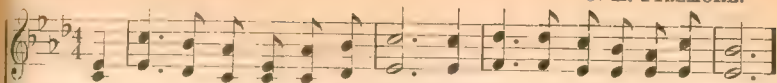


No. 159.

Close by my Side.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



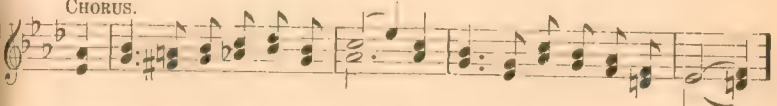
1. Close by my side, O ten-der love That leads me to that home a-bove;
2. Thro' sun and storm, thro' joy and grief, To sor-row bringing sweet re-lief;
3. For - ev - er faith-ful, lov-ing, true, O Christ, my love, my life are due;



That keeps be-side me all the way, That leads me toward the per-fect day.
 And guarding with His ten-der hand, When dan-gers thickly 'round me stand.
 A-lone to Thee, most ho-ly Friend, Be with and keep me to the end.



CHORUS.



Close by my side, close by my side, He waits my fee-ble steps to guide;



O Sav-ior still with me a-bide Close by my side, close by my side.

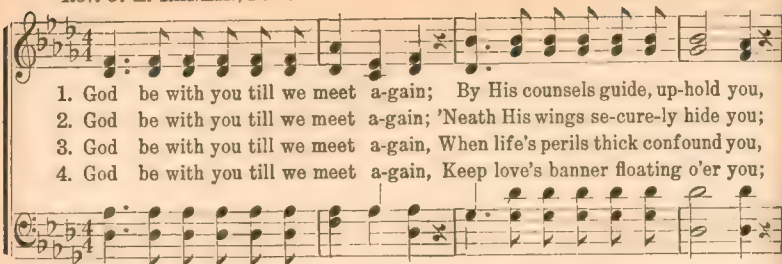


No. 16C.

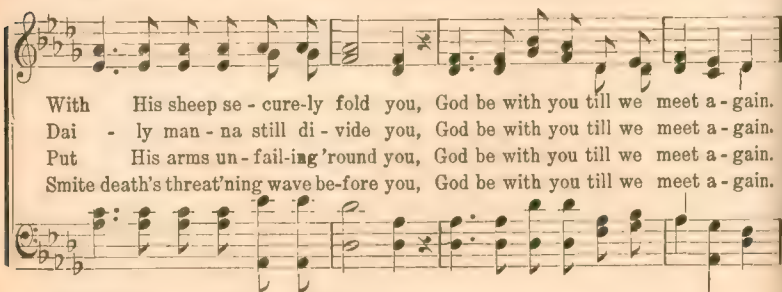
God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.


CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we meet, till we
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we

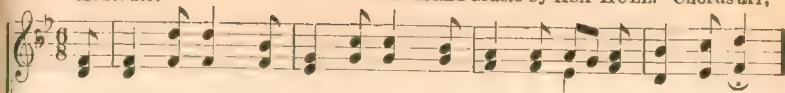


meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet a - gain,

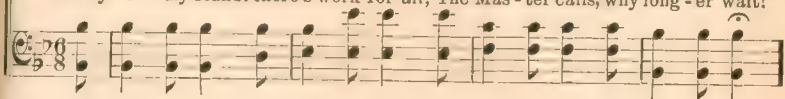
The Reapers.

Moderato.

Words and Music by ASA HULL. Chorus arr,



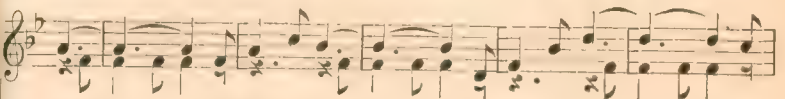
1. Be - hold the chang - ing autumn leaves, Be-hold the fields of rip-'ning grain,
2. Be - hold the har - vest of the Lord! Be-hold the broad and whit'ning fields!
3. Why i - dly stand? there's work for all; The Mas - ter calls, why long - er wait?



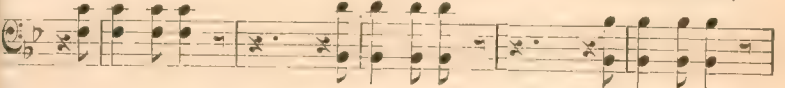
Go, gath - er in the gold - en sheaves From val - ley, hill, and dis - tant plain.
 Send out the call, send forth the word, Till hun - dred-fold the harvest yields.
 Go, gath - er in both great and small, Make haste, or you will be too late.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Then, reap-ers, haste, the skies are clear, The fields re-
 Then reapers, haste, the skies are clear,



sound the glad re - frain, The har-ves - ters, from
 The fields resound the glad re-frain, The har-ves-ters,



far and near, Are gath'ring in the golden grain.
 from far and near, Are gath'ring in the golden grain, the golden grain.



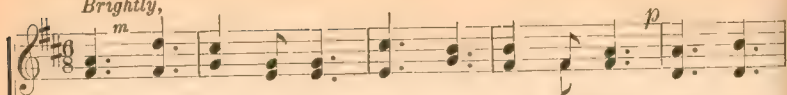
No. 162.

The Song-Gift.

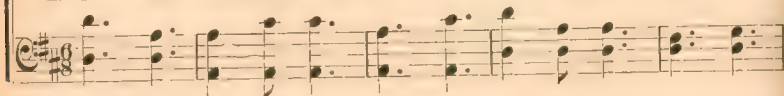
VIDA E. SMITH.

Brightly,

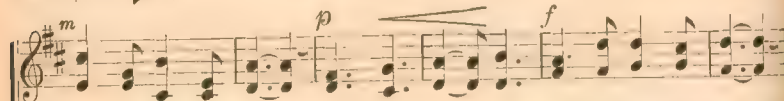
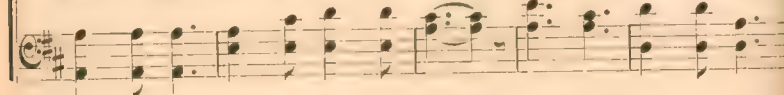
AUDENTIA ANDERSON.



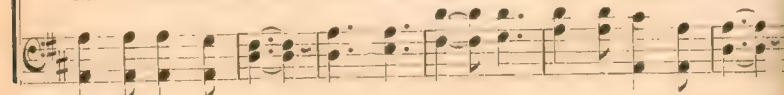
1. I will sing a song For my Lord to hear, Will He
 2. I will weave His words In - to mu - sic glad; Will His



turn a - way? Will He draw a - near? I will bring a gift
 heart re - joice? Or His soul be sad? I will make my wish



To my Mas - ter's feet, My best song - gift, Will He think it sweet?
 In - to an - thems rare, Will He hear and know? Will He deem it pray'r?



CHORUS.



He will know, will know, If I give my best;

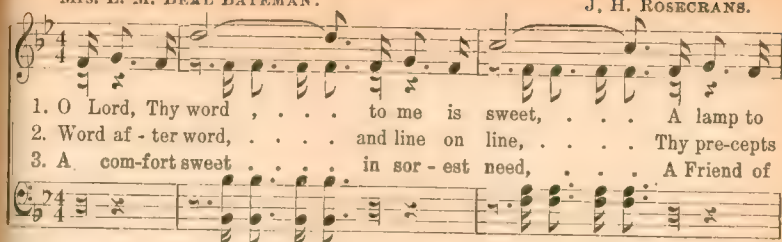


And know - ing He knows I am tru - ly blest.

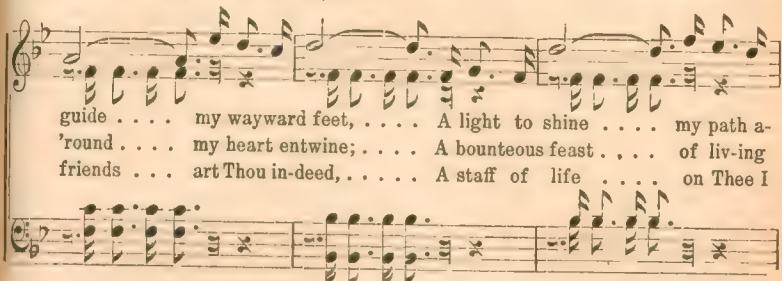


Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. O Lord, Thy word to me is sweet, A lamp to
 2. Word af - ter word, and line on line, Thy pre-cepts
 3. A com-fort sweet in sor-est need, A Friend of

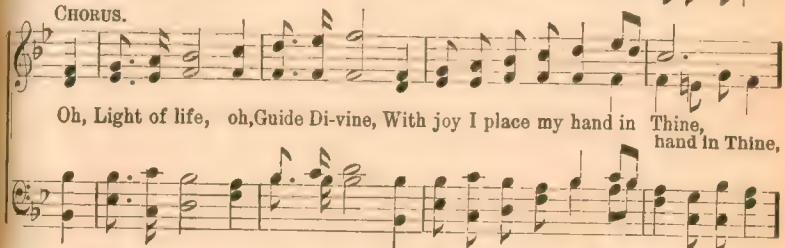


guide my wayward feet, A light to shine my path a-
 'round my heart entwine; A bounteous feast of liv-ing
 friends art Thou in-deed, A staff of life on Thee I

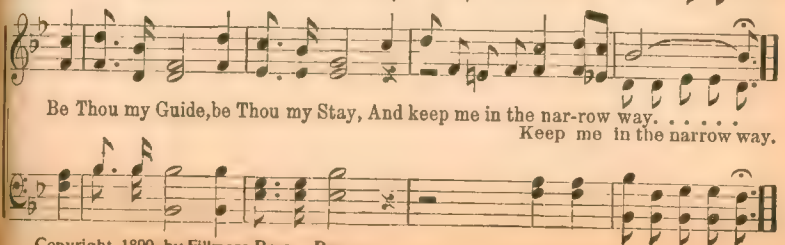


long, And make my heart break forth in song. . . .
 bread, My hun - gry soul is dai - ly fed. . . .
 lean, Nor e - ven death shall come between. . . .

CHORUS.




Oh, Light of life, oh, Guide Di-vine, With joy I place my hand in Thine,
 hand in Thine,



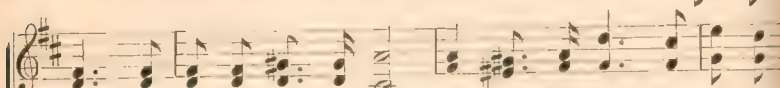
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Stay, And keep me in the nar-row way. . . .
 Keep me in the narrow way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Hark! hark! the song from youth-ful voic-es break-ing, Fresh from the
 2. Hark! hark! the song, the grand old sto-ry tell-ing, Oh, how it
 3. Sing, chil-dren, sing; the song you now are wak-ing, Long, long a-
 4. Sing, chil-dren, sing, 'till for-ward still ad-vanc-ing, Rank af-ter




heart its tune-ful num-bers flow; How sweet the song of hap-py
 swells and ech-oes far a-way; Life, love and joy, thro' Him who
 go on Ju-dah's plain be-gan; When from the sky was heard the
 rank the roy-al stand-ard wave; Sing, glad-ly sing, the won-ders



chil-dren march-ing, Prais-ing the Sav-ior as they on-ward go.
 hath re-deemed us, Free-ly is of-fered in His name to-day.
 mid-night cho-rus, Peace from our Fa-ther and good-will to men.
 of His great-ness, Je-sus the might-y One, the Strong to save.

REFRAIN.



Hark! hark! the song of ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion, Glo-ry to

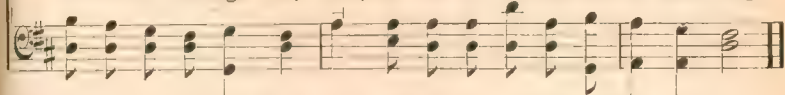


Je-sus, our e-ter-nal King; Praise ye His name, ex-

Hark! Hark! My Soul.



alt Him in the high - est, Now, and for - ev - er shall the an - thems ring.



No. 165. Leave Me Not, O Gentle Savior.

L. ASHBAUGH.

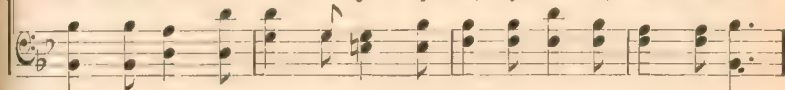
HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.



1. Leave me not, for I am lone - ly, And the way I can-not see;
2. Leave me not, for dark - ness gath - ers Round a - bout the path I tread;
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp - ta - tion life is fraught;



Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav - ior, near to Thee.
 Leave me not, but let my foot-steps Ev - er by Thy hand be led.
 Then thro' all life's toil - some jour - ney, Oh, my Sav - ior, leave me not.



REFRAIN



Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Keep me near to Thee:
 Leave me not, Oh, gen - tle Sav - ior, Keep me near to Thee:



Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav - ior, near to Thee.



No. 166.

Master, Use Me.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



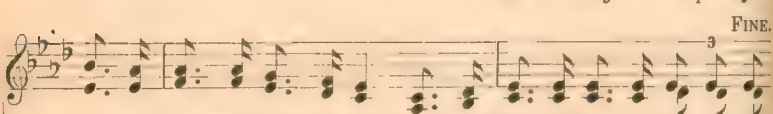
1. Send me forth, O bless - ed Mas - ter! where are souls in sor - row bow'd, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brighten'd by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work with - in the vine - yard, there is serv - ice to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler, in the vine-yard of the Lord; With the



forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o - bey the
souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened
mes - sage of sal - va - tion to de - clare; Send me forth to tell the sto - ry
Christ the vine-yard-la - bor I would share; In - to hearts that know not Je - sus



D. S.—Read - y to re - port for



call, and in Thy bless - ed name I will take the bless - ed light of the
of the bur - dens which they bear; Let me take the bless - ed hope of the
to the homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the bless - ed Christ of the
I would speak the sav - ing Word; Let me take the bless - ed joy of the

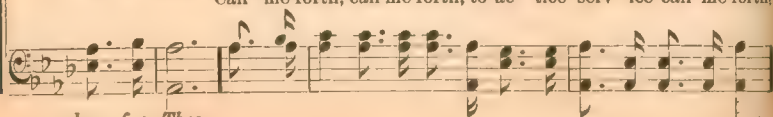


or - ders, Mas - ter, sum - mon me, And I'll go on an - y er - rand of

CHORUS.




gos - pel there. Call me forth . . . to ac - tive serv - ice,
Call me forth, call me forth, to ac - tive serv - ice call me forth,




love for Thee.

Master, Use Me.

D. S.



And my prompt re-sponse shall be, "Here am I! send me," I am

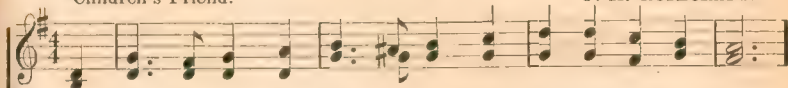


No. 167.

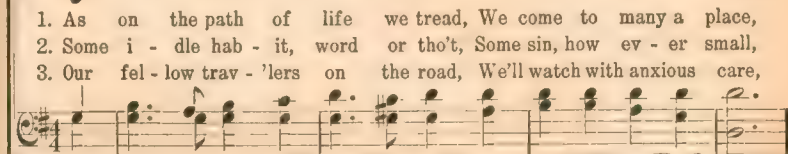

Don't Step There.

"Children's Friend."

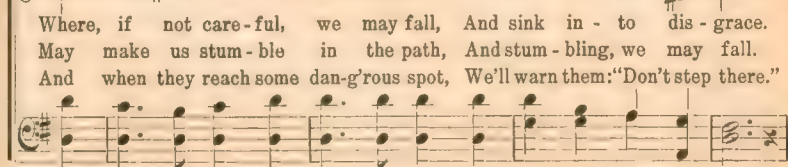
J. H. ROSECRANS.




1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,
2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or tho't, Some sin, how ev - er small,
3. Our fel - low trav - 'lers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care,

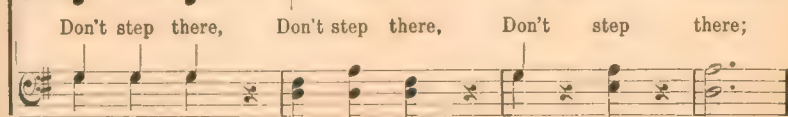
Where, if not care - ful, we may fall, And sink in - to dis - grace.
May make us stum - ble in the path, And stum - bling, we may fall.
And when they reach some dan - g'rous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."



CHORUS.



Don't step there, Don't step there, Don't step there;




For if not care - ful we may fall, Don't step there.



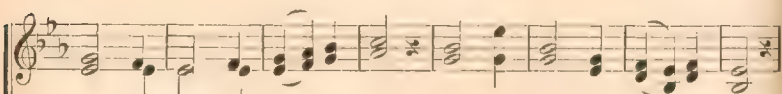
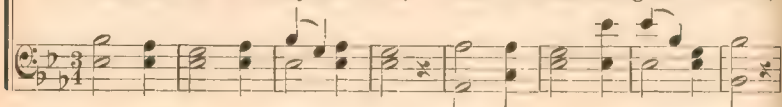
No. 168. Father, Once Again We Come

L. B. M.

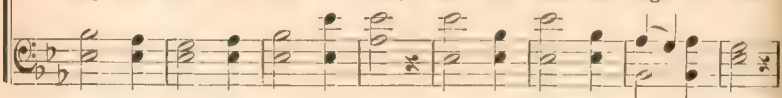
L. B. MITCHELL.



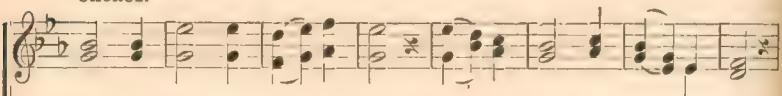
1. Fa - ther, once a - gain we come To our bless - ed Sab - bath home;
2. May each schol - ar here be blest, On this day of sa - cred rest;
3. Fire our hearts with ho - ly zeal; May we all Thy pres - ence feel;
4. When these Sab - bath day are o'er, And we reach the gold - en shore,



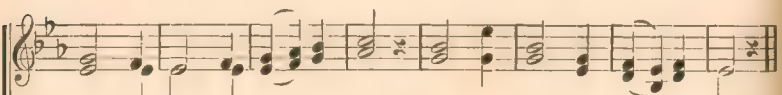
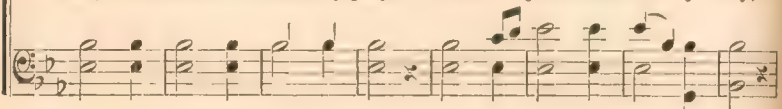
Now our hearts to Thee we raise, In a song of grate - ful praise.
May each teach - er here this hour Feel the Spir - it's quick'n'ing pow'r.
May this hour a bless - ing prove, Last - ing as the life a - bove.
May we all u - nite a - bove, In the bless - ed songs of love.



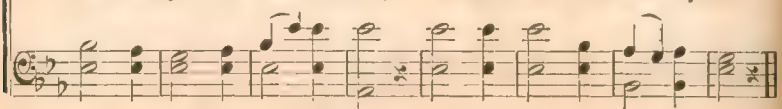
CHORUS.



Help us, Lord, we hum - bly pray To im - prove this ho - ly day;



Bless - ed Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with heav'n - ly love.



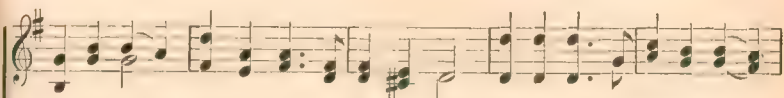
No. 169. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.



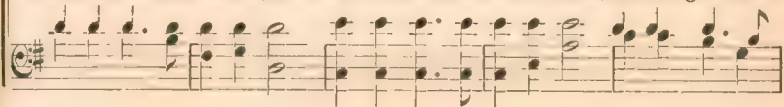
1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ by highest heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord; In the man-ger
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the son of righteousness! Life and light to



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
born a King, While a-dor-ing angels sing, "Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings; Mild He lays His glo-ry by,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Bid the trembling soul be still, Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



Beth-le-hem!" With the an-gel host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
man-u-el! Christ on earth has come to dwell! Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el!
sec-ond birth; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.



No. 170.

Never be Afraid.

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je-sus, Think how much a word can do;
2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je-sus, In His vine-yard day by day;
3. Nev-er be a-fraid to bear for Je-sus, Keen re-proach-es when they fall;
4. Nev-er be a-fraid to live for Je-sus, If you on His care de-pend;



Nev-er be a-fraid to own your Sav-ior, He who loves and cares for you.
 La-bor with a kind and will-ing spir-it, He will all your toil re-pay.
 Pa-tient-ly en-dure your ev-'ry tri-al, Je-sus meek-ly bore them all.
 Safe-ly shall you pass thro' ev-'ry tri-al; He will keep you to the end.



CHORUS.



Nev-er be a-fraid, nev-er be a-fraid, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er;



Je-sus is your lov-ing Sav-ior, There-fore nev-er be a-fraid.

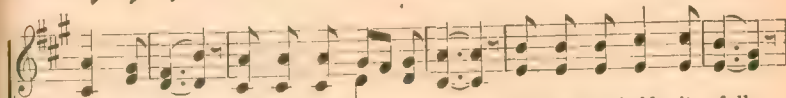


E. R. LATTA.

W J. KIRKPATRICK.



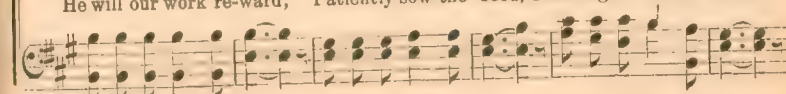
1. Sow-ing the seed of truth, Pa-tient-ly on we go, Sow-ing it
2. Sow-ing at ear-ly dawn, Sow-ing in noon-tide ray, Scat-ter-ing
3. Sow-ing from year to year, Ev-er till life is past; Know-ing that



here and there, Know-ing not which will grow; Je-sus be-holds it fall,
still at eve, Af-ter the bus-y day; Sow-ing the Word of life
we shall reap Glo-ri-ous fruit at last; Je-sus be-holds it fall,



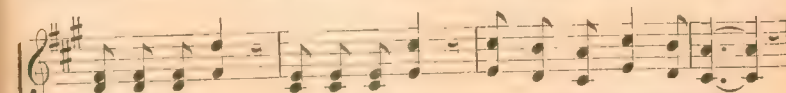
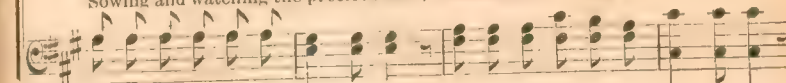
He will the work re-cord; Patiently sow the seed, Leav-ing it with the Lord.
In the im-mor-tal soul, Wholly by sin un-done, Free-ly by grace made whole.
He will our work re-ward; Patiently sow the seed, Leav-ing it with the Lord.



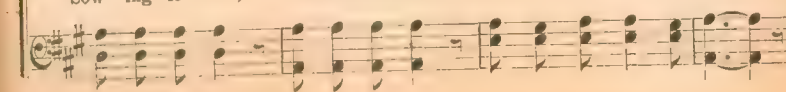
CHORUS.



Sow - - ing the precious seed, Pa - - - tient-ly on we go,
Sowing and watching the precious seed, Pa-tient-ly, lov-ing-ly, on we go.



Sow-ing it here, sow-ing it there, Know-ing not which will grow.



JOSEPH SMITH.
Moderato.

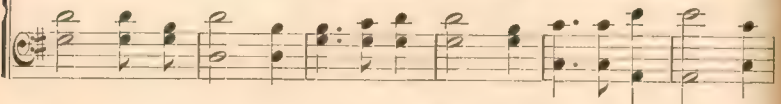
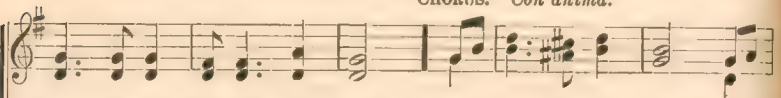
NORMAN SMITH.



1. Bright shone the star that o'er Beth-le-hem's plain, Rose high on that
2. The wise men came, but the star in its flight, Paused not till it
3. The wise men knew 'twas the Lord of the Earth, Whose star they had



night long a - go; When shepherds fell down in fright and in pain, And
stood o'er the stall, Where Ma - ry had found a home for the night, The
fol - lowed a - far, With in - cense and myrrh and treas - ures of worth, They

CHORUS. *Con anima.*

sought the great mes - sage to know; Then sing to the Star, The
low - est yet, no - blest of all; Then sing, chil - dren, sing, Let
wor - shiped the Light of that Star; Then sing to the Star, Bright



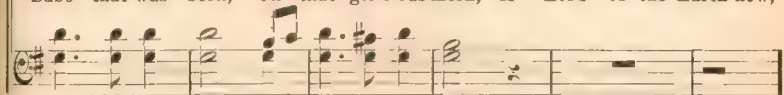
joy - bring - ing Star, That Is - real had looked for so long: Its
glad cho - rus ring, In praise to the Lord of the Night: The
Beth - le - hem's Star, The Star that has prom - ise for men; For the



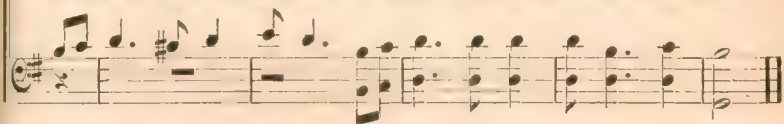
Sing to the Star.



beams were so bright They ban-ished their fright, And gave the glad shepherds,
Day Star of Love, Still shines from a - bove, Nor stays in its glo - rious,
Babe that was born, On that glo-rious morn, Is Lord of the Earth now,

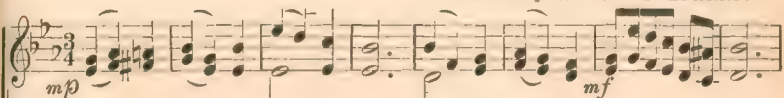


And gave the glad shep-herds, And gave the glad shep-herds a song.
Nor stays in its glo - rious, Nor stays in its glo - ri - ous flight.
Is Lord of the Earth now, Is Lord of the Earth now as then.



No. 173. Give Us Room that We May Dwell.

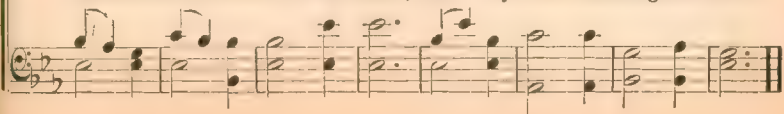
Music by W. N. B. SHEPHERD.



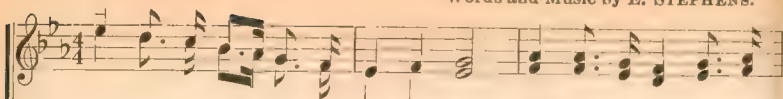
1. Give us room that we may dwell, Zi - on's chil-dren cry a - loud;
2. Oh! how bright the morning seems—Brighter from so dark a night;
3. Zi - on, now a - rise and shine! Lo, thy light from heaven is come!



See their num-bers how they swell—How they gath - er like a cloud!
Zi - on is, like one that dreams, Filled with won - der and de - light!
These that crowd from far are thine; Give Thy sons and daughters room.



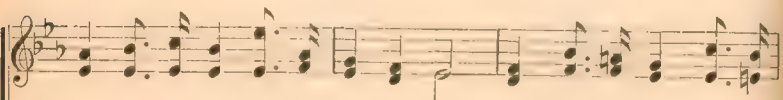
Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.



1. Fa-ther, Thy chil-dren to Thee now raise Glad, grate-ful songs for Thy
2. Thank-ful to Thee that a pil-grim band Brought us to dwell in this
3. Oh, may our songs to Thy courts as-cend, Pleas-ing to Thee may our



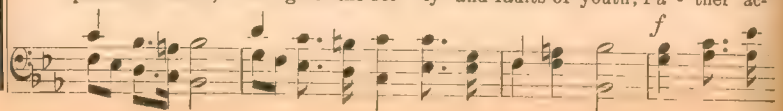
love and grace, For Thy pro-protect-ing and watch-ful care
 fa-vored land; Led o'er the wa-ters and plains by Thee,
 voic-es blend, Lead us as Thou hast the faith-ful led,



O-ver Thy saints dwelling far and near; Grate-ful to Thee for the
 Here to a land of true lib-er-ty; Thank-ful to Thee for the
 Feed us with knowledge and dai-ly bread; Let us not stray from the



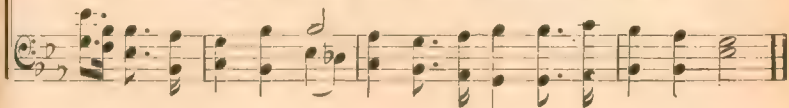
gos-pel light, Which with its truth fills us with de-light; Glad that we've
 mount-ains high, The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky; And for the
 paths of truth, For-give the fol-ly and faults of youth; Fa-ther ac-



Song of Praise.

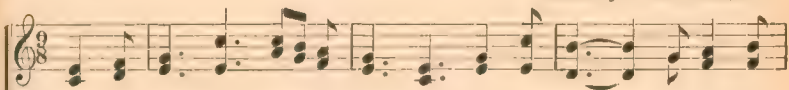


chos - en the bet - ter part, Songs of de-light fill each grate-ful heart.
fields cov-ered o'er with corn, Which now our loved mountain vales a - dorn.
cept Thou the songs of praise Which from our hearts un - to Thee we raise.



No. 175. Gladly Meeting.

Music by E. STEPHENS.



1. Glad-ly meet - ing, kind-ly greet - ing, On this pre - cious meet-ing,
2. Glad-ly meet - ing, kind-ly greet - ing, Let us all u - nite in
3. Glad-ly meet - ing, kind-ly greet - ing, As each meet - ing shall re-



day, I - dle tho'ts are all for - sak - en, Ev - 'ry seat is quiet-ly
heart, While the throne we're all ad - dress-ing, And our e - vil ways con-
turn, May our minds by stud - y bright-en, May our as - pi - rations



tak - en—Let each heart to God a - wak - en, While we sing and pray.
fess - ing, Let us seek a heav'n-ly bless - ing, E'er we hence de - part.
height-en, And may grace our souls en - light - en While we strive to learn.



PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Hear ye the shout of tri-umph, Hear ye the loud ac-claim,
 2. Hear ye the shout of tri-umph, Hear ye the glad re-frain,

Saints cast their crowns before Him, An-gels ex-alt His name,
 Glo-ry to Him vic-to-rious, Worth-y the Lamb once slain:
 Who from the

from the grave is ris-en, from the grave is ris-en,
 grave is ris-en, Who is ris-en,

from the grave is ris-en, on high to reign;
 Who Who from the

from the grave is ris-en, from the grave is ris-en,
 grave is ris-en, Who is ris-en,

The Shout of Triumph.

Who from the grave is ris - en, On high to reign;

After 2nd verse.

Glo - ry to Him now ris - en, Ev - er on high to reign.

No. 177. Kind and Gracious Father.

C. DENNY.

GEO. CARELESS.

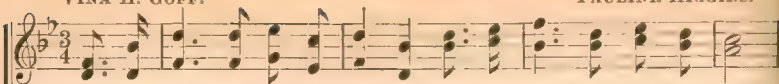
1. Oh, Thou kind and gra - cious Fa - ther, Reign - ing in the
 2. We have met this Sab - bath morn - ing; Words of life and
 3. Help us to re - sist temp - ta - tion, Help us to re -

heavens a - bove, Look on us, Thy hum - ble chil - dren, Fill us
 truth to hear; Teach us how to ev - er serve Thee, And Thy
 frain from ill, Help us all to gain sal - va - tion, Help us

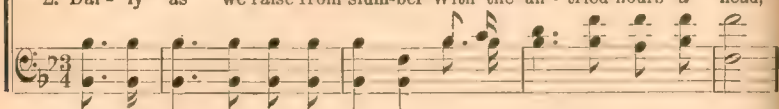
with Thy ho - ly love, Fill us with Thy ho - ly love.
 ho - ly name re - vere, And Thy ho - ly name re - vere.
 all to do Thy will, Help us all to do Thy will.

VINA H. GOFF.

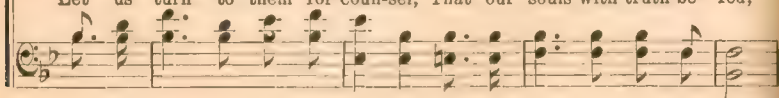
PAULINE HIGGINS.



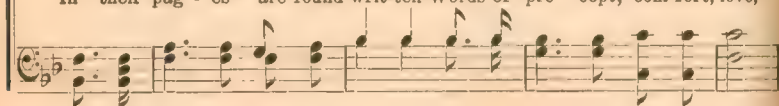
1. God has spok - en in all a - ges For the com - fort of his saints,
 2. Dai - ly as we raise from slum - ber With the un - tried hours a - head,



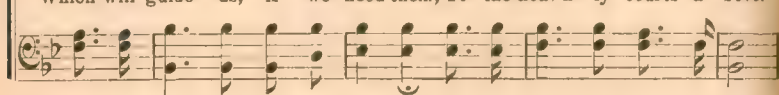
That their path - way might be lightened, Made by sin so rough and steep;
 Let us turn to them for coun - sel, That our souls with truth be fed;



And well know - ing of the dark - ness That so oft would in - ter - vene,
 In their pag - es are found writ - ten Words of pre - cept, com - fort, love,



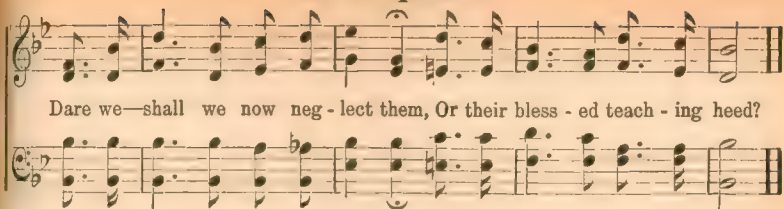
He has caused words to be writ - ten That would scat - ter clouds be - tween.
 Which will guide us, if we heed them, To the heav'n - ly courts a - bove.

CHORUS. *p*

Oh, the pre - cious, pre - cious Scrip - tures, Giv'n of God for hu - man need,



The Scriptures.



Dare we—shall we now neg - lect them, Or their bless - ed teach - ing heed?

No. 179. The Children's Friend.

C. BENJ. HOPKINS.

Mrs. W. S. NICKLE.



1. Come and let us sing the Sav-ior's love, Je - sus is the children's friend;
2. "Let the lit - tle chil - dren come to me," Je - sus is the children's friend;
3. Come and give your heart just now to Him, Je - sus is the children's friend;




Sing of how He came from heav'n a - bove, Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend.
 "For of such" His king - dom bright shall be, Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend.
 He will light your way when days grow dim, Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is the children's dear - est friend, Up - on His word we may all de - pend;




He will keep us safe till life shall end, Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend.



Used by per.

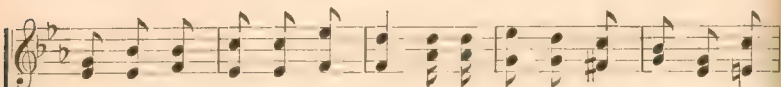
No. 180. The Babe of Bethlehem.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

T. F. SEWARD. Arr. by Mrs. O. L. JAMES.



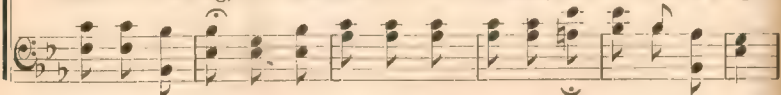
1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a moth-er's deep
2. In the light of that star, See the a - ges impearled, And that song from a -



pray'r, And a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the
far, Has swept o - ver the world, Ev-'ry hearth is a - flame, and the



beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cradles a King!
beau - ti - ful sing, In the homes of the na - tions, that Je - sus is King!



REFRAIN.



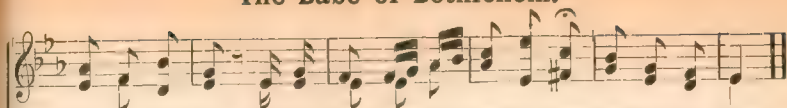
There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth, For the Vir - gin's sweet
We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song, That comes down thro' the



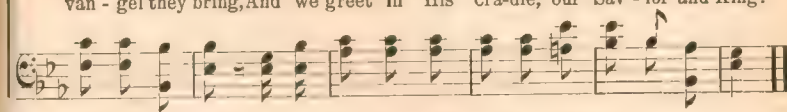
boy, Is the Lord of the earth! Ay! the star rains its fire, while the
night, From the heav - en - ly throng! Ay! we shout to the ho - ly e -



The Babe of Bethlehem.



beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dle's a King!
van - gel they bring, And we greet in His cra - dle, our Sav - ior and King!

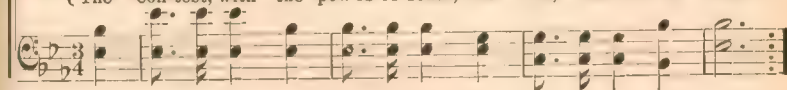


No. 181. Listen to the Trumpeters.

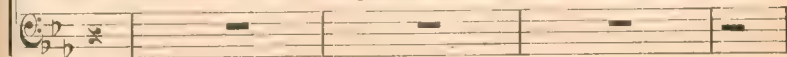
From RINK.



1. { Hark! list - en to the trum - pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers; }
 { Com - mis - sioned by the King of kings, Be - hold the of - fi - cers. }
2. { Their King is Christ, their ar - mor truth, The word of God their sword, }
 { Their shield the pow'r of might - y faith, Their Gen - eral is the Lord. }
3. { The fight must be the fight of faith, The robe, of right - eous - ness, }
 { The con - test, with the pow'rs of death, The aim, man - kind to bless. }



Their ar - mor clean, and glist'ning bright, With cour - age bold they stand,
It sets my heart all in a flame A sol - dier brave to be;
The Gen - eral will to con - quest lead, The great E - ter - nal Lamb,



En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, Sol - diers of Zi - on's land.
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.
His garments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus in His name.




4 We want no cowards in our bands,
Who will our colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die,
To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and drest in uniform,
They look like men of war.

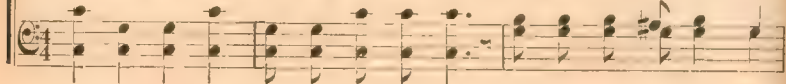
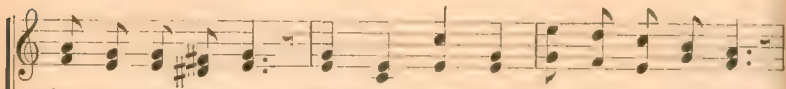
5 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky;
The trumpets sound! The armies shout!
They drive the hosts of hell!
The conflict's ended, vict'ry won,
Hail! King Immanuel!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.


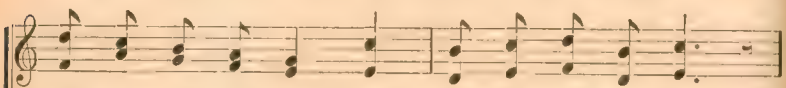
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.




1. Sow-ing, sow - ing in the ear - ly spring, While the sun is shin - ing,
 2. Sow-ing, sow - ing cast - ing seed a - broad, Up and down the fur - rows,
 3. Sow-ing, sow - ing scat - t'ring to and fro, O - ver hills and val - leys,


while the rob - ins sing; Sow - ing, sow - ing, all the hap - py day—
 o'er the yield - ing sod; Sow - ing, sow - ing, as the mo - ments fly,—
 sing - ing as we go; Sow - ing, sow - ing, —wait - ing show'r and sun,

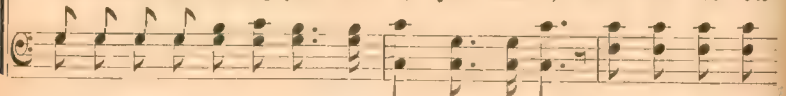
Who will do the reap - ing— bear the sheaves a - way?
 Who will do the reap - ing 'neath the har - vest sky?
 Who will do the reap - ing when the sum - mer's done?



CHORUS.



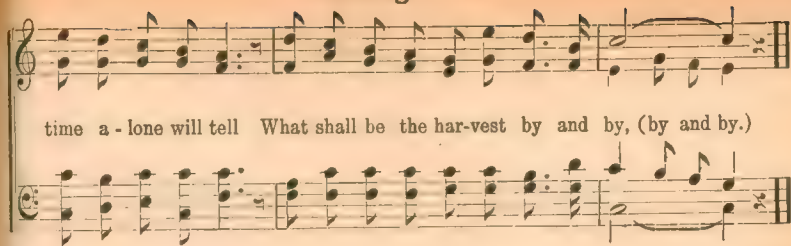
We will do the sow - ing, you and I, you and I; Who will do the




reap - ing by and by? (by and by?) Let us do it well, for



Sowing.

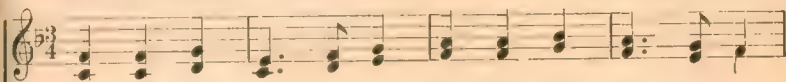


time a - lone will tell What shall be the har-vest by and by, (by and by.)

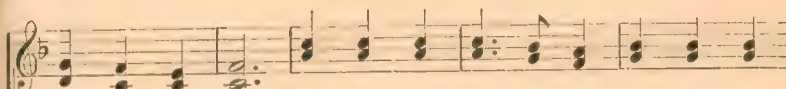
No. 183. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

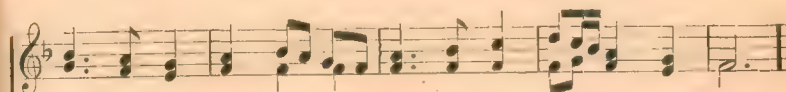
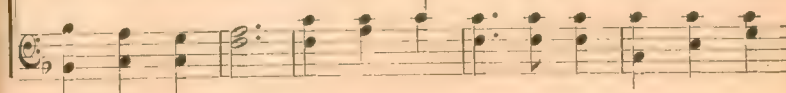
HENRY CAREY.



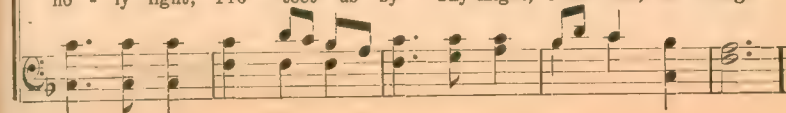
1. My coun - try! 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our Fa - ther's God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

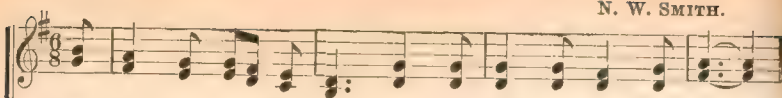


Of thee I sing; Land where my Fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With Free - dom's

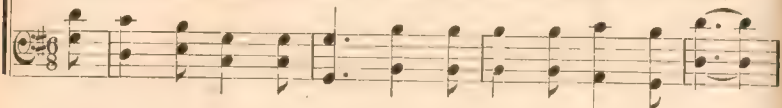


pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.





1. Oh, reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick - les And gath - er in the grain,
3. Come down from hill and mount - ain, In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the height of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



Un - til the night draws 'round you, And day be - gins to fade?
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing And soon will come a - gain;
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge, That hu - man hearts should know;



Why stand ye i - dle wait - ing For reap - ers more to come,
 Your Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
 And come with the strong sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
 Be faith - ful to your mis - sion, And serv - ice of your Lord,



The gold - en morn is com - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?
 And pause not till the eve - ning, Draws 'round its wealth of gold.
 And then a home in glo - ry, Shall be your great re - ward.



No. 185. Jubilant Voices, Gladly Ring.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

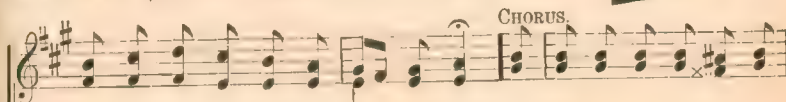
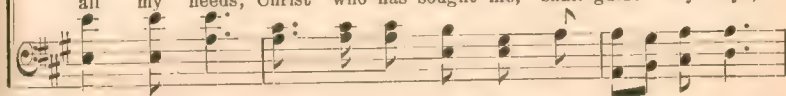
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



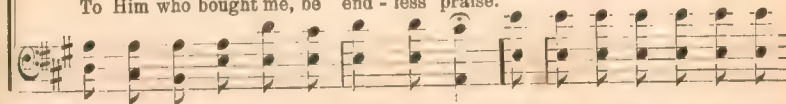
1. Ju - bi - lant voic - es glad - ly ring, Praise the Re - deem - er,
2. Won - der - ful mer - cy! Christ who died, Liv - eth for - ev - er,
3. Glad - ly I'll fol - low where He leads, Sure - ly He know - eth



Lord and King; Guid - ing us ev - er to past - ures fair,
 Friend and guide; Thro' the dark val - ley, o'er mount - ains steep,
 all my needs; Christ who has sought me, shall guide my ways;



He is our Shep-herd, and we His care.
 He, the Good Shepherd, will lead His sheep. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I
 To Him who bought me, be end - less praise.



hear His voice, He call - eth His sheep by name; No want shall I know,

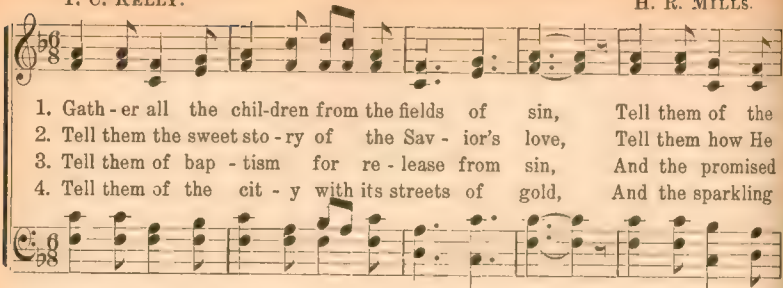


He lov - eth me so, Je - sus, for - ev - er the same.



T. C. KELLY.

H. R. MILLS.



1. Gath - er all the chil - dren from the fields of sin, Tell them of the
 2. Tell them the sweet sto - ry of the Sav - ior's love, Tell them how He
 3. Tell them of bap - tism for re - lease from sin, And the promised
 4. Tell them of the cit - y with its streets of gold, And the sparkling

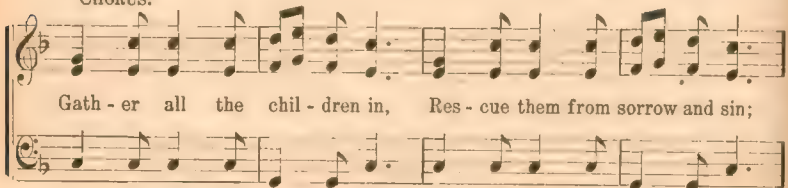


dan - gers and snares there - in; Tell them how a shin - ing crown of
 left the fair realms a - bove, Tell them how with wick - ed men He
 spir - it to dwell with - in, Thro' the lay - ing on of hands of
 riv - er they may be - hold, If they stay with - in the ten - der

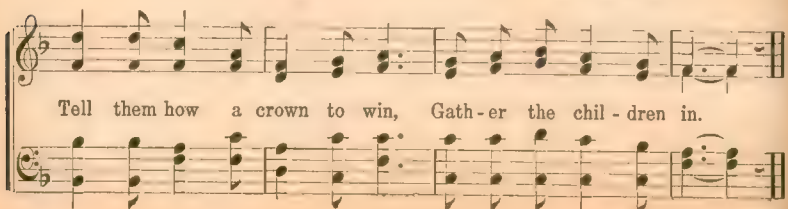


life to win, Gath - er all the children, gather the chil - dren in.
 dai - ly strove, Gath - er all the children, gather the chil - dren in.
 ho - ly men; Gath - er all the children, gather the chil - dren in.
 Shep - herd's fold; Gath - er all the children, gather the chil - dren in.

CHORUS.



Gath - er all the chil - dren in, Res - cue them from sorrow and sin;



Tell them how a crown to win, Gath - er the chil - dren in.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

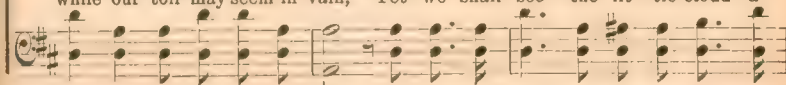
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Work, watch and pray, the pass-ing hour im - prov - ing, Life's ebb - ing
2. Work, watch and pray, and let our zeal be fer - vent, We may not
3. Work, watch and pray, and nev - er be dis - cour-aged, Tho' for a-



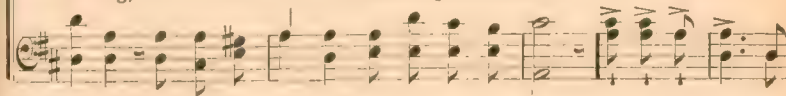
sand perchance will soon be run; Work, watch and pray, and may each gold - en
know the bliss for us in store; Then la - bor on, while yet the sun - shine
while our toil may seem in vain, Yet we shall see the lit - tle cloud a-



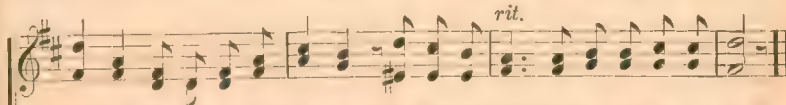
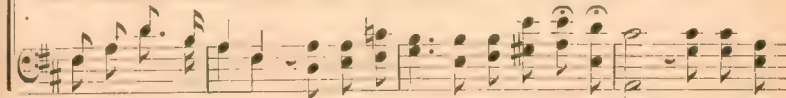
CHORUS.



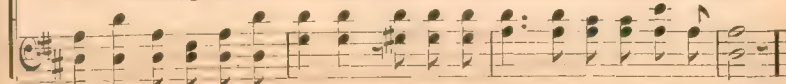
mo-ment Tell of some good our will-ing hands have done.
lin-gers, Night comes a - pace when we can work no more. Work, watch and pray, the
ris - ing, God in His love will send the prom-ised rain.



Lord Himself commandeth; Look unto Him from whom all blessings flow, And if we

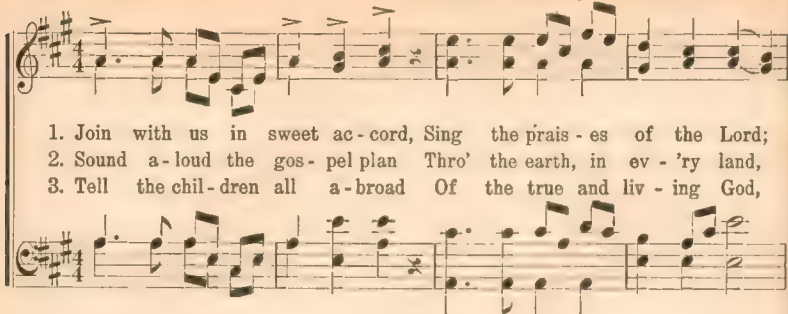


fail in wisdom, grace or knowledge, Still look to Him who doth our weakness know.



No. 188. Join the Children of the Lord.

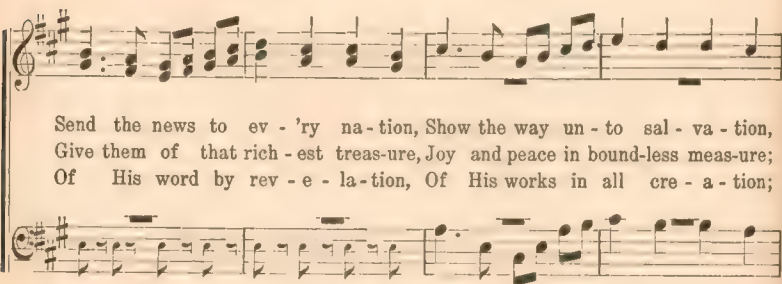
Words and Music by F. CHRISTENSEN



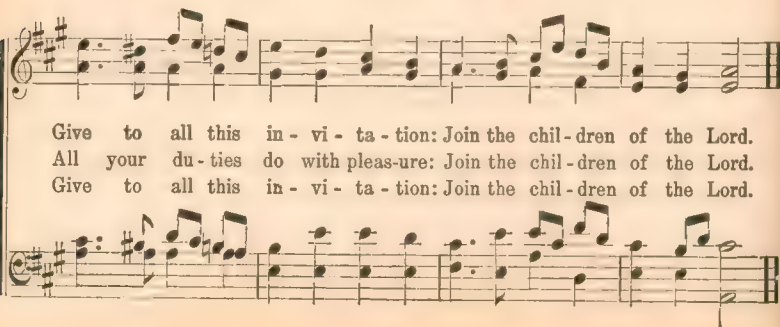
1. Join with us in sweet ac-cord, Sing the prais-es of the Lord;
2. Sound a-loud the gos-pel plan Thro' the earth, in ev-'ry land,
3. Tell the chil-dren all a-broad Of the true and liv-ing God,



Praise un-to His ho-ly name, Ev-'ry heart His love pro-claim;
Gath-er home in-to the fold Hon-est hearts, both young and old;
Of His mer-cies, of His love, Of His com-ing from a-bove,



Send the news to ev-'ry na-tion, Show the way un-to sal-va-tion,
Give them of that rich-est treas-ure, Joy and peace in bound-less meas-ure;
Of His word by rev-e-la-tion, Of His works in all cre-a-tion;



Give to all this in-vi-ta-tion: Join the chil-dren of the Lord.
All your du-ties do with pleas-ure: Join the chil-dren of the Lord.
Give to all this in-vi-ta-tion: Join the chil-dren of the Lord.

R. ALLDRIDGE.

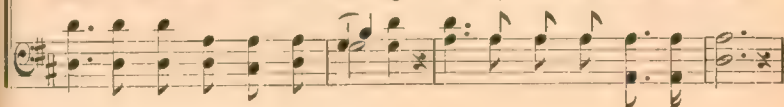
J. J. DAYNES.



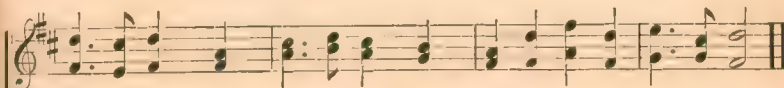
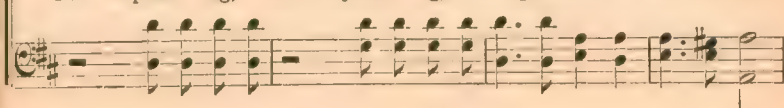
1. Lord, ac-cept our true de-vo-tion, Let Thy Spir-it whis-per peace;
 2. Aid us all to do Thy bid-ding, And our dai-ly wants sup-ply;
 3. May we with the fu-ture dawn-ing, Day by day from sin be free,



Swell our hearts with fond e-mo-tion, And our joy in Thee in-crease;
 Give Thy ho-ly Spir-it's guid-ing, Till we reach the goal on high;
 That on res-ur-rec-tion morn-ing We may rise at peace with Thee;



Nev-er leave us, nev-er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race;
 Ev-er guard us, ev-er guard us, Till we gain the vic-to-ry;
 Ev-er prais-ing, ev-er prais-ing, Through-out all e-ter-ni-ty;




Nev-er leave us, nev-er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race.
 Ev-er guard us, ev-er guard us, Till we gain the vic-to-ry.
 Ev-er prais-ing, ev-er prais-ing, Through-out all e-ter-ni-ty.



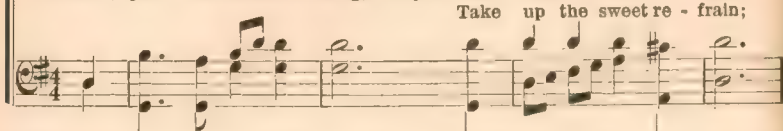
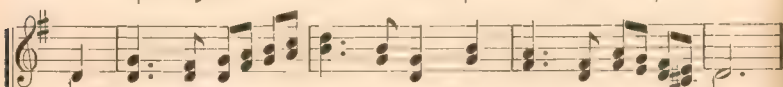
No. 190. Come, Join the Cheerful Song.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

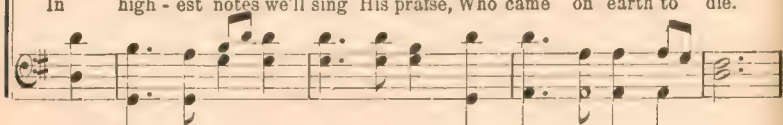
J. H. FILLMORE.




1. Come, join the cheer-ful song, Take up the sweet re - frain;
 2. Come, join the cheer-ful song, There is no name so sweet
 3. Come, join the cheer-ful song, In yon - der vault - ed sky;
 Take up the sweet re - frain;

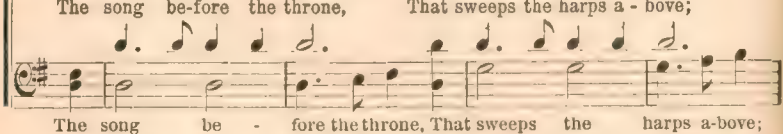
Come, sound the notes of praise a - loud, And mag - ni - fy His name.
 As that which tunes our loft - y strain, And make our bliss com - plete.
 In high - est notes we'll sing His praise, Who came on earth to die.



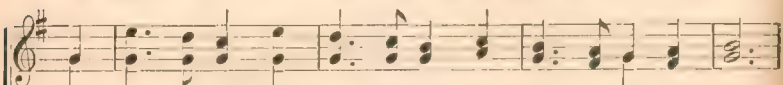
CHORUS.



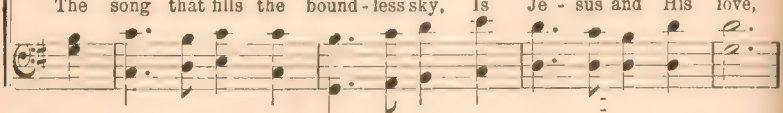
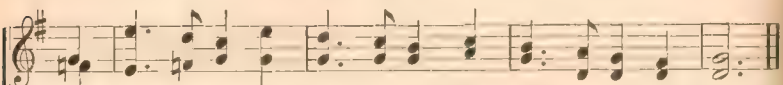
The song be - fore the throne, That sweeps the harps a - bove;



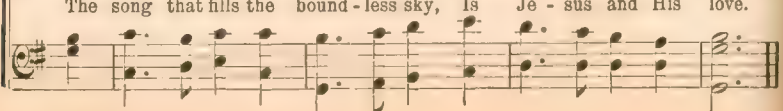
The song be - fore the throne, That sweeps the harps a - bove;



The song that fills the bound - less sky, Is Je - sus and His love,

The song that fills the bound - less sky, Is Je - sus and His love.

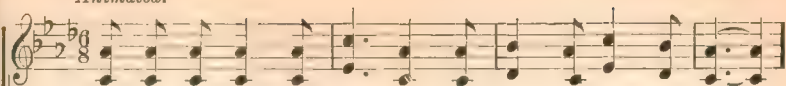


No. 191.

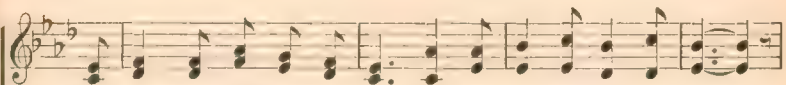
A Song of Joy.

M. T. SHORT.
Animated.

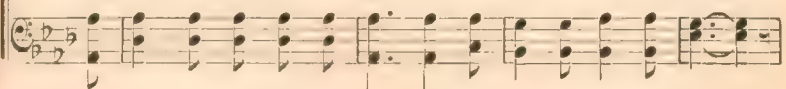
H. R. MILLS.



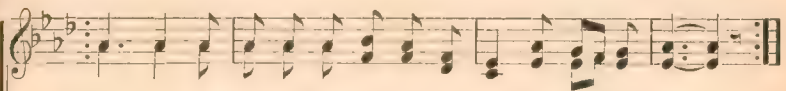
1. Joy - ous - ly sang the an - gels, A - mid the stars of night,
 2. Joy - ous - ly came the wise men, Led by the heav'n - ly star,
 3. Joy - ous - ly now each Christ-mas, Our gifts to Him we bring;



Of Beth - le'm's Babe in the man - ger On that first Christmas night;
 To of - fer to Him their treas - ures, Brought from strange lands a - far
 With cheer - ful hearts and glad voic - es, Our songs of Christ-mas sing;



As the won - d'ring shep - herds list - ened, They heard the glad re - frain,
 And the won - drous star - light trem - bled A - bove fair Beth - le - hem,
 And the won - drous old, old sto - ry, Seems ev - er new a - gain,

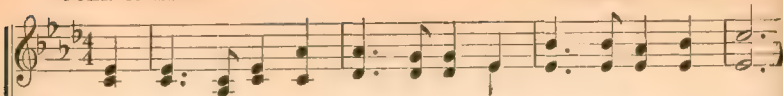


"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will to men."
 "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will to men."
 "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good will to men."

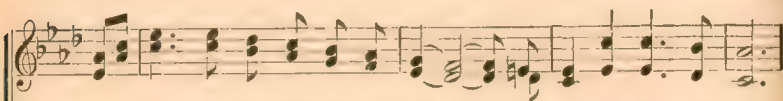
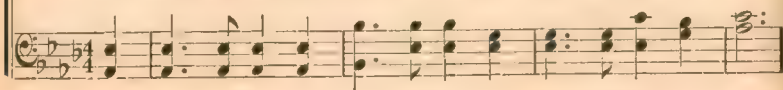


JOHN CHISNALL.

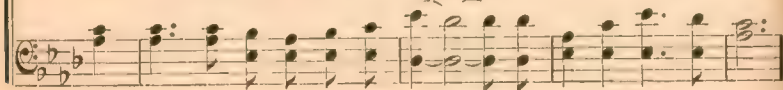
PAULINE B. HIGGINS.



1. My God, how shall I come to Thee, That I may of - fer praise,
2. Thou didst send me Thy ra - dant light That my poor feet might tread,
3. Thy line on line, and pre - cepts rare, In prom - ise made of old,
4. My soul would fain new trib - ute bring As in - cense to Thy throne,



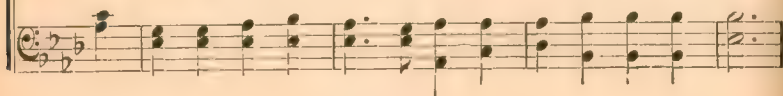
For all the good bestowed on me While yet in dark - ened ways?
 In - to the path of life and right As my loved Sav - ior led.
 Lead me with gen - tle hand and care, And doth new hopes un - fold.
 If I might on - ly to Thee sing, Thou great—Thou all-wise One.



CHORUS.



My ebb - ing life is in Thy hand, I feel 'tis bet - ter there;



If on - ly now Thine an - gel band Thou chargest with my care.



No. 193.

The Coming King.

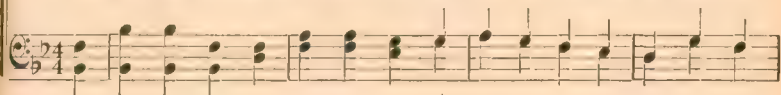
Verses by B. A. K.

Music and Chorus by Mrs. EMMA J. H. KLING.

Allegretto



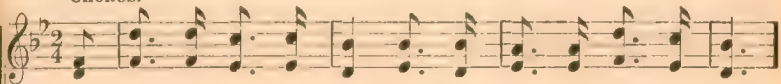
1. The com - ing King is at the door, Who once the cross for sin - ners bore;
2. The signs that show His com - ing near, Are fast ap - pear - ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be - low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glo - rious earth made new, We'll dwell the countless a - ges thro';



But now the right - eous ones a - bove, He comes to gath - er home.
 And soon we'll hail the glo - rious dawn Of heav'n's e - ter - nal morn.
 Un - til the Sav - ior comes a - gain To ban - ish sin and death.
 This mor - tal shall im - mor - tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Oh, come, let all get read - y To dwell on earth with Him;



Come, put on God's whole ar - mor, This means: just do His will.



No. 194.

All The Way.

E. E. HEWITT.
SOLO OR DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an un - known pathway hides;
 2. At the blood-stained cross He met me, Bade me look to Him and live;
 3. In the time of pain and sadness, His sweet prom - ise I will test;

There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An al-might - y hand that guides;
 Tho' temp - ta - tions shall be - set me, Ov - er - com - ing pow'r He'll give;
 Wel - come, sun - ny hours of glad - ness, By His smile made doub - ly glad;

So I need not fear the mor - row, Peace is in my heart to - day,
 There's a joy that shines a - bout me, With a pure and heav'n - ly ray,
 Ev - 'ry step that leads to glo - ry, Shall His won - drous love dis - play,

For my bless - ed Sav - ior tells me, He'll be with me all the way.

CHORUS.

All the way, all the way, He'll be with me all the way;
 All the way, all the way, He'll be with

All The Way.

O my bless - ed Savior tells me, He'll be with me all the way.
 O my blessed He'll be with

No. 195. Living Water!

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

FRED. M. FILLMORE.

1. "Liv - ing wa - ter!" O how sweet, Liv - ing wa - ter mine;
 2. "Liv - ing wa - ter!" in these words There is life to me;
 3. "Liv - ing wa - ter!" O how sweet, From the lips of love;

O how pre - cious are the words, From the lips di - vine.
 As a dy - ing one I come, Look - ing un - to Thee.
 Gen - tly on my list'ning ear, Fall - ing from a - bove.

CHORUS.

"Liv - ing water!" thirsty soul, thirsty soul, You may ask, you may ask of me;

"Liv - ing water!" I will give, I will give, Free - ly un - to Thee.

No. 196.

Welcome Song.

S. W. L. SCOTT.

Arr. by S. W. L. SCOTT.



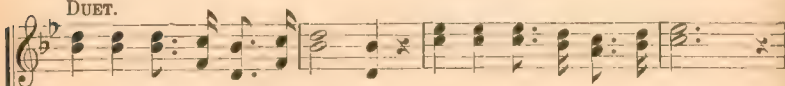
1. Wel-come, welcome friends of Zi - on, We a-wait your joy-ful lay;
2. Hark! what melting strains of mu - sic, Greet the lone-ly shepherd's ear;
3. Death, with all your dark'ning le - gions, Look up-on your conqu'ring King,



Touch the lyre in mournful glad - ness, Help us cel - e-brate the day;
 'Tis the mid-night song of glad - ness, Hear it ech - o far and near;
 Cra - dled low with-in a man - ger, He will life and blessing bring;



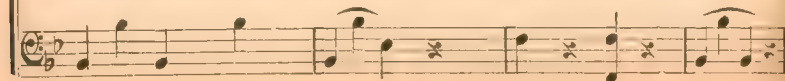
DUET.



Heav - en bends with gold-en glo - ry, Come and join the grand a - men;
 Now its mel - o - dy be-to - kens, Theme of joy so sel - dom told;
 Oh! how joy - ful is the e - ra, Pris - 'ners loosed from bondage free;

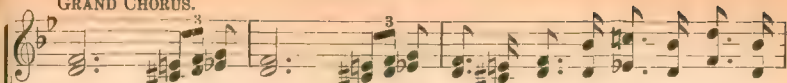


Do you ask "What is the sto - ry?" 'Tis the Babe of Beth - le - hem,
 Will you tell us choir of an - gels, How you strike your lutes of gold?
 Je - sus reigns the King e - ter - nal, Cap - tive leads cap - tiv - i - ty,



Welcome Song.

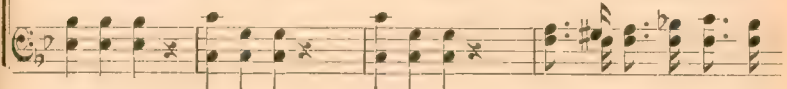
GRAND CHORUS.



Yes, un - to you, un - to you is born this day in Da - vid's
Un - to you, un - to you, you is born, is born this day in



Cit - y; Yes, un - to you, un - to you a Sav - ior which is
Beth-le-hem; Un - to you, un - to you, you a Sav - ior which is



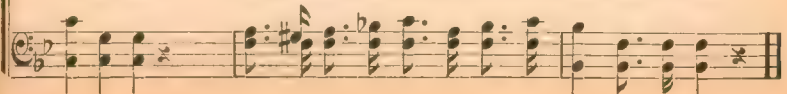
Christ the Lord; Glo - ry to God, in the
Christ the Lord; He is the Lord; Glo - ry be to our God,



highest, peace, good will to - ward all na - tions; Glo - ry to
highest, peace, good will to - ward, to - ward all men; Glo - ry be

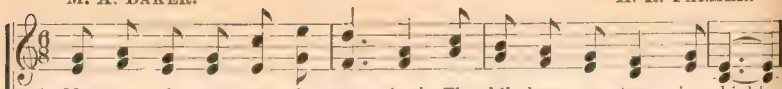


God in the high - est, peace on earth good will to men.
to our God, high - est, peace on earth good will to men, yes, to men.

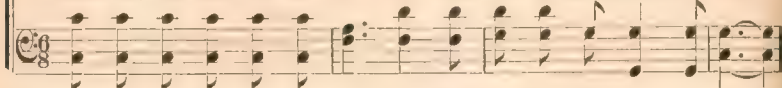



M. A. BAKER.

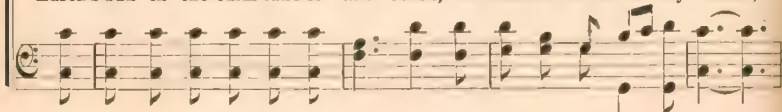
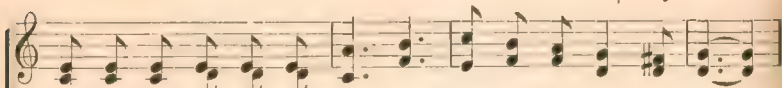
H. R. PALMER.



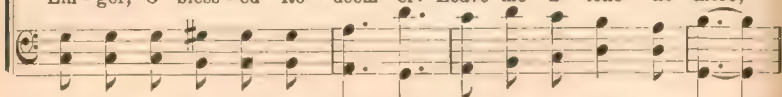

1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;


The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's with - in my breast;


"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep;
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;


When each mo-moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, has - ten, and take con - trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



CHORUS.



The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, "Peace be still!"
 "Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"



"Peace Be Still."



Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what



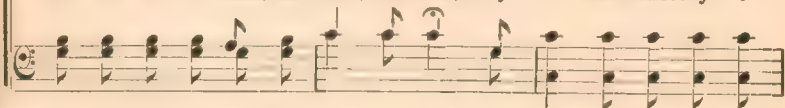
cres.



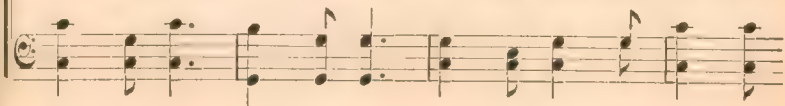
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



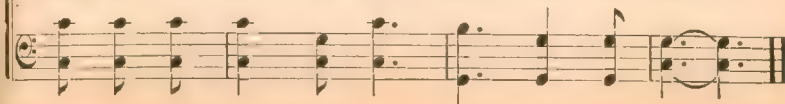
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -



bey Thy will, "Peace, be still!" "Peace be still!" They all shall



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, "Peace, peace, be still!"



VIDA E. SMITH.

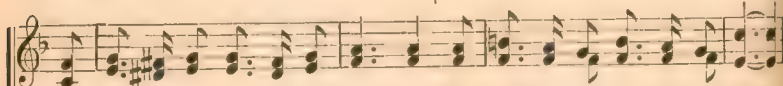
N. W. SMITH.

Rather slow.

1. Songs, beautiful songs let us of - fer, Songs, gladsome and sacred and sweet;
2. The light on the brow of Mount Ol - ive, The same on Cu-mo-rah shall be;
3. The sun-shine is fall - ing a - round us, The same as on Ca-na of old;



The prom - ise of Je - sus our Sav - ior, In mel - o - dy re - peat;
 The praise which Ni - ag - a - ra thun - ders, Comes soft from Gal - i - lee;
 Up, hearts, from your doubting and sigh - ing, Drink deep its wine of gold;



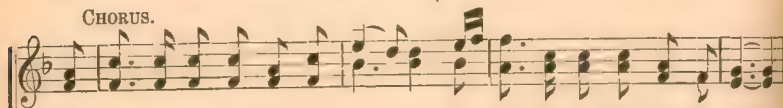
Let hill - side and mountain re - ech - o The notes from the val - ley and plain,
 The land that with wings it o'er-shad - ows Shall throb to the beat of that strain;
 O Fa - ther, the throngs in Thy tem - ples Re - joice with thy birds of the glen;



That prom - ise thro' a - ges grown dear - er, "Lo! I shall come a - gain."
 In rhy - mic - al swell of great o - cean, "Lo! I shall come a - gain."
 And swell the glad cho - rus of wel - come, "Lo! Christ shall come a - gain."



CHORUS.



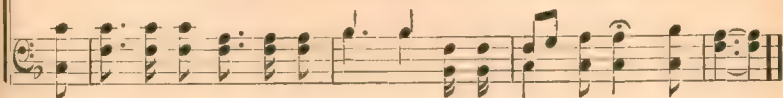
We hear not the sound of His foot-step, When fall-eth in dark-ness the rain,



"I Shall Come Again."



We watch when the cloud bursts with sunlight, We would see Him come a - gain.



No. 199.

Our Home.

RICHARD BULLORD.

PAULINE B. HIGGINS

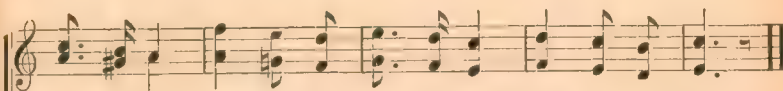


1. Oh! Zi - on, 'tis of thee, Fair home of saints so free;
2. Oh! Zi - on shall I be Sing - ing in ec - sta - sy,
3. All Hail! Thou "Prince of Peace," Thy king - dom shall in - crease,



We love to sing;
Re - demp-tion's song,
Thro' earth's do - main,

Home of the "pure in heart," Where loved ones
With those from sin made free, Who in heav'n's
How hap - py we shall be, When Zi - on's



nev - er part, Nor en - ter sor - row's dart, Praise to our King.
laws did see A per - fect u - ni - ty, Vic - to - rious throng.
King we see, To rule from sea to sea, Most glo - rious reign.



No. 200.

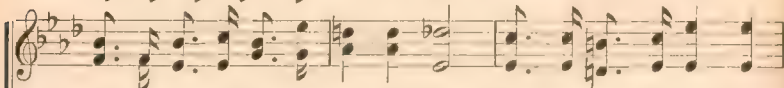
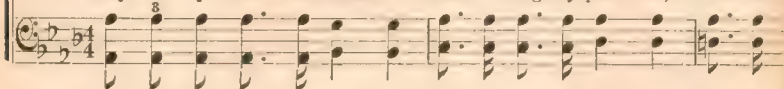
Loyalty Unto Christ.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" the trum-pet now is sound-ing, And the
2. Loy - al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se - cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ!" O what a might-y pow - er, Were the

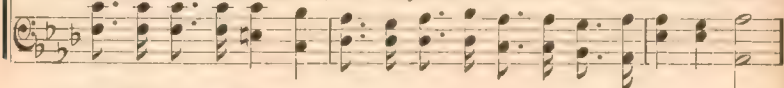
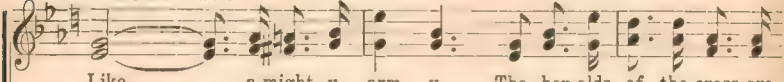


ech - oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na - tions are a - wak - ing,
 scat-tered na-tions un - to Him re - store; Then the world shall own Him,
 hosts of God u - nit - ed in His name! Then would an - gels greet us,

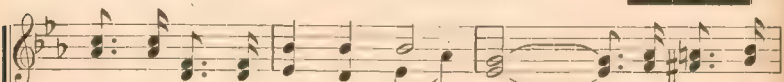


FINE.

I - dol thrones are shaking, For the great mil-len - ni - um is com - ing in.
 And with joy en-throne Him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev - er-more.
 Christ Him-self would meet us, And bap-tize us with the Pen - te-cost - al flame.

UNISON SOLO. *ad lib.*

Like a might-y arm - y, The her-alds of the cross are
 See the darkness rift - ing! The gos-pel light of truth is
 Then would come the tri - umph, And Christ be known and loved, His



march - ing o - ver land and sea, Bear - - ing thro' the
 spread-ing to the per - fect day! Clouds are back - ward
 praise be sung from shore to shore; Earth would then, in



Loyalty Unto Christ.



dark - ness, The light that lead - eth to sal - va - tion, full and free.
drift - ing! Re - new en - deav - or! for the King pre - pare the way!
glo - ry, Be - come the king - dom of the Lord for - ev - er - more.



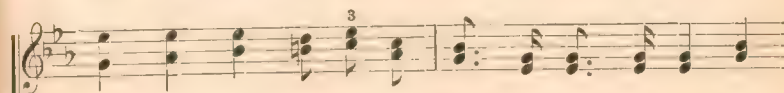
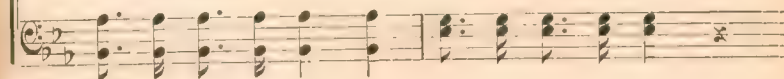
CHORUS.



Long and loud, "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" we sing; Till



ev - 'ry hu - man tongue, Shall hear His prais - es sung!



Let the hills, val - leys and des - ert plac - es ring, With



"Loy - al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King." our King.



No. 201. Are You Witnessing for Him?

ALICE M. BATCHELDER.

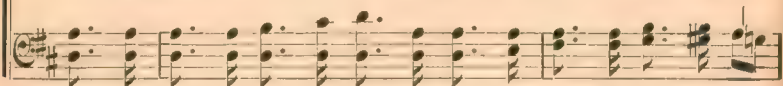
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Tell me, broth-er, worn and wea - ry, Toil - ing o'er life's path-way dim;
2. Are you watch-ing by the way - side For the faint - ing ones who fall?
3. Have you made a con - se - cra - tion, Of your earth - ly time and store?



Are you shed - ding light for Je - sus, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him?
Do you take them to the Sav - ior, Who has prom - ised rest to all?
Have you placed them on the al - tar? Then the Mas - ter asks no more;



Are you seek - ing for the sin - ners, Those whom Je - sus died to win?
Do you love to tell of Je - sus More than all the world be-side?
Thus, O Chris-tian, may we jour - ney, Show - ing forth the Sav - ior's praise,



Are you point - ing to the fount - ain That can wash a-way their sin?
Does it bring a heav'n - ly bless - ing With God's peo - ple to a - bide?
With our lamps all bright and burn - ing, That the world may catch their rays.



Are You Witnessing for Him?

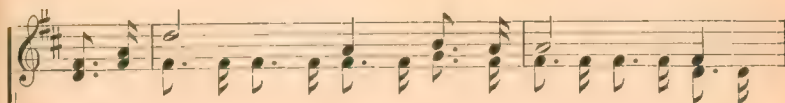
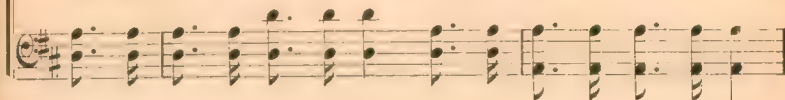
CHORUS.



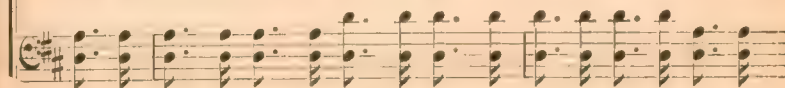
Tell me, broth - - - er, worn and wea - - - ry,
Tell me, broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Tell me, Broth - er, worn and wea-ry,



Toil - ing o'er life's path - way dim;
Toil - ing o'er life's path - way dim, Toil - ing o'er life's path - way dim;



Are you shed - - - ing light for Je - - - sus?
Are you shed-ding light for Je - sus? Are you shedding light for Je - sus?



Are you wit - ness - ing for Him?
Are you wit - ness-ing for Him? Are you wit - ness - ing for Him?



W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. The sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempt-er was
2. He stopped and list-ened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He re-mem-bered the

watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
time he once loved the Lord, "Come on!" says the tempt-er, "come

right a-gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
on with the throng," But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song;

pp QUARTET.

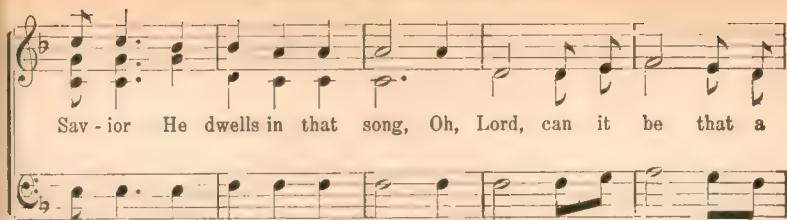
1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;

SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempt-er de - part, I have served Thee too long, I fly to the

The Sinner and the Song.

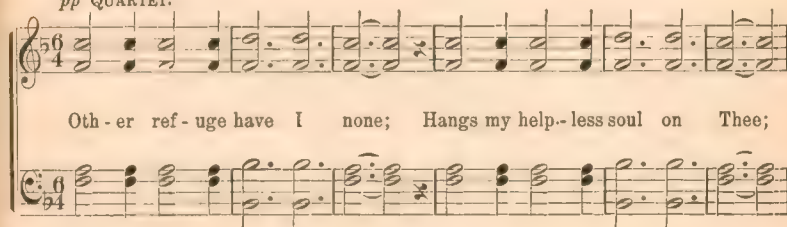


Sav - ior He dwells in that song, Oh, Lord, can it be that a



min - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp QUARTET.



Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;

SOLO.



ORGAN.
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.



O, re - ceive my soul at last. . . .

E. E. HEWITT.

MOTION SONG.

H. R. PALMER.



1. One day, the lit - tle drops of rain, Dash'd ¹down against my window pane;
2. She told me of the ⁷tossing sea! How ver - y strange it seems to me!
3. The lit - tle rain-drops ¹³feed the rills That run in ¹³mu-sic down the hills,
4. Our heav'n-ly ¹⁷Father, wise and great, All things up - on Thy bid-ding wait;



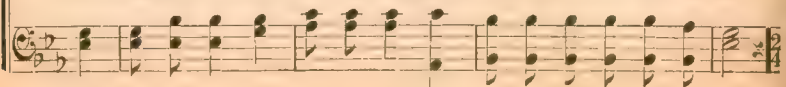
I tho't ²how ve - ry nice 'twould be If I could know their his - to - ry;
 The sun can, ⁸by a might - y law, The o - cean ⁹va-pors up-ward draw,
 And these, in turn, will find the sea, There for a-while ¹⁴their home will be,
 Thy hand leads ¹⁸out the cir-cling sun, And by Thy will, ¹⁹the streamlets run,



And so, my ³sis - ter's hand I took, And begged her not to read her book,
 Un - til they ⁹make the clouds on high, Like sails ¹⁰up - on the deep blue sky;
 Un - til they rise ¹⁵in mist again, To form an - oth - er show'r of rain,
 At Thy command, ²⁰the wa - ters rise, To o - ver-spread the ²¹sun-ny skies,



But tell me, ⁴on this rain - y day, How came those drops from far a - way.
 But when these ¹¹dark and heav-y grow, They fall in ¹²drops to earth be-low.
 Ah, lit - tle drops! ¹⁶I know you well, Your his - to - ry I now can tell.
 And when Thou ²²see-est best, they fall: Dear Lord, Thy love ²²is o - ver all.



Story of the Raindrops.

CHORUS.



Pit - ter, pat - ter, ³pit - ter, pat - ter, Hear the rain-drops fall,
Pit, pat, pit, pat, fall, pat, pit, pat,



Pit - ter, pat - ter, ⁵pit - ter, pat - ter, God has sent them all;
Pit, pat, pit, pat,



Lis - ten, pret - ty lit - tle flow - 'rets To their gen - tle call,
call, pat, pit, pat,



Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Hear the rain - drops fall.



MOTIONS.—1. Dashing motion, both hands. 2. Cheek resting on hand, in meditation. 3. Take next child's hand. 4. Arms raised and lowered with fluttering fingers; rain motion. 5. Snapping fingers. 6. Point to flowers or ground. 7. Wave motion, both hands. 8. Point up. 9. Hands placed low; slowly raised. 10. Hands moved over head. 11. Form arch. 12. Rain motion. 13. Right arm swung with rippling motion of fingers. 14. Wave motion. 15. Hands placed low, slowly raised. 16. Shake forefinger. 17. Look up. 18. Describe circle. 19. Rippling motion. 20. As before. 21. Arch. 22. Hands clasped, look up.

No. 204.

Christmas Bells.

W. T. G.

This page arr. from ROSSINI. W. T. GIFFE.

CHORUS. *Steady and not too fast.*

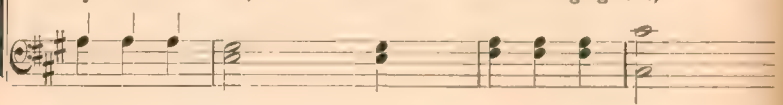
*Hark, hear the sweet chiming and rhyming of mu - sic - al bells, Ringing and
Hark, hear the sweet, sweet mu - sic - al bells,



jingling in Glee-ful ac - cord, Sounding the tidings of glad Christ-mas day;
in Glee-ful ac - cord, Sound the glad Christ-mas day;



Joy - ful the news, Clanging and banging their Loud ringing tells, Ev-er pro-
Joy - ful the news, their Loud ringing tells,



claiming the Birth of the Lord, Who in a manger was Born Christmas day.
'Tis the Birth of the Lord, Who was Born Christmas day.



*NOTE.—The alto should sing the second line of words same as the base and tenor.
After D. C., go to the Refrain, omitting the rest.

Christmas Bells.

Sing these three stanzas before observing the D. C., and close with the Refrain at the bottom of this page, unless it is preferred to close at the end of the first page.

TRIO, for female voices.



1. Ring, glad bells! Oh, ring your joy - ful lay! Ring, sweet bells! Ring
2. Ring, glad bells! Oh, ring your sweetest chime! Ring, sweet bells Oh,
3. Ring, glad bells! Oh, ring the sto - ry old! Christ, the Lord, Is



in the hap - py day! Ring, ring the sto - ry, How that
ring in tones di - vine; Ring, ring the glad news, Tell the
Shep-herd of the fold! Ring, ring the glo - ry To the



D. C.



Christ was born! Born to be a King on a Christ-mas morn.
world a - round Of the Prince of Peace in a man - ger found.
Lord on high! Christ, the Lord, is King o - ver earth and sky.

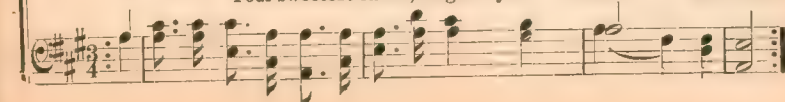


REFRAIN, for closing.

Repeat pp.



Ring on, sweet bells, ring on
Ring on sweet bells, Ring on your sweetest chime, ring on your sweetest chime.
Your sweetest chime, Ring on your sweet - est chime.



E. E. HEWITT.

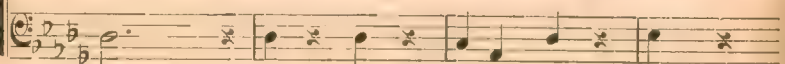
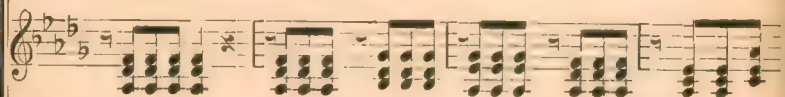
E. S. LORENZ.



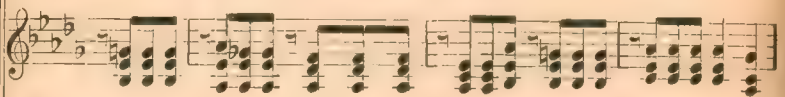
1. Sleep, lit - tle lambs, be - neath the light Of sil - ver stars, so clear and
2. For He who came to earth one night, Shall be the true, the liv - ing
3. Sleep, lit - tle lambs, in peace - ful rest, The Shep-herd gathers to His



bright; The glo - ry fades on Bethlehem's hill, Sweet an-gel voic-es
light; And He, the Shepherd of the sheep, The wand'ring ones shall
breast The lambs of His re - deem - ing love, And bears them to His



now are still; Sweet an - gel voic - es now are still.
save and keep The wand'ring ones shall save and keep.
fold a - bove; And bears them to His fold a - bove.



Sleep, Little Lambs.

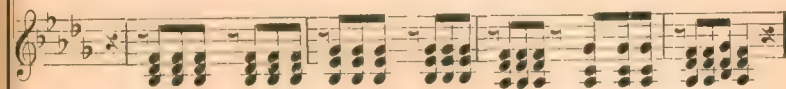
REFRAIN.



Sleep, lit-tle lambs, sleep! Sleep, lit-tle lambs, sleep!



The heav'nly Shepherd watch doth keep, Sleep, lit - tle lambs, sleep!



CHORUS.



Sleep, lit-tle lambs, sleep! Sleep, lit-tle lambs, sleep!
Sleep, little lambs, sleep! little lambs, sleep! Sleep, little lambs, sleep! little lambs, sleep!



The heav'nly Shepherd watch doth keep, Sleep, little lambs, sleep!
Sleep, little lambs, sleep! little lambs, sleep!

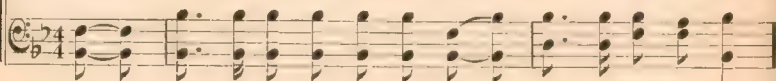


JAMES L. EDWARDS.

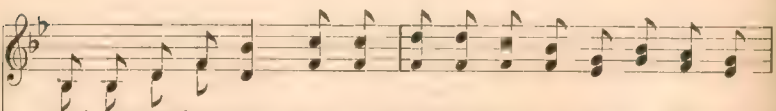
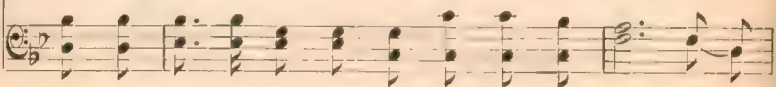
H. R. MILLS.



1. I have found the glo - rious gos - pel that was taught in for - mer years,
2. I wan - dered long in darkness, yet sought the nar - row way,
3. My once blind eyes are o - pen, my sins are wash'd a - way,
4. Now for ce - les - tial glo - ry, in the pres - ence of the Lord,



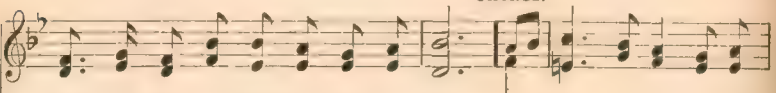
With its gifts and bless - ings all so full and free; And my
 And my life was like the surg - ing of the sea; But
 And the King - dom I can ve - ry plain - ly see; No
 I will work and watch and hum - bly bow the knee; No



soul is thrill'd with glad - ness, and ban - ished are my fears, Since the
 now I am re - joic - ing in this the lat - ter day, Since the
 more do fears and doubt - ings my trust - ing soul dis - may, Since the
 long - er faith, but knowl - edge, in true and sweet ac - cord, With the



CHORUS.



pre - cious An - gel Mes - sage came to me.
 pre - cious An - gel Mes - sage came to me. Then praise the Lord, oh, my
 pre - cious An - gel Mes - sage came to me.
 pre - cious An - gel Mes - sage bro't to me.



The Angel Message.

soul! A - bun-dant mer-cy, oh, how free! In joy - ful song Thy

Spir - it doth ac - cord, Since the pre - cious An - gel Mes - sage came to me.

No. 207.

The Old, Old Path.

VIDA E. SMITH.

M. A. ANDERSON.

1. There's an old, old path Where the sun shines thro' Life's
 2. Find the old, old path, 'Twill be ev - er new, For the
 3. In this old, old path Are my friends most dear, And I
 4. 'Tis an old, old path, Shad - owed vales be - tween, Yet I

REFRAIN.

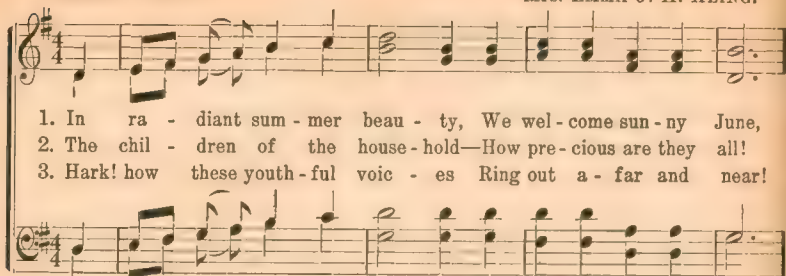
dark storm clouds From its home of blue.
 Say - ior walks All the way with you. In this old, old path Made
 walk with them, With the an - gels near.
 fear - less walk With the Naz - a - rene.

strange - ly sweet By the touch di - vine, Of His bless - ed feet.

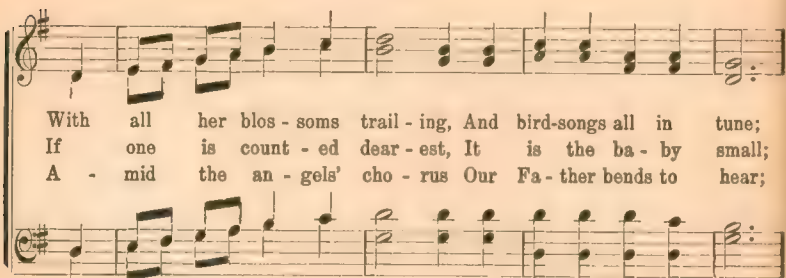
No. 208. Dear Shepherd, Lead Them Gently.

Selected. *Vivace.*

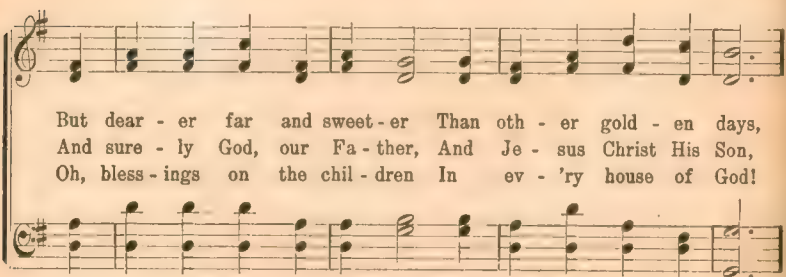
Mrs. EMMA J. H. KLING.



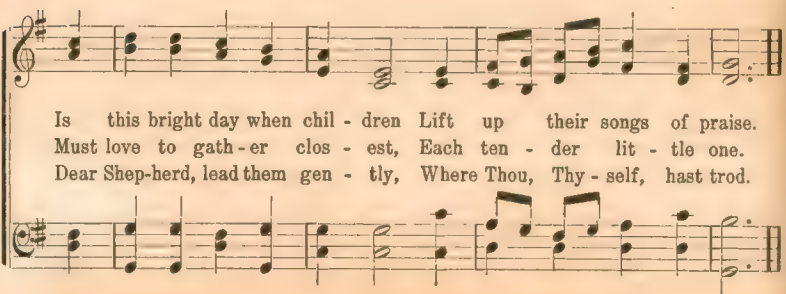
1. In ra - diant sum - mer beau - ty, We wel - come sun - ny June,
2. The chil - dren of the house - hold—How pre - cious are they all!
3. Hark! how these youth - ful voic - es Ring out a - far and near!



With all her blos - soms trail - ing, And bird-songs all in tune;
If one is count - ed dear - est, It is the ba - by small;
A - mid the an - gels' cho - rus Our Fa - ther bends to hear;



But dear - er far and sweet - er Than oth - er gold - en days,
And sure - ly God, our Fa - ther, And Je - sus Christ His Son,
Oh, bless - ings on the chil - dren In ev - 'ry house of God!



Is this bright day when chil - dren Lift up their songs of praise.
Must love to gath - er clos - est, Each ten - der lit - tle one.
Dear Shep - herd, lead them gen - tly, Where Thou, Thy - self, hast trod.

ELLA LAUDER.

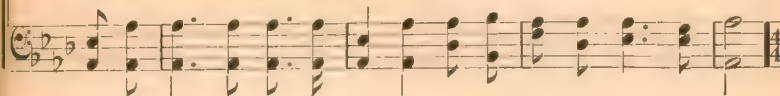
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Lov-ing word that's night-ly whis-pered, O'er each ti - ny trun-dle-bed,
2. When the toils of day are o - ver, Friend to friend bids soft good-night,
3. Gen - tly whis - pered by the dy - ing, At the fad - ing of the day;
4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er,



While a moth - er's ben - e - dic - tion, Falls up - on the sleep - er's head.
 Pray - ing that the com - ing mor - row, Be with heav - en's bless - ing bright.
 En - t'ring in up - on the shin - ing Of the heav'n - ly light for aye.
 When we reach the shin - ing por - tal, And earth's twilights are no more.



CHORUS.



Lov-ing good-night, ten-der good-night, Sweet word of part-ing, good - night;
 good-night;



Part-ing is on - ly, on - ly for night, Meet-ing will come with the light.
 good-night.



DUET.

QUARTET.

1. No work to do? look up and see The fields al - read - y white;
 2. No work to do? go forth and show To men on ev - 'ry side
 3. No work to do? redeem the time, And make the fu - ture prove

No longer sit with folded hands, And waste God's pre - cious light.
 Who dally on the brink of death, Thy Savior cru - ci - fied.
 The ardor of thy Christian zeal, The fervor of thy love.

CHORUS.

Be-hold! the harvest draweth near; Arouse thee from thy sleep;
 near, draweth near, A - rouse thee, a-rouse thee from thy sleep;

For, what thou sowest, will appear When thou shalt come to reap;
 what thou sow-est, when thou shalt come to reap;

For, what thou sow-est will ap - pear When thou shalt come to reap.
 what thou sow - est will ap - pear



1. As swift - ly my days go out on the wing, As on - ward my bark drifts
2. Dark sor - row may come with ma - ny a tear; Stern tri - als in life my
3. Till an - gels of light my summons shall bring, Till up - ward with joy my



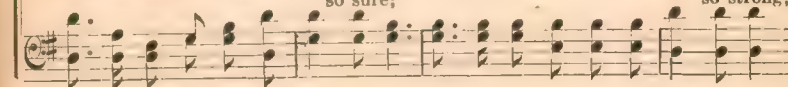
o - ver the sea,
por - tion may be; O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing; The
spir - it shall flee



rock of my ref-uge is Thee, The rock of my ref-uge is Thee.



Rock of my ref-uge so sure; Rock of my ref-uge so strong;
so sure; so strong;



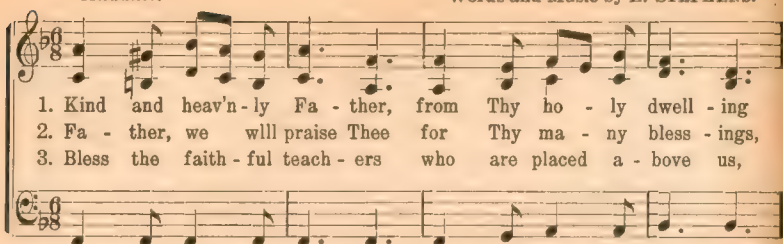
Oh, hide me there-in From dan - ger and sin, While here I am sing - ing my song.



No. 212. The Children's Song-Prayer.

Andante.

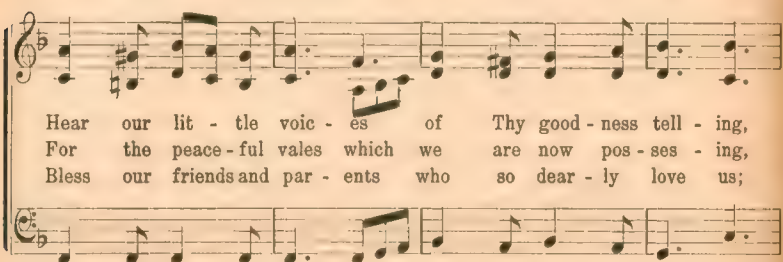
Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.



1. Kind and heav'n-ly Fa - ther, from Thy ho - ly dwell - ing
 2. Fa - ther, we will praise Thee for Thy ma - ny bless - ings,
 3. Bless the faith - ful teach - ers who are placed a - bove us,



See Thy lit - tle chil - dren sing - ing praise to Thee; . . .
 Which we are re - ceiv - ing from Thy bounteous hand; . . .
 As they kind - ly teach us here to do Thy will; . . .

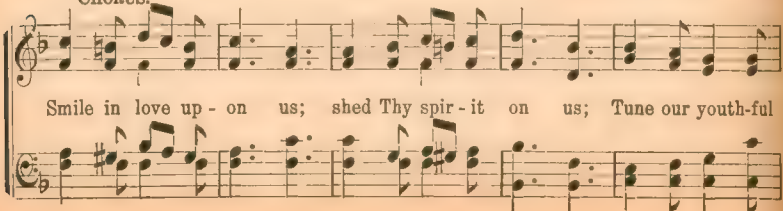


Hear our lit - tle voic - es of Thy good - ness tell - ing,
 For the peace - ful vales which we are now pos - ses - ing,
 Bless our friends and par - ents who so dear - ly love us;



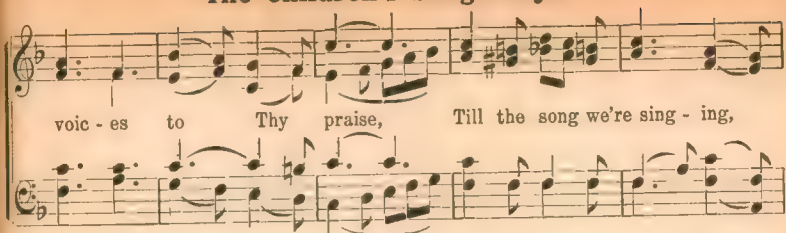
Let our ma - ny fol - lies all for giv - en be.
 And the streams of wa - ter flow - ing thro' the land.
 Help us all our du - ties right - ly to ful - fill.

CHORUS.

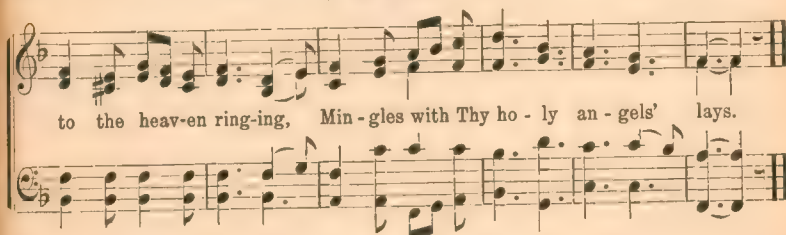


Smile in love up - on us; shed Thy spir - it on us; Tune our youth - ful

The Children's Song-Prayer.



voic - es to Thy praise, Till the song we're sing - ing,



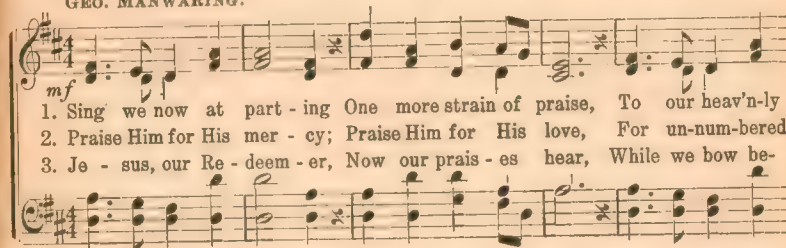
to the heav-en ring-ing, Min-gles with Thy ho - ly an - gels' lays.

No. 213.

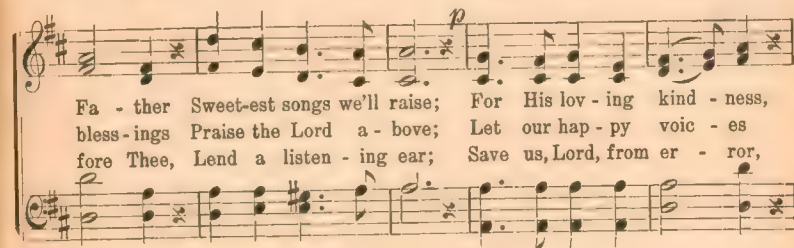
Parting Hymn.

GEO. MANWARING.

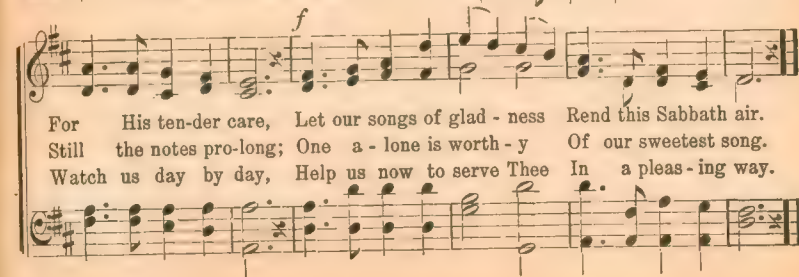
E. BEESLEY.



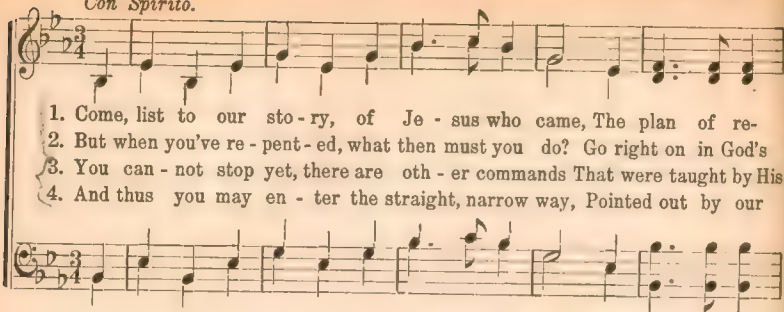
mf
1. Sing we now at part - ing One more strain of praise, To our heav'n-ly
2. Praise Him for His mer - cy; Praise Him for His love, For un-num-bered
3. Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Now our prais - es hear, While we bow be -



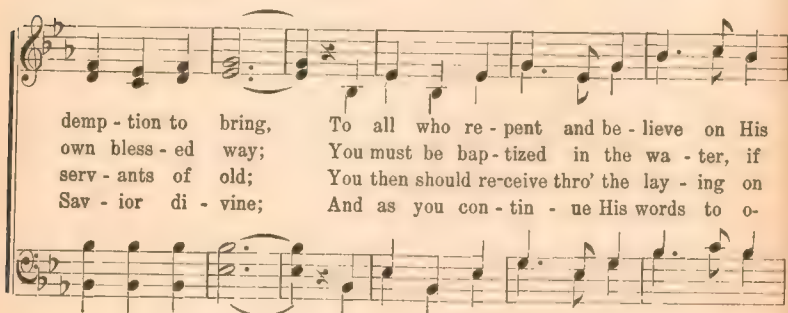
p
Fa - ther Sweet-est songs we'll raise; For His lov - ing kind - ness,
bless-ings Praise the Lord a - bove; Let our hap - py voic - es
fore Thee, Lend a listen - ing ear; Save us, Lord, from er - ror,



f
For His ten-der care, Let our songs of glad - ness Rend this Sabbath air.
Still the notes pro-long; One a - lone is worth - y Of our sweetest song.
Watch us day by day, Help us now to serve Thee In a pleas-ing way.

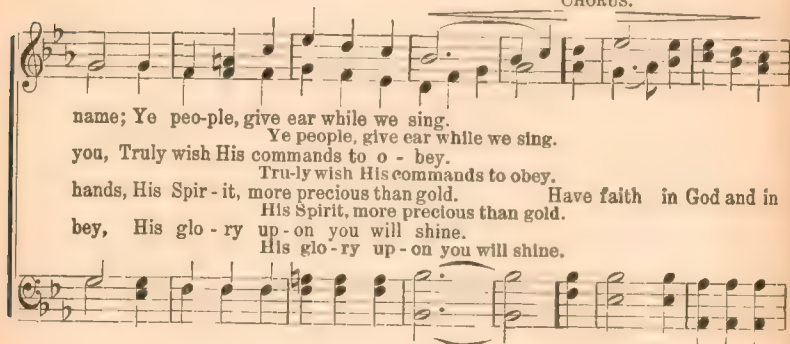
Con Spirito.


1. Come, list to our sto-ry, of Je - sus who came, The plan of re-
2. But when you've re - pent - ed, what then must you do? Go right on in God's
3. You can - not stop yet, there are oth - er commands That were taught by His
4. And thus you may en - ter the straight, narrow way, Pointed out by our

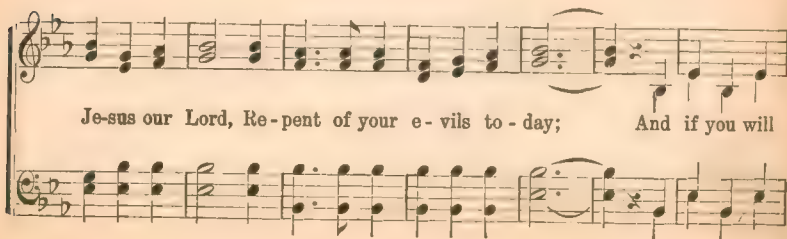


demp - tion to bring, To all who re - pent and be - lieve on His
 own bless - ed way; You must be bap - tized in the wa - ter, if
 serv - ants of old; You then should re - ceive thro' the lay - ing on
 Sav - ior di - vine; And as you con - tin - ue His words to o-

CHORUS.



name; Ye peo-ple, give ear while we sing.
 you, Truly wish His commands to o - bey.
 hands, His Spir - it, more precious than gold. Have faith in God and in
 bey, His glo - ry up - on you will shine.
 His glo - ry up - on you will shine.



Je-sus our Lord, Re-pent of your e - vils to - day; And if you will

Have Faith in God.

be with His word in ac - cord, You will trust Him, and then you'll o - bey.

rit.

No. 215.

Guide Me to Thee.

Slow, with expression.

Words and Music by S. P. HUISE.

p

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior true, Guide me to Thee; Help me Thy
2. Thro' this dark world of strife Guide me to Thee; Teach me a
3. When strife and sin a - rise, Guide me to Thee; When tears be-
4. When si - lent death draws near, Guide me to Thee; Calm Thou my

mf

will to do, Guide me to Thee; E'en in the dark - est night,
 bet - ter life, Guide me to Thee; Let Thy re - deem - ing pow'r
 dim my eyes, Guide me to Thee; When hopes are crushed and dead,
 trem - bling fear, Guide me to Thee: Let me Thy mer - cy prove,

As in the morning bright, Be Thou my bea - con light, Guide me to Thee.
 Be with me ev - 'ry hour, Be Thou my safe - ty tower, Guide me to Thee.
 When earthly joys are fled, Thy glo - ry 'round me shed, Guide me to Thee.
 Let Thy en - dur - ing love, Guide me to heav'n a - bove, Guide me to Thee.

No. 216. The Prince of Peace Shall Reign.

T. W. SMITH.

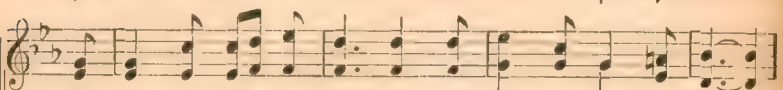
J. T. WILLIAMS.



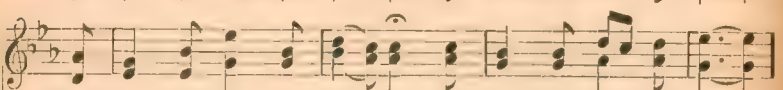
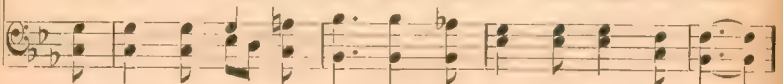
1. I want to see the Sav - ior who once dwelt here be - low,
2. And when He reigns in Zi - on, I want to live with - in
3. Then I must e'er be gen - tle, o - be - di - ent and true;



And in His arms took chil - dren, He kind - ly blest them too;
That glo - rious Heav'n - ly King - dom, All free from death and sin;
Must love the Lord our Sav - ior, O - bey His gos - pel too;



I want to see Him seat - ed A King on Da - vid's throne,
Then I must learn His pre - cepts, And try to un - der - stand,
For, oh, I want to meet Him When Je - sus comes to claim



While na - tions, all re - joic - ing, His peace - ful rule shall own.
The might - y plan our Fa - ther Or - dained for fall - en man.
His saints, both dead and liv - ing, Who bears the Sav - ior's name.



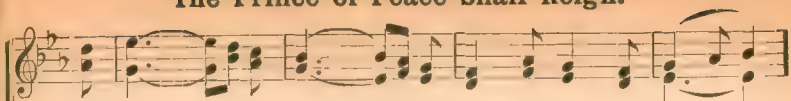
CHORUS.



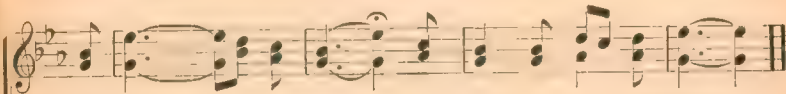
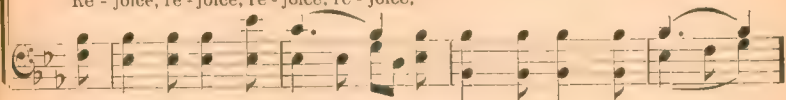
Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, all tongues and na - tions,
Re-joice, re-joice, re - joice all



The Prince of Peace Shall Reign.



Re - joice, re - joice, The Prince of Peace shall reign;
Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,



Re - joice, re - joice, The Prince of Peace shall reign.
Re - joice, re - joice,



No. 217.

Penny Song.

Brightly,



1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping, List-en while they fall, Old or new—how glad-ly
2. Keep them hidden close - ly In each lit - tle nest, Un - til pray'r is o - ver,



CHORUS.



We will give them all. Drop-ping soft - ly, dropping quick-ly, Hear the pen-nies
Pen - nies all should rest.

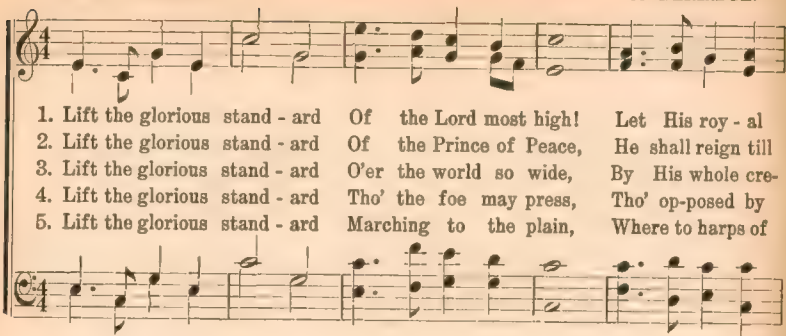


fall; Here one, there one, drop-ping soft - ly From the fin - gers small.

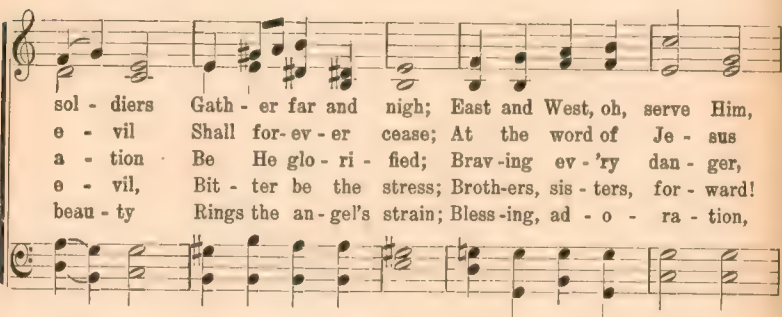


M. S. HAYCRAFT.

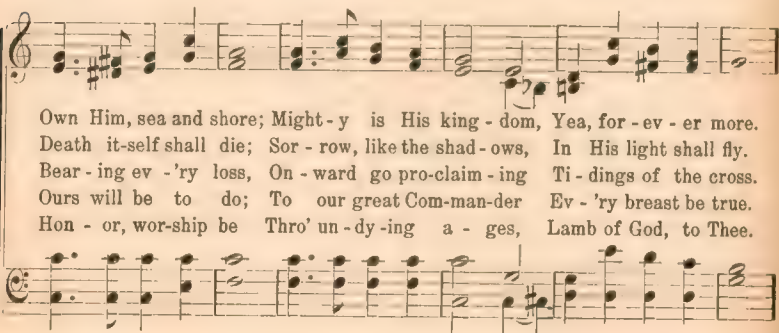
A. BERRIDGE.



1. Lift the glorious stand - ard Of the Lord most high! Let His roy - al
 2. Lift the glorious stand - ard Of the Prince of Peace, He shall reign till
 3. Lift the glorious stand - ard O'er the world so wide, By His whole cre-
 4. Lift the glorious stand - ard Tho' the foe may press, Tho' op-posed by
 5. Lift the glorious stand - ard Marching to the plain, Where to harps of

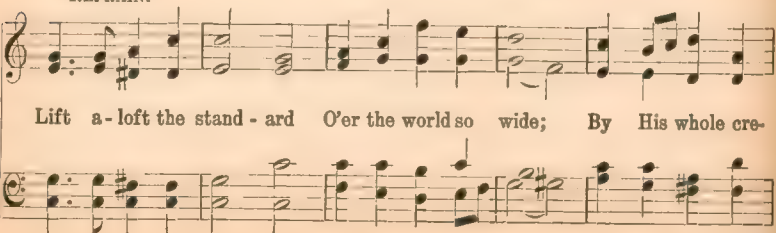


sol - diers Gath - er far and nigh; East and West, oh, serve Him,
 e - vil Shall for-ev - er cease; At the word of Je - sus
 a - tion Be He glo - ri - fied; Brav-ing ev - 'ry dan - ger,
 e - vil, Bit - ter be the stress; Broth-ers, sis - ters, for - ward!
 beau - ty Rings the an - gel's strain; Bless-ing, ad - o - ra - tion,



Own Him, sea and shore; Might - y is His king - dom, Yea, for - ev - er more.
 Death it-self shall die; Sor - row, like the shad - ows, In His light shall fly.
 Bear - ing ev - 'ry loss, On - ward go pro-claim - ing Ti - dings of the cross.
 Ours will be to do; To our great Com-man-der Ev - 'ry breast be true.
 Hon - or, wor-ship be Thro' un - dy - ing a - ges, Lamb of God, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

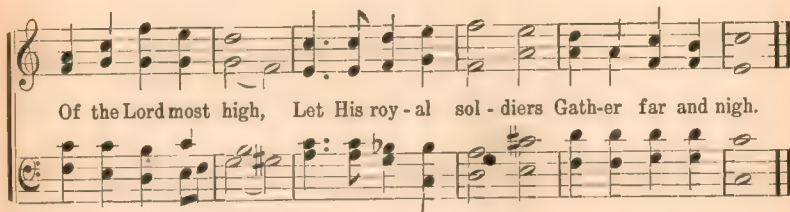


Lift a - loft the stand - ard O'er the world so wide; By His whole cre-

The Glorious Standard.



a - tion Be He glo - ri - fied; Lift a - loft the stand - ard

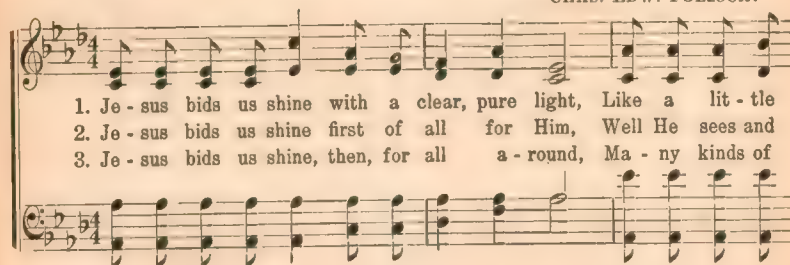


Of the Lord most high, Let His roy - al sol - diers Gath - er far and nigh.

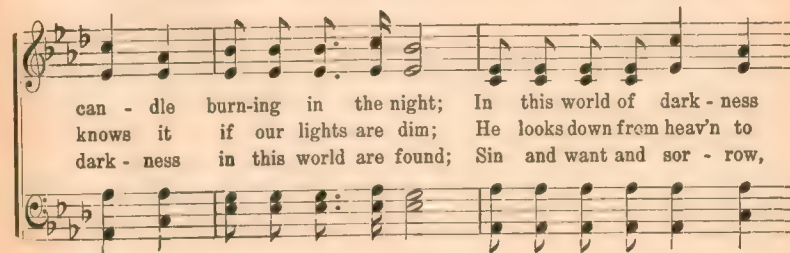
No. 219.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

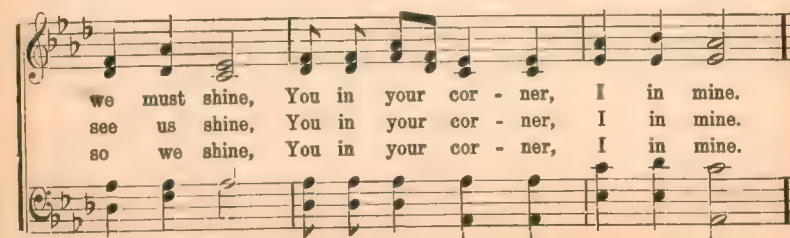
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of



can - dle burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
knows it if our lights are dim; He looks down from heav'n to
dark - ness in this world are found; Sin and want and sor - row,



we must shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
see us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
so we shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.

AUSTEN MILES.
March time.

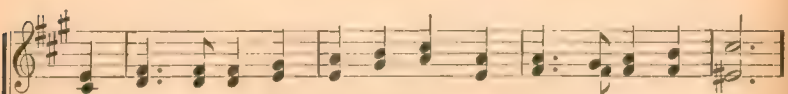
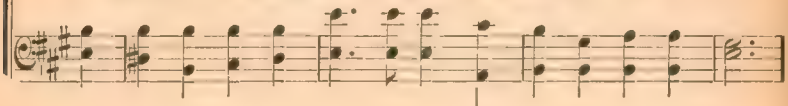
STANLEY WINN.



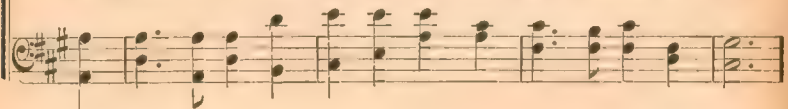
1. The ar-my of the cross ad-van-ces, clad in ar-mor bright;
2. The ar-my of the cross is trust-ing in the Lord of hosts;
3. The ar-my of the cross tri-umph-ant in the end shall be,



The Spir-it's sword, un-sheath'd for bat-tle, flash-es in the light;
 The God of bat-tles strong-er is than Sa-tan's i-dle boasts;
 A crown to wear and palms to bear with songs of vic-to-ry;



The hosts of sin can-not with-stand the pow'r of God dis-played;
 His prom-ise to be with us will sus-tain us in the fray;
 The gates of Zi-on en-ter, at the Sav-ior's feet to lay



Then for-ward! march to meet the foe, nor ev-er be dis-mayed.
 So trust in God and strug-gle on, the right will win the day.
 The tro-phies of the bat-tles fought when right has won the day.



The Banner Song.

CHORUS.

Then with our ban-ners fly-ing, sing-ing as we go, Trust-ing Je-sus,

bold-ly meet the foe; Then forward march, march vic-to-ry is nigh; We'll march, march,

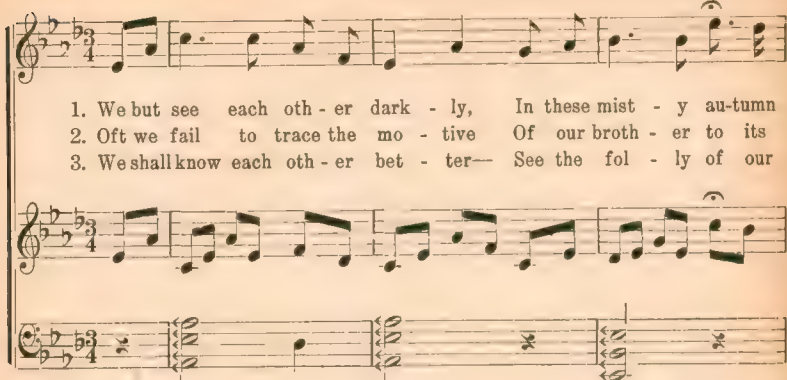
per-severe and con-quer by and by; Then with our ban-ners fly-ing,

singing as we go, Trusting Jesus, boldly meet the foe; Then forward march, march, march, march,

vic-to-ry is nigh, We'll persevere and conquer, we'll con-quer by and by. we'll conquer

No. 221. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

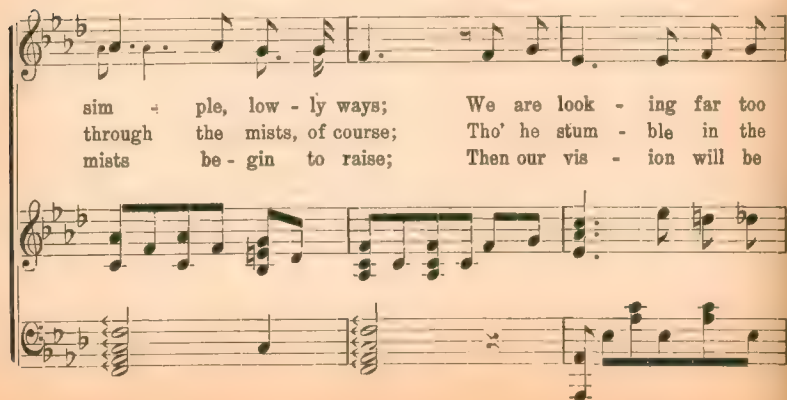
Words and Music by PAULINE HIGGINS.



1. We but see each oth - er dark - ly, In these mist - y au-tumn
2. Oft we fail to trace the mo - tive Of our broth - er to its
3. We shall know each oth - er bet - ter— See the fol - ly of our



days; And we oft - en miss the beau - ty Of the
source; So we oft - en judge him harsh - ly, Look - ing
ways; And how far from God we've wan - dered, When the



sim - ple, low - ly ways; We are look - ing far too
through the mists, of course; Tho' he stum - ble in the
mists be - gin to raise; Then our vis - ion will be

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.



high - ly In our pride and world - ly light; So we
dark - ness, On the rough and sto - ny way: We can
clear - er Clouded though it be to - day; And we'll

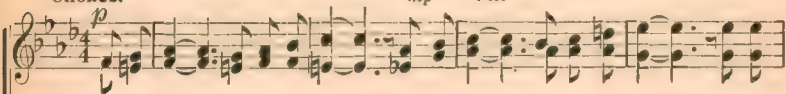


pass the brightest jew - els, In the mists that blind our sight.
trace His shin - ing foot - prints When the mists have cleared a - way.
love each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have cleared a - way.

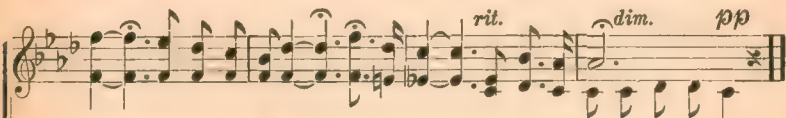


CHORUS.

mp rit.



When the mists have cleared away, When the mists have cleared away, We shall



love each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.

have cleared away.



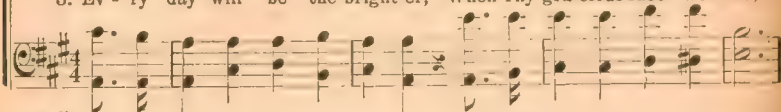
No. 222. At Thy Feet, Our God and Father.

Moderato.

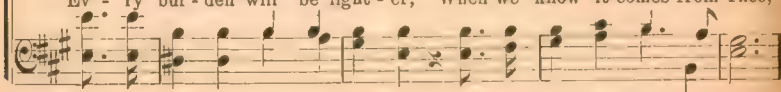
F. A. CHALLINOR, Mus. Bac., A. R. C. M.



1. At Thy feet, our God and Fa-ther, Who hast blest us all our days,
2. Je-sus, for Thy love most ten-der, On the cross for sin-ners shown,
3. Ev-'ry day will be the bright-er, When Thy gra-cious face we see;



We with grate-ful hearts would gath-er, Thee to wor-ship, Thee to praise;
We would praise Thee, and sur-ren-der, All our hearts to be Thine own;
Ev-'ry bur-den will be light-er, When we know it comes from Thee;



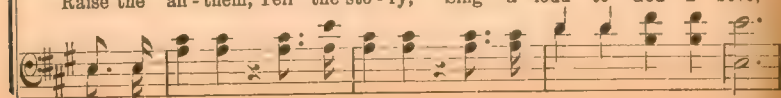
Praise for light so bright-ly shin-ing On our steps from heav'n a-bove;
With so blest a Friend pro-vid-ed, We up-on our way would go,
Spread Thy love's broad ban-ner o'er us, Give us strength to serve and wait,



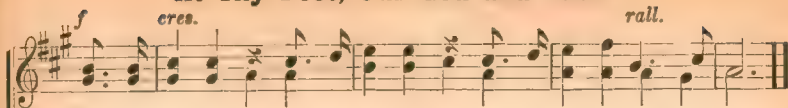
Praise for mer-cies gen-tly twin-ing 'Round us, gold-en cords of love.
Sure of be-ing safe-ly guid-ed, Guard-ed well from ev-'ry foe.
Till Thy glo-ry breaks be-fore us Thro' the cit-y's o-pen gate.



Raise the an-them, Tell the sto-ry, Sing a-loud to God a-bove;



At Thy Feet, Our God and Father.



Thanks and blessing, Pow'r and glo-ry, Be to Him for all His love.
Pow'r and Be to



No. 223.

Even Me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

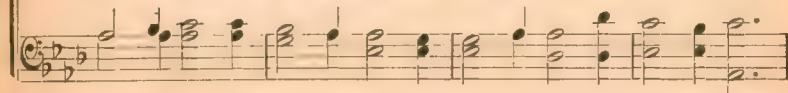
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;



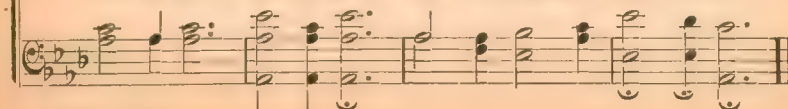
Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me; but the rath-er, Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—
While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, oh, bless me—



REFRAIN.



Ev-en me, Ev-en me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.



No. 224. Blessed Are They That Do.

Words by P. P. BLISS.

Music and Chorus by Mrs. EMMA J. H. KLING.

Andante, with expression.

1. Hear the words our Sav-ior hath spo-ken; Words of life un-
 2. All in vain we hear His com-mand-ments, All in vain His
 3. They with joy may en-ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from

fail-ing and true; Care-less one, prayer-less one, hear and re-
 prom-is-es too; Hear-ing them, fear-ing them, nev-er will
 sor-row and strife; Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied, now and for-

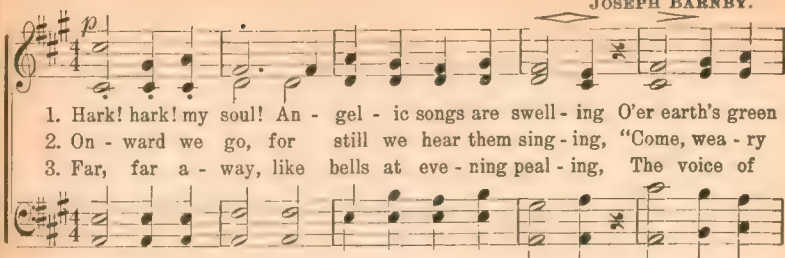
mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Bless-ed are they that do."
 save us, Blessed, oh, bless-ed are they that do.
 ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life.

CHORUS.

Yes, bless-ed are they, Who will His law o-bey;

Through the gates in-to the cit-y They may pass and dwell al-way.

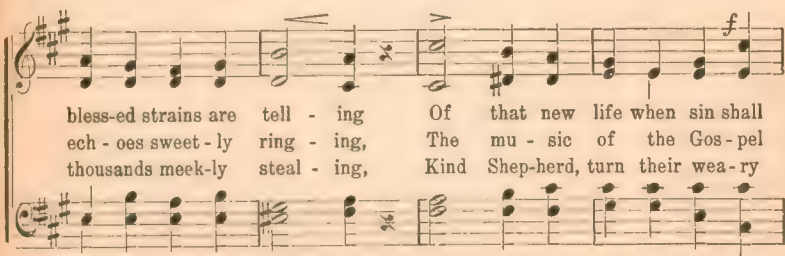
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Hark! hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of

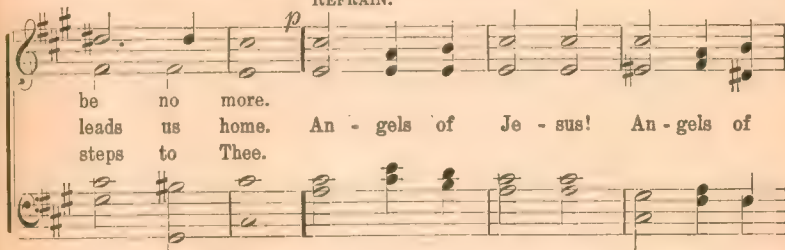


fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by



bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall
 ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel
 thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry

REFRAIN.



be no more.
 leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of
 steps to Thee.



light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

No. 226.

Ever Near.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

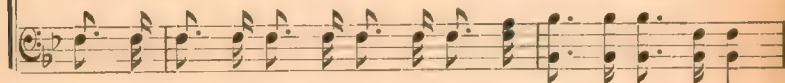
EDWIN MOORE.



1. When the way is bright with sunshine, When the clouds of dark-ness come,
 2. Though the fut - ure seems un - cer - tain, And the clouds oft - time ap - pear,



One there is who's ev - er near you, Je - sus Christ, the Ho - ly One;
 Let this prom - ise be your com - fort, Je - sus Christ is ev - er near;



When the way is sad and lone - ly, And the eyes with tears are dim,
 When the wan - d'r'er turn - eth backward, From the paths of sin so drear,

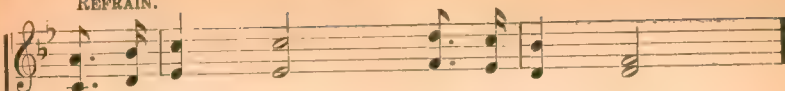


Turn, O mourn - er, in your sor - row, Turn and tell your grief to Him.
 If He cries "O help me, Mas - ter!" He will find Him ev - er near.

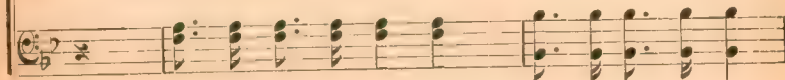


Ever Near.

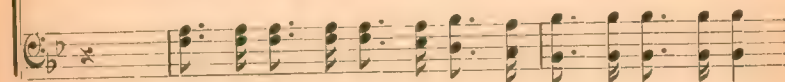
REFRAIN.



In the sun - shine, in the shad - ow,
In the sun - shine, in the shad - ow, Christ is near,



With a word of com - fort dear,
With a word of com - fort, with a word of com - fort dear,



He is wait - ing there to help you,
Wait - ing there to help you, wait - ing there to help you,



Christ the Lord . . . is ev - er near.
Christ, the Lord, is ev - er, ev - er near, is ev - er near.

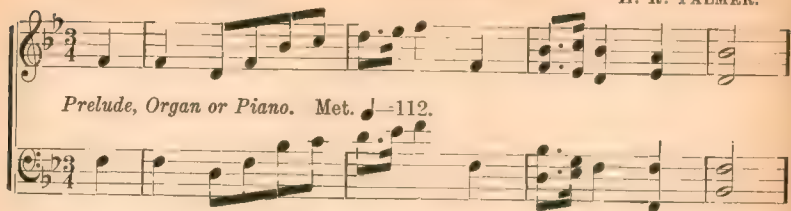


No. 227. The Joy and the Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

For Anniversaries.

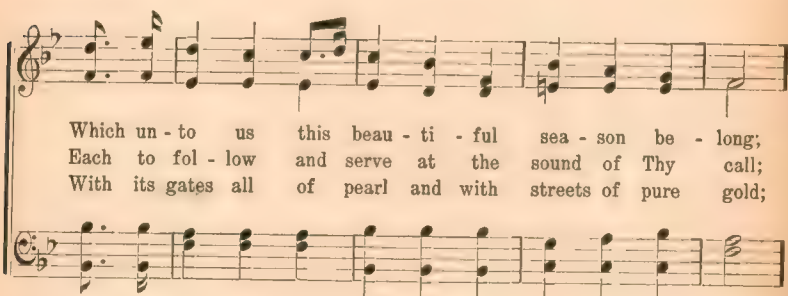
H. R. PALMER.



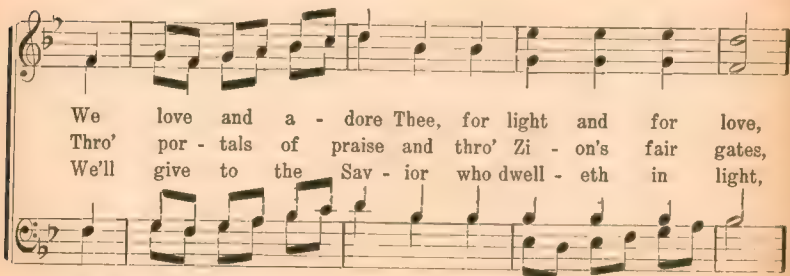
Prelude, Organ or Piano. Met. ♩ = 112.



1. We praise Thee, O God, for the joy and the song,
2. The gates are wide *open and they beck - on us all,
3. At last in that *city with its glo - ries un - told,



Which un - to us this beau - ti - ful sea - son be - long;
Each to fol - low and serve at the sound of Thy call;
With its gates all of pearl and with streets of pure gold;



We love and a - dore Thee, for light and for love,
Thro' por - tals of praise and thro' Zi - on's fair gates,
We'll give to the Sav - ior who dwell - eth in light,

*The words "open" and "city" are for the half-note, the first syllable short as in chanting.

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The Joy and the Song.



And for all the rich bless - ings that come from a - bove.
We will pass on with songs to the work that a - waits.
All the pow'r and do - min - ion, and wis - dom and might.



REFRAIN. *ff*



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the



joy and the song! With hap - py hearts and mer - ry



voic - es We the glad strain pro - long. *Interlude*

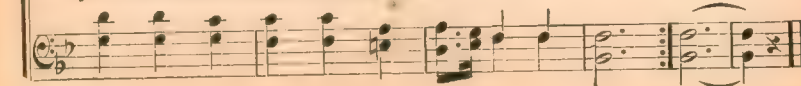


*Ending for
last stanza.*



after 1st and 2nd stanzas, in exact time.

long.—

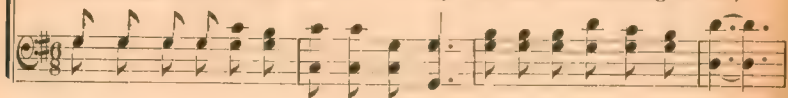


IDA L. REED.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



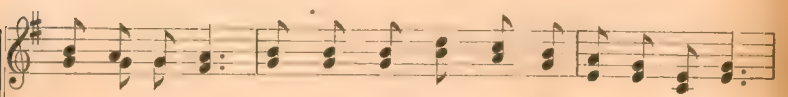
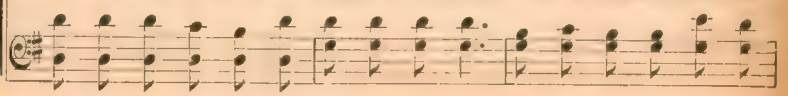
1. Something to do for the Mas - ter each day, Let us find something to do;
2. Something to do for our Sav - ior and King, Let us find something to do;
3. Something to do, let us seek it to - day, Let us find something to do;



Serv - ing Him tru - ly will brighten the way, Let us find something to do;
 Each lit - tle, lov - ing deed blessing will bring, Let us find something to do;
 Let us by lov - ing deeds gladden the way, Let us find something to do;



Spreading the sun - shine wher - ev - er we go, Glad to be help - ful, tho'
 We may the sor - row - ing com - fort and cheer, Lead back the stray - ing to
 Je - sus will help us, our strength will sus - tain, If we will serve Him with



lit - tle it be; We may find some - thing for Je - sus to do,
 path - ways of right; Someplace is wait - ing for each of us here,
 will - ing hearts free; Bless - ings will fol - low, it can - not be vain,

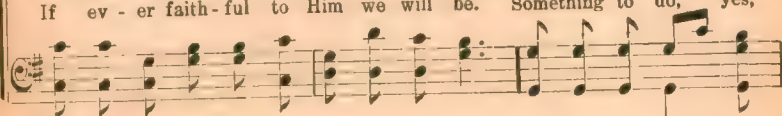


Something to Do.

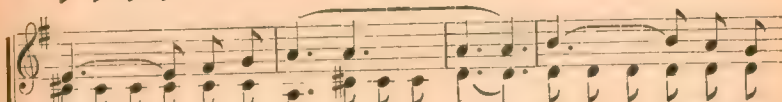
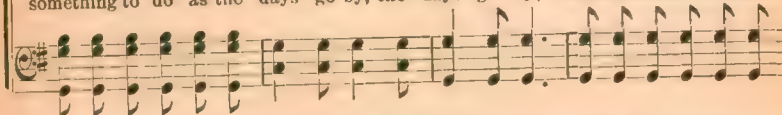
REFRAIN.



Joy - ful the serv - ice to each one will be. Some - - - thing to
Soon will the day - light fade in - to the night.
If ev - er faith - ful to Him we will be. Something to do, yes,



do . . . as the days go by; . . . Let . . . us find
something to do as the days go by, the days go by; Let us find something, yes,



some - - - thing to do; . . . We . . . may be
let us find something to do, something to do; We may be help - ful, yes,



help - - - ful to Him, . . . if we try, . . .
we may be help - ful to Him, to Him, if we try, if we try,



Let . . . us find some - - - thing to do.
Let us find something, yes, let us find something to do, something to do.



PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. How calm and bright the love - ly morn, That saw the Sav - ior rise;
 2. Let ev - 'ry hu - man tongue a - wake To swell the tide of song;



How sweet the bird, how soft the breeze, How clear the az - ure skies;
 For now to 'us thro' Christ our Head, Doth end - less life be - long;



The lil - ies pure, the lil - ies white, Chime forth their joy - ful bells;
 Let swift - est feet to far - thest bound The joy - ful ti - dings speed;



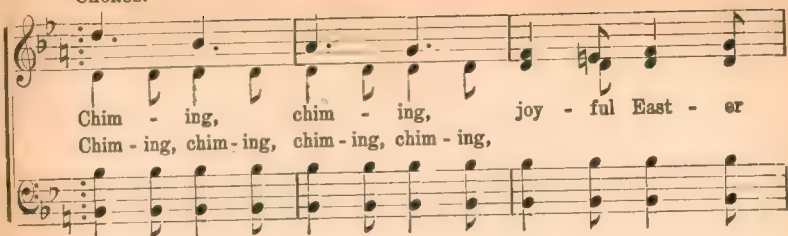
FINE.

And ev - 'ry note of na - ture fair, Her glad - ness tells.
 For now to us our Sav - ior King Is ris'n in - deed.

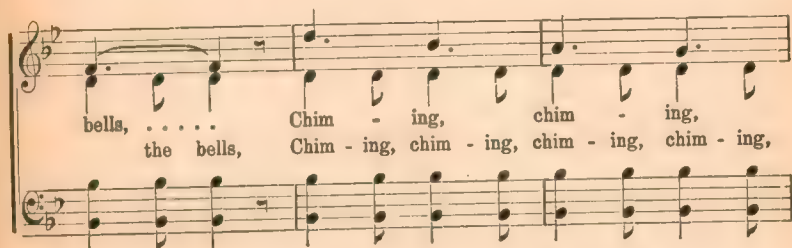


Joyful Easter Bells.

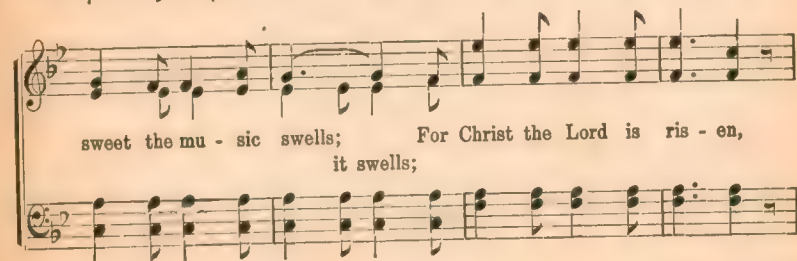
CHORUS.



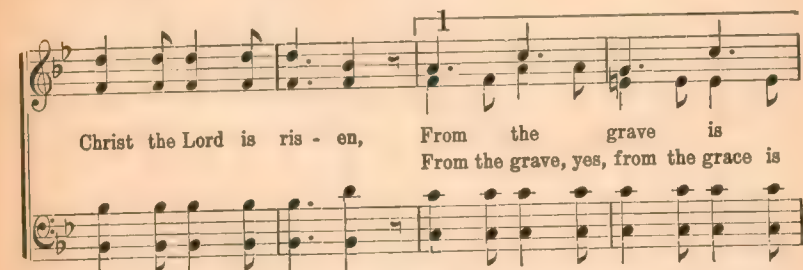
Chim - ing, chim - ing, joy - ful East - er
Chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing,



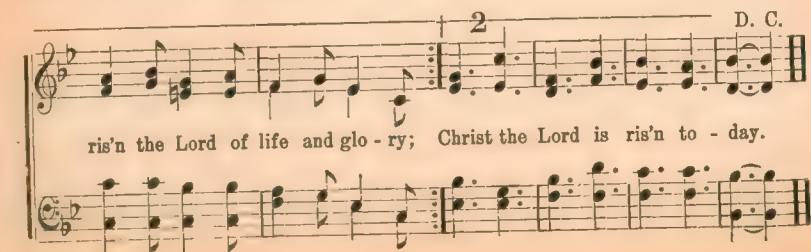
bells, Chim - ing, chim - ing,
the bells, Chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing,



sweet the mu - sic swells; For Christ the Lord is ris - en,
it swells;



Christ the Lord is ris - en, From the grave is
From the grave, yes, from the grace is



ris'n the Lord of life and glo - ry; Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day. D. C.

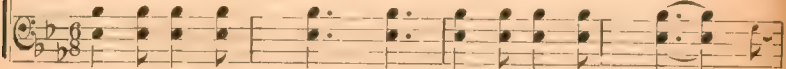
No. 230. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

REV. THOS. J. POTTER.

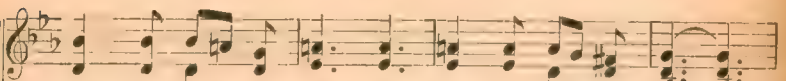
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, . . .
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, . . .
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, . . .
4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, . . .



Wav - ing wan - d'ers on - ward, To their home on high; ..
 Here with hearts re - joic - ing, See Thy chil - dren meet;..
 Lead us on vic - to - rious, O - ver ev - 'ry foe;...
 Of - f'ring pray'rs and prais - es At Thy throne of love; ..



Journ'ying o'er a des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
 Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray
 Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
 When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,

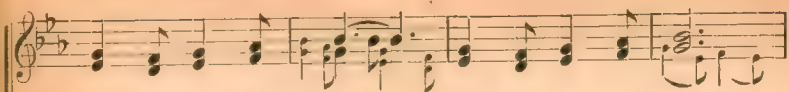


And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take the heav'n-ward way.
 Keep us, might - y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
 Par - don Thou and save us In that last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau - ty, — Songs that nev - er cease.

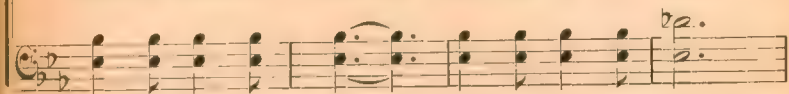


*The small notes indicate the necessary accompaniment.

Brightly Gleams Our Banner.



Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky,



Wav-ing wan-d'ers on-ward To their home on high.



No. 231.

Azmon. C. M.

Slow and soft.

Arr. from GLASER.



1. Fa-ther of all, in whom a-lone We live, and move, and breathe,
2. While in Thy word we search for Thee, We search with trembling awe!
3. Now let our dark-ness com-pre-hend The light that shines so clear;



One bright, ce-les-tial ray, dart down, And cheer Thy sons be-neath.
 O - pen our eyes, and let us see The won-ders of Thy law.
 Now the re-veal-ing Spir-it send, And give us ears to hear.

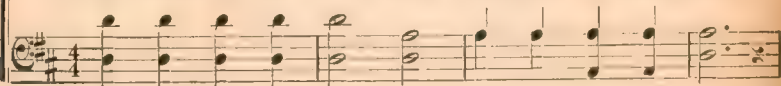


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. On - ward still, and up - ward, Fol - low ev - er - more
 2. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, Thro' the past - ures green,
 3. Up - ward, ev - er up - ward, T'ward the ra - diant glow,



Where our might - y Lead - er Goes in love be - fore;
 Where the streams flow soft - ly Un - der skies se - rene;
 Far a - bove the val - ley Where the mist hangs low;



"Look - ing un - to Je - sus," Reach a help - ing hand
 Or, if need be, up - ward, O'er the rock - y steep,
 On, with songs of glad - ness, Till the march shall end,

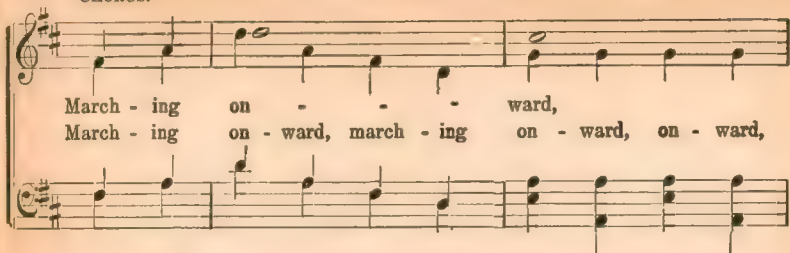


To a strug - gling neigh - bor, Help - ing him to stand.
 Trust - ing Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
 Where ten thous - and thous - and Hal - le - lu - jahs blend.

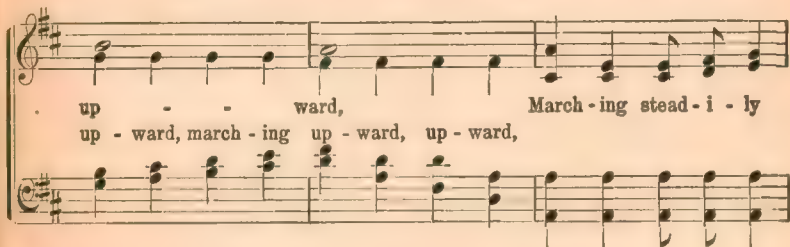


Onward and Upward.

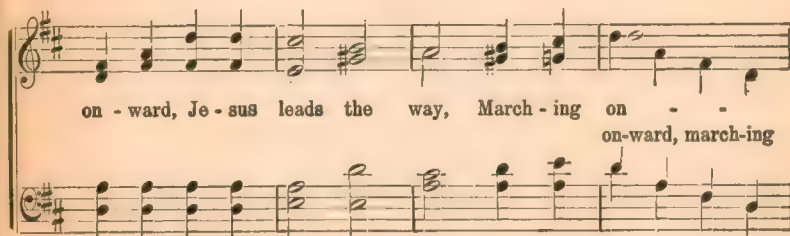
CHORUS.



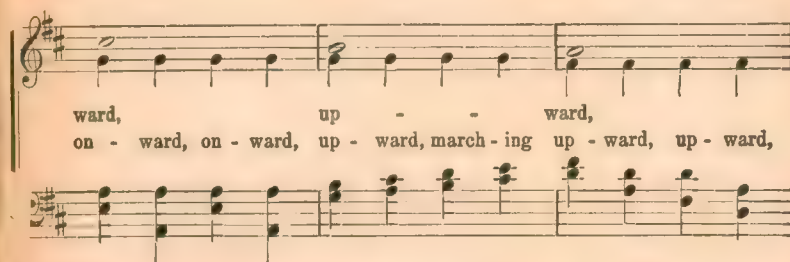
March - ing on - - - ward,
March - ing on - ward, march - ing on - ward, on - ward,



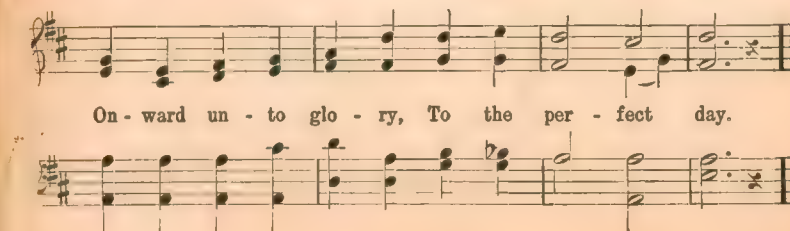
up - - - ward, March - ing stead - i - ly
up - ward, march - ing up - ward, up - ward,



on - ward, Je - sus leads the way, March - ing on - -
on - ward, march - ing



ward, up - - - ward,
on - ward, on - ward, up - ward, march - ing up - ward, up - ward,



On - ward un - to glo - ry, To the per - fect day.



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1 verse

Dear Father, will- Thou bless and lead in
righteousness,
Our church school:
Grant that each soul may be striving
continually
To praise and honor Thee
God bless our school

2nd verse.

T'is here we love to meet
About our Saviors feet,
Our Church School;
Now hear us while we pray,
On this sweet Sabbath day;
Take all my sins away;
God bless our school.





